

FIFTY CENTS

FEBRUARY 17, 1967

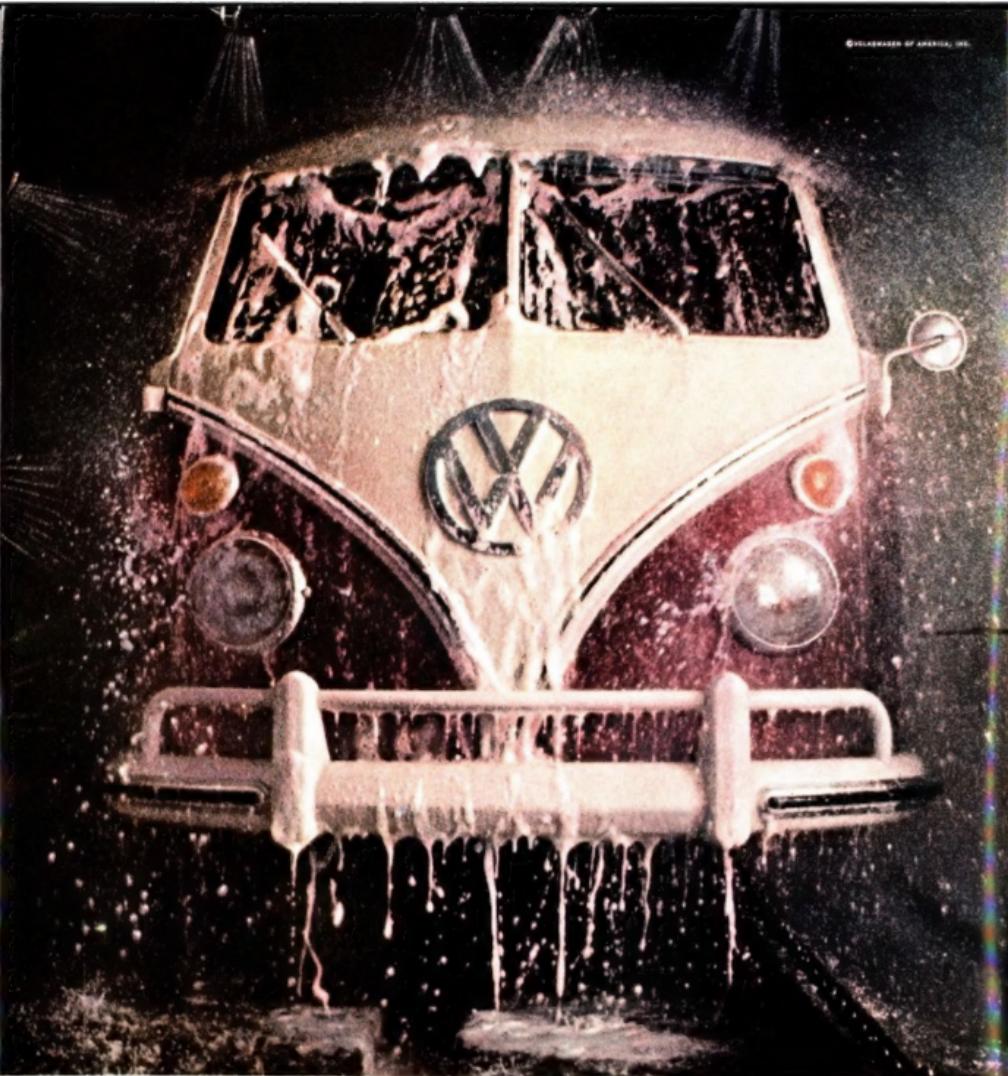
# TIME



HENRY KOESEK

VOL. 89 NO. 7

(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)



## Should you pay twice as much to get it washed?

A Volkswagen isn't any bigger than other station wagons... it just carries more.

That's because a station wagon shaped like a box can hold about twice as much as a station wagon shaped like a station wagon.

So it will cost you exactly the same

to get it washed, but that's about all that will cost you exactly the same.

Our VW Wagon gets around 23 miles to the gallon.

You'll pay Volkswagen prices for parts. Some 35,000 miles should go by before you have to go buy new tires.

And come to think of it, maybe you

should pay less for the wash job, too.

A Volkswagen is actually shorter than other station wagons. (It'll park in 4' less space.)

So next time, why not ask the man at the car wash for a discount.

Don't tell him we sent you.



# Announcing a new book club for people who care about what's really going on in the world

and who would like to save at least 40% on the kind of books they enjoy most

102. **THE BOSTON STRANGLER.** *David J. Schlesinger.* The true story of the mysterious killer who haunted Boston for over 18 months, leaving a trail of terror, flying documents...Book World. Published, \$10.95

237. **Winston S. Churchill.** *Yooth Randolph S. Churchill.* The widely-hailed first installment of the Churchill biography has come. "Immensely rich in revealing detail."—New York Times. Publisher's edition, \$10.95

179. **THE JURY RETURNS.** *Louis Nizer.* Four dramatic new cases by the author of *My Life in Court*. Publisher's edition, \$6.95

357. **THE INTERRUPTED JOURNEY.** *John T. Flynn.* The true story of the people who testified under hypnosis that they were "kidnapped" by Communists. Published in *LOOK*. Publisher's edition, \$6.95

177. **THOMAS WOODROW WILSON.** *Sigmund Freud & William C. Bullitt.* The psychological study of the life and times of America's 28th President and how his personal emotions may have influenced his policies. Publisher's edition, \$6.95

280. **THE LAST 100 DAYS.** *John Toland.* The last 100 days of Hitler, filled with scenes of final victory over Hitler, taken from papers and interviews. Publisher's edition, \$6.95

359. **HELL IN A VERY SMALL PLACE.** *Bernard B. Fall.* The revealing account of the elements from several files of the French defeat in Indochina, now it has shaped the war today. Publisher's edition, \$6.95

231. **THE AMERICAN COLLEGE DICTIONARY.** *John Schonfeld.* The definitive desk dictionary even published "On giant paper" and bound in cloth. Published. Publisher's edition, \$6.95

381. **THE PASSOVER PLOT.** *Dr. Hugh J. Schonfeld.* The revolutionary contention of a Biblical scholar that the Passover was the own exorcism and did not really happen. Publisher's edition, \$4.95

316. **BATTLES LOST AND WON.** *Hanson W. Baldwin.* Expert's analysis of the major and minor significant battles of World War II. "A milestone in our history."—Library Journal. Publisher's edition, \$10.95

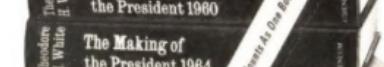
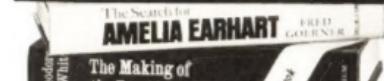
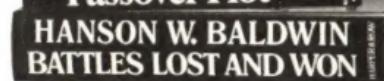
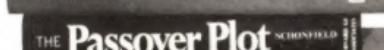
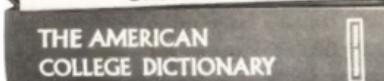
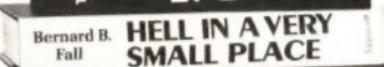
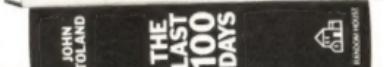
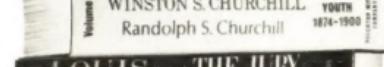
26. **THE SEARCH FOR AMELIA EARHART.** *John Toland.* The true story of the famous woman aviator who vanished in 1937 can only now be told. Publisher's edition, \$6.95

314. **THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT 1964.** *Thomas H. White.* Two political classics, *Pay Now, Die Later* and *Water*, by Pulitzer prize author. Two volumes issued as single books. Publisher's edition, \$12.95

358. **PAY NOW, DIE LATER.** *James A. Goldin.* A disturbing look behind the closed doors of the life insurance industry. "Will be among the most important reference works as *The American Way of Death* is gaining understanding."—Library Journal. Publisher's edition, \$5.95

217. **UNDERSTANDING MEDIA: EXTENSIONS OF MAN.** *Marshall McLuhan.* The amazing book that is revolutionizing the communications media industry. Publisher's edition, \$7.95

321. **THE KENNEDY YEARS.** *test* *By James A. Goldin.* Test pictures, many never before published, that tell the dramatic, revealing account of the JFK era. Publisher's edition, \$6.95



How did the public image of Winston Churchill differ from the real man? How can one explain its sudden interest in figures like the mysterious Boston Strangler? Is the public being given the whole truth about flying saucers? Books that raise questions like these not only go beyond the news in their relentless search for answers, but often actually make news themselves.

Now the new MAINSTREAM BOOK CLUB offers you a unique opportunity to get the inside story on the really important events and controversial issues of our time, in the often controversial books that explain the news or actually make the news.

MAINSTREAM BOOK CLUB lets you know about books like these before they are published. It delivers them to you while they are just beginning to stir talk. And it saves you at least 40% on every one you want.

The important books on this page are typical of the selections the Club's editors sift out from the flood of lesser books. As a Charter Member, you may take any three for only \$1, plus shipping and handling.

Then every month you receive, free, the Club Bulletin containing the forthcoming selection and several alternates. If you want the selection, it will be rushed to you as soon as published. Or you may request an alternate or no book at all—the form always provided.

You need purchase only four books within the next two years out of dozens to be offered. For each book you buy, you will be billed the Club's special low price—at least 40% off the publisher's original edition. Every fourth purchase entitles you to a choice of a free bonus book.

You needn't send the dollar now for your three introductory books—just mail the coupon.

As a charter member of the new  
MAINSTREAM BOOK CLUB  
**Choose Any 3 Books  
for only \$1**  
and take as few as four more books  
any time within the next two years

MAINSTREAM BOOK CLUB  
Dept. T2-122, Garden City, N.Y. 11531

Please enter my Charter Membership for the three books I have selected, whose numbers I have printed in the boxes at the right. Bill me only \$1 plus shipping and handling for each of the three books. However, if not delighted with them, I may return them within 10 days and my membership will be canceled.

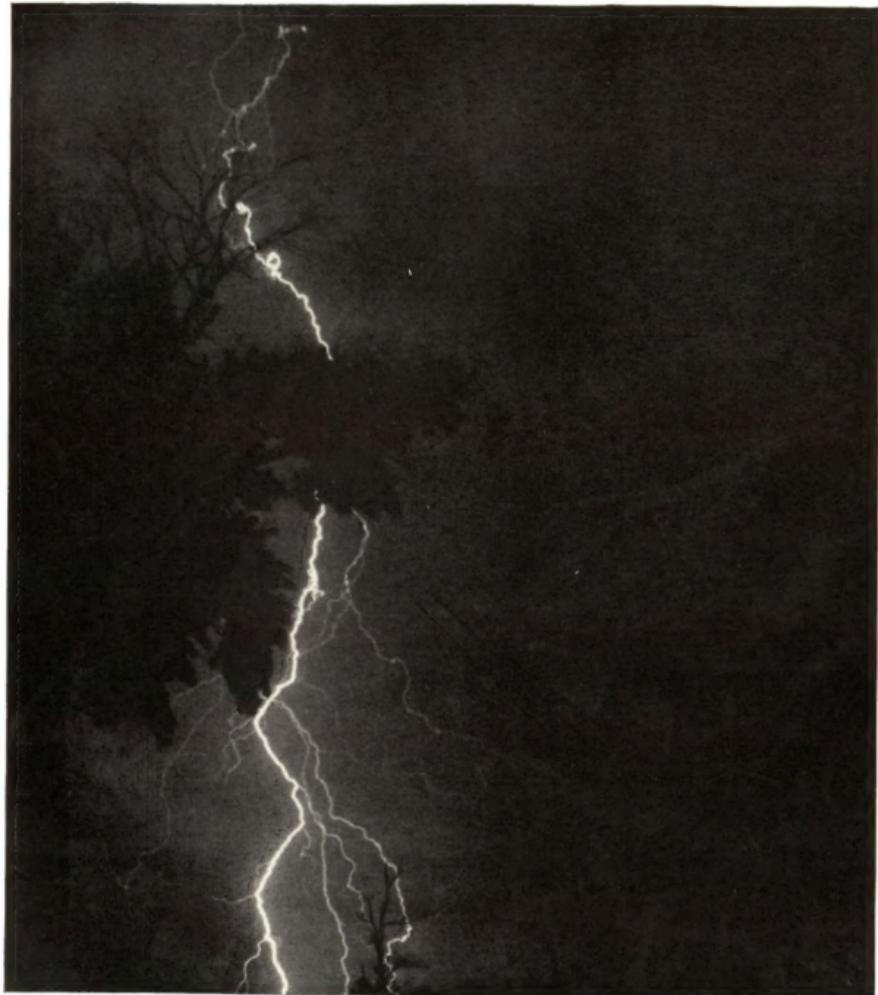
If I decide to continue, I agree to purchase on a monthly basis, at least four books, either the selection or alternates during the next two years at the members' special price guaranteed to be at least 40% off the publisher's original edition. A modest charge is added for shipping and handling. Each month you will send me the Club bulletin containing the selection and several alternates. Vital, provocative books, together with a convenient form for requesting an alternate or no book at all. If you do not want to receive the Club bulletin, the fourth purchase of a selection or alternate will entitle me to choose a free bonus book.

Mr. \_\_\_\_\_  
Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_  
Miss \_\_\_\_\_ (Please Print)

Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City & \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

If under 18, parent or guardian sign here:

Offer good in Continental U.S.A. only



# Our hottest client

Generating electricity is big business for the coal industry. About half of all coal mined in this country is sold to electric utilities. Conversely, more than half of our electricity is generated from coal. In addition, millions of tons of coal go into making steel, cement, chemicals, paper, food products—you name it. Your youngsters may think of coal as a merry old soul in a nursery rhyme, but don't you make that mistake. The future of our economy is bright but the basis of that future is black. Black as coal.

For further information, write 1130 17th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

**Coal for a Better America**



Our guest added 16 hours to his stay in Tokyo—by flying Northwest round trip.

卷之三

The honored American guest  
flew Northwest to Tokyo.

And saved himself 8 hours.

Think what you could do with up to 8 extra hours in Tokyo.

You could get a head start on business. Or catch up on your sleep. Or just relax in the quiet company of osibas.

Sip warm sake. Listen to the song of the samisen.

And be glad you flew over on Northwest.  
We fly you to Tokyo the quick way—  
straight across. Compared to the way most  
airlines fly—across the mid-Pacific—we  
make your trip up to 8 hours shorter.

We don't ask you to switch airlines—or even change planes. You can step aboard Northwest in any of 9 major U.S. cities\*—and stay on the same Pan-Jet straight

through to Tokyo. Just as easy as that.

When can you leave? Whenever you like, on Northwest. We have 25 flights a week to Tokyo (more than any other airline in the world).

For more information or reservations, call your travel agent or Northwest Orient Airlines.

Airlines.  
And have a good trip.

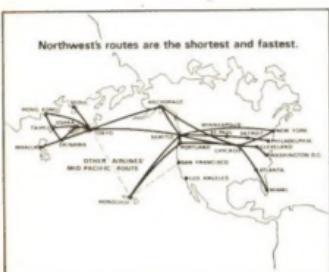
\*Northwest flies to the Orient from more U.S. cities than any other airline. Direct flights from New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Minneapolis/St. Paul, Seattle/Tacoma and Anchorage. Service from 36 U.S. cities in all.

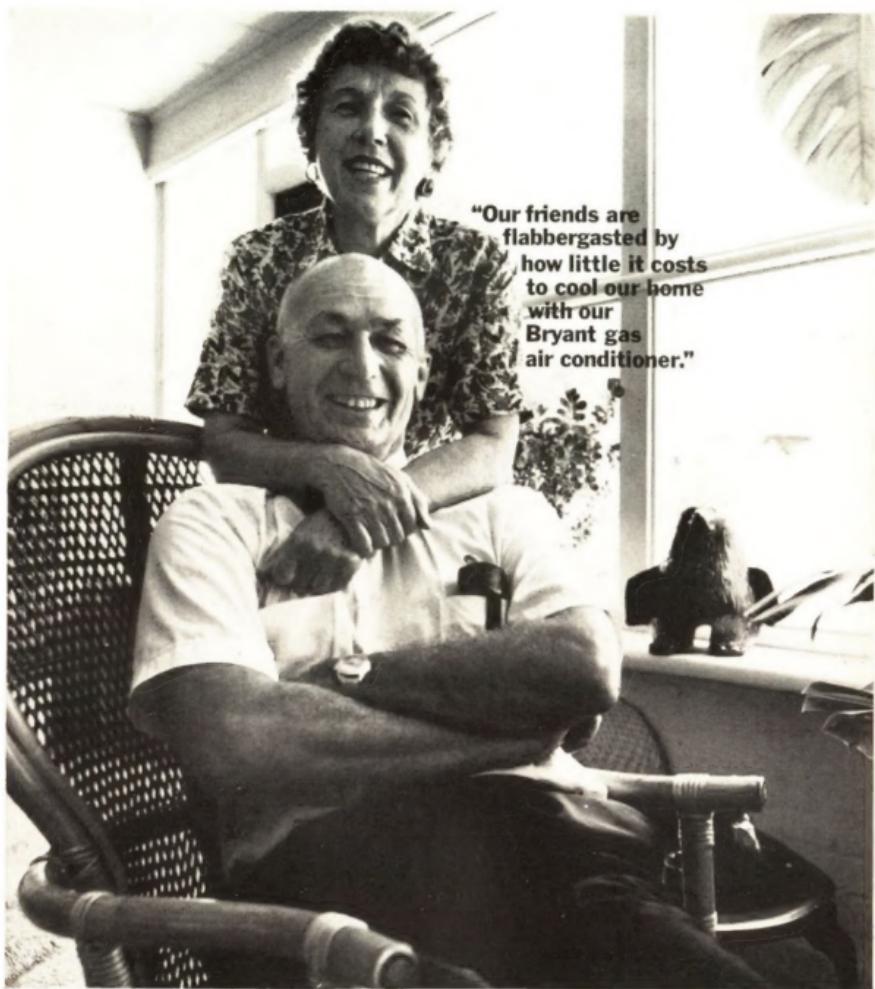
# **NORTHWEST ORIENT**

*THE FAN-JET AIRLINE*



Northwest's routes are the shortest and fastest.





**"Our friends are flabbergasted by how little it costs to cool our home with our Bryant gas air conditioner."**

**T**AKE it from the W.R.D. Nickelsons of Gainesville, Fla., the modern, money-saving way to air condition your whole house is with gas!

"We knew operating costs would be low," says Mr. Nickelson, "because of our previous experience with gas appliances. And we always found good service available."

A Bryant unit saves in other ways, too. Because no heavy-duty wiring is needed, your installation costs are of-

ten less. If you now have adequate gas forced-air heating, the job's already half done. And because there are fewer major moving parts, a Bryant gas air conditioner lasts longer; there's less to wear out. Quiet, too. You feel it, not hear it.

Most local gas companies not only sell and service Bryant gas air conditioning, but also offer low-interest financing terms, with the easy payments included on your gas bill.

Call your gas company now for a free survey. See how little it costs to enjoy the comfort of Bryant gas cooling in your home or business.

Bryant Manufacturing Company  
Indianapolis, Indiana 46207

**bryant**

**For dependable, modern cooling —  
Gas makes the big difference  
... costs less, too.**



North Carolina  
is within 500 miles  
of more than one-half  
the nation's population.

A good reason to  
consider our state  
for your new plant.

And here's another good reason.



"I don't know where all the people come from," said Artur Rubinstein after a concert series performance in Raleigh. "I played before audiences of 4,200 in Constitution Hall, but here there were 7,000. People in Europe wouldn't believe it."

NEWSWEEK believes it. In a recent report, they called North Carolina "the outstanding example of a state wholly dedi-

cated to culture." Dedicated? Indeed. For nineteen years, American writers and critics have drawn capacity crowds from all over the state to the Town Meeting on Books, an annual discussion of literature and ideas.

But first things last. Our state was the first in the nation to set aside public funds for an art collection. The first to organize

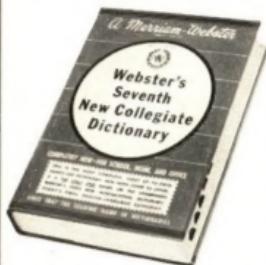
a state symphony. The first to found a school for the performing arts.

We'll be glad to provide more facts on North Carolina's strategic location and stimulating environment. All you have to do is get in touch with Governor Dan K. Moore or J. W. York, Chairman, N. C. Department of Conservation and Development, Raleigh, North Carolina 27602.

# North Carolina

# WARNING! LANGUAGE CHANGES!

So should your dictionary!



Old dictionaries cannot give you the thousands of new words that have entered our language in recent years. But the completely new Webster's Seventh New Collegiate does: it has 20,000 new words and new meanings . . . 130,000 entries. It is the *only* desk dictionary based on today's unabridged authority: Webster's Third New International Dictionary.

Get Webster's Seventh New Collegiate at book, department, or stationery stores. \$5.75 plain; \$6.75 indexed.

Beware of substitute "Websters".  
Insist on the genuine

## WEBSTER'S SEVENTH NEW COLLEGIALE

© G. & C. Merriam Co., Springfield, Mass. 01101

**"A REMARKABLE NEW  
MUSICAL HIT."** —LIFE MAG.

## MARY ROBERT MARTIN PRESTON

**“I DO! I DO! CD**

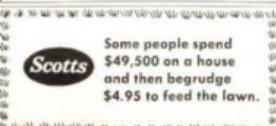
MAIL ORDERS FILLED: EASY: 25.00, 35.00, 45.00, 55.00, 65.00,  
4.00, 3.00. RET. MATS: \$7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00.

40TH ST. THEATRE, 226 W. 46 ST., N.Y.C.

**IF YOU CAN'T GET TO NEW YORK TO SEE  
“I DO! I DO!”, HEAR IT ON THE RCA VICTOR  
ORIGINAL CAST SHOW ALBUM**

### TEACHERS: DISCOVER THE TIME EDUCATION PROGRAM

TIME has a classroom service designed for high school and college classes in social studies, English and journalism. Specially prepared teaching aids and texts are sent free of charge each month—supplement TIME in the classroom. For information, write TIME Education Program, Time & Life Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020



Some people spend  
\$49,500 on a house  
and then begrudge  
\$4.95 to feed the lawn.

## TIME LISTINGS

### TELEVISION

Wednesday, February 15

CHRYSLER PRESENTS A BOB HOPE COMEDY SPECIAL (NBC, 9-10 p.m.).\* There's Hope aplenty in this galaxy of guests, including the golden Goldfinger girl, Shirley Eaton, and Jill St. John, Carol Lawrence and Tony Bennett.

THE GOLDEN GLOBE AWARDS (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Andy Williams emcees the Hollywood Foreign Press Association's Golden Globe Awards for the best in movies and television. Sandy Koufax and Herb Alpert will pass out the bright, shiny orbs.

Friday, February 17

THE CBS FRIDAY NIGHT MOVIES (CBS, 9-11:45 p.m.). *Pepe* (1960), starring Cantinflas, Dan Dailey and Shirley Jones, with cameo parts by half of Hollywood.

Saturday, February 18

ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). The World Bobbed Championship from Grenoble, France, and the New York Athletic Club Track and Field Meet from Madison Square Garden.

THE HOLLYWOOD PALACE (ABC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). Bing Crosby hosts Ella Fitzgerald, Phil Harris and Alice Faye.

Sunday, February 19

CAMERA THREE (CBS, 11-11:30 a.m.). A visit to the Manhattan home and singing classes of Soprano Jenny Tourel for her opinions of "The Artist as Teacher."

CBS SPORTS SPECTACULAR (CBS, 2:30-4 p.m.). National Indoor Tennis Championships from Salisbury, Md.

NBC EXPERIMENT IN TELEVISION (NBC, 4-5 p.m.). The first in a series of specials designed to show something different in TV drama, comedy, variety and documentaries. "Losers Weepers" is an original drama by Harry Dolan, a member of Budd Schulberg's writers workshop in the Watts area of Los Angeles (TIME, July 22). Premiere.

THE 21ST CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). Walter Cronkite gives a glimpse of new vehicles for long journeys in "A Trip to Chicago."

INDONESIA: THE TROUBLED VICTORY (NBC, 6:30-7:30 p.m.). Ted Yates reports on the continuing ideological struggle in Indonesia in the third and final part of NBC News' "The Battle for Asia."

THE SMOOTHERS BROTHERS COMEDY HOUR (CBS, 9-10 p.m.). For an hour of togetherness, Jack Benny and George Burns join with the Brothers in an attempt to smother Nielsen's No. 1 *Bonanza*.

Tuesday, February 21

ANDY GRIFFITH'S UPTOWN-DOWNTOWN SHOW (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Tonight it's Don Knotts, Tennessee Ernie Ford, Maggie Peterson with the Bruce Davis Quintet, and a folk-rock group known as the Back Porch Majority.

TUESDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9 p.m., to conclusion). Gene Barry stars in the film version of H. G. Wells's classic *War of the Worlds* (1953).

NET PLAYHOUSE (shown on Fridays). *The Importance of Being Earnest*, Oscar Wilde's delightful farce stars Patrick (The

\* All times E.S.T.

Avengers) Macnee, Susannah York, Pamela Brown, Ian Carmichael and William Redmond.

NET JOURNAL (shown on Mondays). "After the Miracle" examines the 18-year-old nation of Israel from university to kibbutz, and from Bedouin tent to hostile border—mostly through the eyes of its young people.

### THEATER

On Broadway

THE HOMECOMING is the season's most tantalizing drama, by Harold Pinter, who prods and arouses with the twin-tined fork of shock and humor. Vivien Merchant leads the Royal Shakespeare Company through a moody production in which even the pauses are eloquent.

THE WILD DUCK. The destruction wrought by an integrity that is more cruel than compassionate is the theme of Henrik Ibsen's drama about a determined idealist who enters a household that is constructed on compromise and held together by gentle illusions. Played competently by the APA repertory company.

AT THE DROP OF ANOTHER HAT is a chitter-and-patter revue by two stage personalities, Michael Flanders and Donald Swann, who might have come through the looking glass. They guide their devotees through a wonderland of whimsy, where, among other things, a nearsighted armadillo falls in love with a tank.

WALKING HAPPY is an old-fashioned musical with an old-fashioned charm, enhanced by little Norman Wisdom, whose big talent carries the show.

SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL and RIGHT YOU ARE are studies of one of the most active and lethal parts of the human anatomy, the wagging tongue. In Richard Sheridan's high comedy, a hive of busybodies is gleefully exposed and undone. In Luigi Pirandello's philosophical drama, a nest of vipers invades the privacy of a family and destroys the tenuous balance of their lives. The APA again.

Off Broadway

EH? Henry Living's farce, a mod menace (Dustin Hoffman) creates his own universe, where what goes up does not necessarily fall down, where illogic is logical and nonsense makes sense.

AMERICA HURRAH is composed of three hypodermic playlets by Jean-Claude van Itallie, who plunges through the surface of the American way of life to hit the raw network of nerves on which it runs.

### RECORDS

Jazz

THE 2ND JOHN HANDY ALBUM (Columbia). The hit of last summer's jazz festival at Monterey, Handy's quintet consists of his own sax, a violin, a guitar, bass and drums—all of which contribute to a complex, light-textured cacophony that is very close to contemporary classical chamber music, especially in long pieces like his *Scheme #1*. Handy can also produce tongue-in-cheek rock 'n' roll like *Blues for a Highstrung Guitar* with both wit and warmth.

DEDICATED TO DOLPHY (Cambridge). "Jazz has evolved from a folk music into an art music," said Gunther Schuller, ex-



## A pub is a come-as-you-are party.

*Come to Britain—ancient & mod*

A pub is where you don't worry whether you'll fit in or not. You will. Everyone does.

At the pub in the photo, for instance, you'll meet more than mere mini-skirts and kilts. You'll meet every sort from the neighborhood (Covent Garden, where Eliza Doolittle sold flowers).

You'll be welcome, too. And not just to look at us all and remark on how quaint we are. You can talk to us. Politics. Theatre. Darts tactics. The quality of the beer.

In fact, we'll talk of whatever you please, until the closing hour. (We regret to say we close at 11 P.M.)

But never mind. By then you'll have met enough of us to be asked along to one of our late-hours clubs.

There are many kinds. They range from traditional haunts to discothèques. We've rarely met an American

who didn't have his favorite club (and people) by the time he left us. He usually says it all began in a pub.

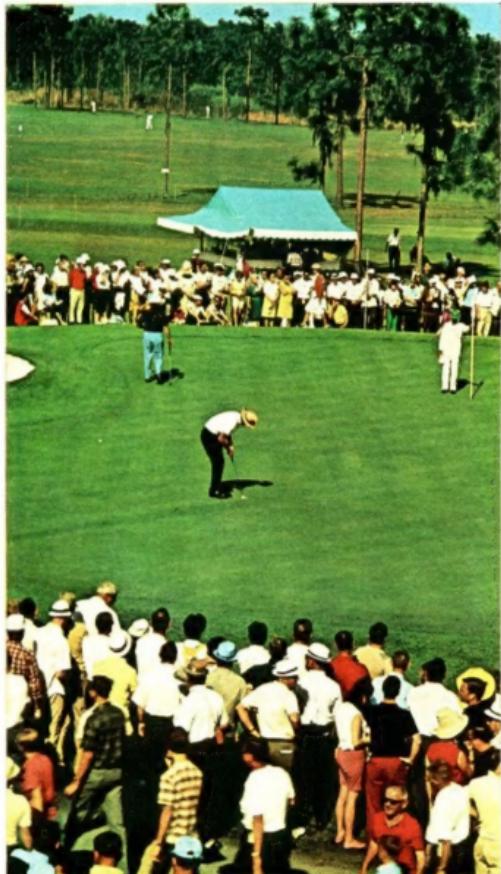
You can begin by sending the coupon for a free 52-page picture guide, "Vacations in Britain." Read it, then talk things over with your travel agent.

This is a mailing label. Please type or use block letters.

British Travel, Box 4100, New York, N. Y. 10017		
TO:	901	
NAME		
ADDRESS		
CITY	STATE	ZIP

# ORLANDO

*Sample the year-round good living that makes this fast-growing young city the ACTION CENTER OF FLORIDA!*



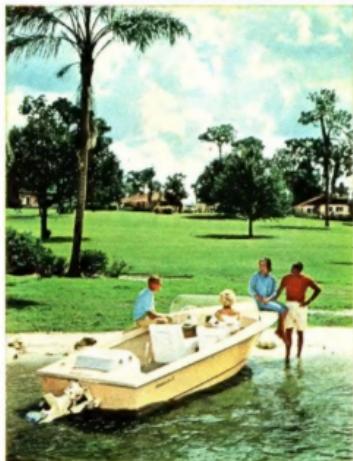
"The \$115,000 Citrus Open will match the top names in the game — March 9-12 — in some of the toughest golf country in the nation. Golf is a year round sport on 11 great courses in the Orlando area."

Claude Kirk, Governor



"Crossroads of Florida's \$14 billion market is Orlando. The super highway network lets us reach all points of the state with overnight distribution."

V. P. Marketing, American Can Co.



"Living on the water is a refreshing way of life for residents who can enjoy boating, fishing, sailing and skiing every day of the year."

President, Correct-Craft Boat Company

COLOR BROCHURE / WRITE, ACTION CENTER  
P. O. BOX 1913, ORLANDO, FLORIDA 32802



plaining the kind of atonal, far-out compositions that he, John Lewis, Harold Farberman and Bill Smith have written for this album. The results are cooler and more cerebral than those of Eric Dolphy, the late wild-blowing, note-bending alto saxophonist. But Bill Smith (on clarinet) and the other instrumentalists are first-rate, and the music, though it seldom swings, consistently sizzles.

**BYRD LAND** (Columbia). As one of the first importers of bossa nova, Charlie Byrd still likes to toss off a samba or two on his amplified guitar, and he can pluck soul from folk-blues like *Work Song*, but mostly he keeps up a sophisticated patter with pop hits (*Theme from "Mr. Lucky"*) and old ballads (*I'll Be Around*).

**MONDAY, MONDAY** (RCA Victor). The Paul Horn Quintet has borrowed *Monday, Monday* from the Mamas and the Papas, *Norwegian Wood* from the Beatles and *Satisfaction* from the Rolling Stones, and given them all a high gloss. The decorations are pretty, but the songs sounded jazzier the way they were in the beginning. A comedown from Reedman Horn's eloquent performance on last year's *Jazz Suite on the Mass Texts*.

**BAROQUE SKETCHES** (Columbia). Some imaginative and energetic forays in the boundary land between jazz and the classics by the lyrical *Fagotthorn* of Art Farmer and a big "baroque orchestra" bright with brasses. The mixed company of composers includes Chopin, Albeniz and Sonny Rollins (*Albie's Theme*) along with Bach (*Air on the G String* and *Jesus, Joy of Man's Desiring*). Pretty wiggly.

**THE POPULAR DUKE ELLINGTON** (RCA Victor). "Popular" refers not only to the Duke but in this instance to these compositions that will forever be the background music of the '20s, '30s and '40s—classics like *Sophisticated Lady*, *Solitude*, *I Got It Bad* and *Take the "A" Train*. The Duke's piano is smoothly articulate and the new performances by his virtuous orchestra are moody and melting.

**HANK CRAWFORD MR. BLUES** (Atlantic). Crawford, who came to his own hand from Ray Charles's, specializes in the blues, but he goes after them so vigorously that he turns them into outbursts of affirmation. His instrument for these determined attacks is usually the alto sax, although he can also operate very effectively with the piano. Half the pieces are his own, but most of the others, like *Lonely Avenue*, also burst with swinging good spirits.

### CINEMA

**LA GUERRE EST FINIE**. The Spanish Civil War ended in 1939 for all but a dwindling group of long-memoried men. Director Alain Resnais' evocation of those memories is at times pat and prolonged, but Singer-Actor Yves Montand as Diego, an old rebel with a past but no future, breathes an air of melancholy strength into the film.

**YOU'RE A BIG BOY NOW**. Bernard (Peter Kastner) is a little boy who grows up absurd, wavering between his girl friends (Elizabeth Hartman, Karen Black) and his parents (Geraldine Page, Rip Torn). Though the farce is sometimes forced, this first major-league effort by Writer-Director Francis Ford Coppola suggests bigger things to come.

**TO BE A CROOK**. Four movie-struck factory workers cast themselves as Robin Hoods and quit their jobs to play a crime-filled scenario in the streets of Paris. The



**Lancers rosé is a unique table wine. We import it in a crock so you won't mistake it for champagne.**

Some people think Lancers' is champagne. It isn't. You can tell by the distinctive crock. And the blushing color. Serve it chilled. With anything. Any time.

VINTAGE WINES CO., DIVISION OF HEUBLEIN, INC., N.Y., N.Y.

### Borden's Camembert.

A cheese of such distinctive character, no two pieces are quite alike. Sometimes it's soft and creamy...sometimes firm throughout. Either way, equally delicious. We challenge even the French who invented it, to come up with a better Camembert. En garde, messieurs. Choose your own crackers; we'll meet you at sundown. You bring the aperitifs; we'll bring some apple slices and Borden's Camembert.





## This printer's camera can make a negative 3 feet wide and 3 feet high.

■ Cameraman Ben Henning takes pictures of type and art. He makes the film negatives used to produce metal printing plates. But his pictures aren't like yours. He can make a negative a full yard square. He has a keen eye for color values and for balancing tones of the artwork. He inserts a fine sereen containing 22,500 dots to the square inch which register perfectly on the printing press. Men like Ben are graphic arts specialists with an artist's touch—and the precision of their skills is displayed at its finest on consistently printable papers.

Quality enamel printing papers provide the showcase for Ben's special artistry. As an expert, he appreciates the skills of Consolidated's 4,000 specialists—the largest concentration of paper-making skills—at the only major mill that specializes in enamel printing papers.

The productive printing industry, 7th largest in the nation, is built on experts like Ben, plus specialized equipment and paper mills like Consolidated.

**WRITE US:** Let us prove our enamels can help make your printing better. We'll send free sample sheets to your

printer on request. Have him compare the quality of our papers on one of your next printing jobs. Sold only through Consolidated Enamel Paper Merchants.



CONSOLIDATED PAPERS, INC.  
6111 LINCOLN, WISCONSIN 53716, WIS.

For an interesting informative description of the Consolidated skills, send for our free booklet

# This new Fisher sounds better than any stereo ad you've ever read.

And that includes the stereo ad you're reading right now.

Because you'll find no high-sounding claims here about the Fisher "Statesman" radio-phonograph. Only an invitation to listen to it. Then you'll hear the difference between hi-fi advertising superlatives and hi-fi itself.

But don't just compare our music with the ad men's singing of other products' praises. Compare the "Statesman" directly with any stereo console in its category.

You won't have to do much legwork because it's a small category. Not many all-solid-state radio-phonographs include an FM stereo tuner and an AM tuner, a 75-watt (IHF) power amplifier, a four-speed automatic turntable with magnetic cartridge, enclosed three-way speaker systems with a total of 8 loudspeakers, a tilted master control panel plus a 2 and 4-track stereo tape recorder.\*

So here's all you do. Take your favorite record to the stores and play some familiar passages on as many radio-phonographs as you can. Compare. Then listen carefully to an FM stereo music broadcast. Count the number of stations you can tune in clearly on the FM dial. And have a good look at the cabinetry.

As long as you observe this simple test procedure, you may read as many ads about stereo radio-phonographs as your heart desires. We're not worried.

## The Fisher

No ad man can do it justice.



### LOOK FOR THE FISHER DEALER IN YOUR CITY.

ANN ARBOR, MICH. HOME APPLIANCE MART  
ANN ARBOR, MICH. GRINNELL BROS.  
ATHENS, GA. WOODWARD & VANCE  
AUTONOMY, ILL. 1000 STATE ST.  
BATTLE CREEK, MICH. RODGERS  
BATTLE CREEK, MICH. GRINNELL BROS.  
BIRMINGHAM, MICH. GRINNELL BROS.  
CALUMET, ILL. 1000 STATE ST.  
RIVERDALE'S SHOPPING CENTER  
CANTON, OHIO GEORGE A. WILLE CO.  
CHAMPAIGN, ILL. 1000 STATE ST.  
CHICAGO, ILL. LYON & HEALY  
CINCINNATI, OHIO BAUMHOLZ & REDDERT, INC.  
CINCINNATI, OHIO 1000 STATE ST.  
CLEVELAND, OHIO THE JEWELERS  
COLUMBUS, OHIO FURNITURE & ELECTRICAL  
COSHOCTON, OHIO 1000 STATE ST.  
DEARBORN, MICH. GRINNELL BROS.  
DEARBORN, MICH. GRINNELL BROS.  
DETROIT, MICH. GRINNELL BROS.  
DETROIT, MICH. GRINNELL BROS.  
DETROIT, MICH. STEREOFOLAND  
ELKHART, IND. TENTHINS.  
ERIE, PA. 1000 STATE ST. ELECTRONICS  
EVANSTON, ILL. LYON & HEALY  
EVERGREEN PARK, ILL. LYON & HEALY  
GARY, IND. 1000 STATE ST.  
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH. GRINNELL BROS.  
GREEN BAY, WIS. DON KIRK & CO., INC.  
GROSSE POINTE WOODS, MICH. POSTIVE ELECTRONICS

GROSSE POINTE WOODS, MICH. STEREOFOLAND  
HAGERSTOWN, MD. BEACHLERS' FURNITURE  
HIGHLAND PARK, ILL. DEPT. 2000  
HILLSDALE, N.J. 1000 STATE ST.  
HOLLAND, MICH. STOLZ FURNITURE & GREEN  
INDIANAPOLIS, IND. 1000 STATE ST.  
INDIANAPOLIS, IND. 1000 STATE ST.  
KETTERING, OHIO HAUSER MFG. CO.  
LANSING, MICH. GRINNELL BROS.  
LANSING, MICH. GRINNELL BROS.  
LEONARDTOWN, MD. SHARON TOWNS INC.  
LIMA, OHIO B. S. PORTER SON CO.  
LYONVILLE, MICH. GRINNELL BROS.  
LOUISVILLE, KY. 1000 STATE ST.  
MAIDSTONE, MD. FORBES MEAGHER MUSIC CO.  
MANFRED, OHIO PENNY PEARSON  
MANFIELD, OHIO 1000 STATE ST.  
MARSHFIELD, MICH. MARSH & RAY & TV  
MARION, IND. HOPKINS MUSIC HOUSE  
MENTOR, OHIO RECORD CARNIVAL  
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. SCHMITT MUSIC CO.  
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. SCHMITT MUSIC CO.  
MISHAWAKA, IND. TEMPLEIN  
MT. PLEASANT, ILL. LYON & HEALY  
NEWARK, DEL. MARSH MUSIC CENTER  
OAKBROOK, ILL. LYON & HEALY  
OGRON, ILL. 1000 STATE ST.  
PADUCAH, KY. SHACKELTON'S  
PEORIA, ILL. BEVERLY BIRD MUSIC CO.  
PONTIAC, MICH. GRINNELL BROS.  
RACINE, WIS. EDWARDS SOUND SERVICE, INC.  
ROCKFORD, ILL. JACKSON PIANO & CO.

ROSEVILLE, MICH. GRINNELL BROS.  
SANDUSKY, OHIO Music Tonic  
SPRINGFIELD, ILL. 1000 STATE ST.  
SPRINGFIELD, ILL. 1000 STATE ST.  
ST. LOUIS, MO. 1000 STATE ST.  
ST. PAUL, MINN. 1000 STATE ST.  
TEMPE, ARIZ. 1000 STATE ST.  
TOLEDO, OHIO 1000 STATE ST.  
TOTTEN, ILL. 1000 STATE ST.  
WARREN, OHIO VALLEY 714 ELECTRONIC INC.  
WAUKEGAN, ILL. WAUKEGAN MUSIC MART  
WYOMING, WIS. 1000 STATE ST.  
XELA, OHIO BAND, RISK RECORDS, LENTON  
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO NEWPORT MUSIC

ILLUSTRATED  
THE FISHER "STATESMAN"  
STEREOFONIC RADIO-PHONOGRAPH WITH  
CD-3000 TUNER, 1000 STATE ST.  
75W\* WIDE, 20W\* DEEP, 29" HIGH \$1195.00.  
ALSO AVAILABLE IN THREE OTHER STYLES.  
FOR FREE CATALOGUE AND THE NAME  
OF YOUR NEAREST FISHER DEALER IN YOUR CITY  
C-1  
FISHER RADIO CORPORATION,  
11090 85TH ROAD, LONG ISLAND CITY,  
NEW YORK 11101

# Ask the Man from Great-West how you can get the most out of Life.

(North Central Region)

## INDIANA

**Indianapolis Branch** — J. T. O'Neal CLU (br. mgr.), R. E. Kavanagh (cashier), J. A. Sylvester (sup.), S. F. Carver (group sup.), T. G. Coles, Sr., J. L. Cory, T. E. Forrest, R. L. Irwin, D. G. Kaga, R. E. McCalley, E. C. McNamara, R. F. McNamara, Frank L. Meier, Jack J. O'Neal; Elwood: W. H. Crimans.

**Northern Indiana Branch** — South Bend: D. E. Brennan (br. mgr.), J. W. Belting, F. J. Fogarty, Jr., W. R. Ford, R. L. Faltynski; Plymouth: Dan Gibson.

## MICHIGAN

**Detroit Branch** — R. W. Bogart (br. mgr.), A. F. McLaughlin (group mgr.), W. G. Flatt (cashier), P. F. Nicolucci (group rep.), P. R. McGrath (group rep.), J. D. Barlow CLU, C. S. Brooks, J. P. Collins, Frank Murray, J. L. Pollack, J. E. Robichaud, H. J. Vallier, M. H. Espair, Ben Fishman, M. D. Fishman, R. R. Young; Ann Arbor: L. J. Dennis; Pontiac: C. E. Patton.

**Grand Rapids Branch** — C. B. Devol CLU (br. mgr.), William Coopster (cashier), G. T. O'Brien (sup.), L. C. Furniss, Jr. (group sup.), R. O. Sousley (group sup.), H. D. Crane (group rep.), L. B. Morrison CLU, R. H. Coles CLU, L. D. Townsend Sr., H. J. Compton, Kalamazoo: G. B. Walters CLU (dist. mgr.), E. E. Nelson, D. M. Dolphine, Robert Van Zandt; Muskegon: Wesley Anderson; Dowagiac: R. E. Brezen; Jackson: Max Mair; Lansing: Carl Bollman (dist. mgr.).

**Saginaw Branch** — D. W. Blaesser (br. mgr.), J. C. Matthies (sup.), C. B. Day, Barney Duff, W. L. Kraft, D. B. Matthies, D. W. Nuechterlein, K. W. Roe; Essexville: D. F. Majeske.

## MINNESOTA

**Minneapolis Branch** — J. G. Mulheran (br. mgr.), C. W. Marr (cashier), E. H. Chapman (sup.), R. C. Eisler (sup.), H. W. Hoffinger (sup.), R. J. Miller (group sup.), C. R. Johnson (ass't group sup.), J. C. Detloff (group rep.), D. H. Borne, W. B. Brodt, G. O. Carteng, George E. Clegg, R. W. Garnek, Theodore Giannobile, A. V. Mikkelson, J. G. Mutschke, J. A. Seidel; Duluth: H. E. Birk, Donald E. G. Gillott; Detroit Lakes: A. P. Hurley; Davenport, Iowa: W. K. Irwin CLU, St. Cloud: R. E. Jennings; Alexandria: R. W. Nyvold; Holdingford: G. F. Sepanik.

**St. Paul Branch** — Z. Willard Finberg CLU (br. mgr.), C. J. Lerman, M. P. Vollhaber, M. W. Wischnick.

## MISSOURI AND SOUTHERN ILLINOIS

**St. Louis Branch** — B. M. Friedman CLU (br. mgr.), V. C. McCleer (cashier), B. L. Taggart (group sup.), J. J. Palazzolo (group rep.), M. E. Klearnan, A. M. Baris; Carbondale: L. E. Alford, Chester: B. E. Koeman; Belleville: E. M. McKay; Mt. Vernon: R. L. Simpson; L. E. Hall; Murphysboro: O. B. Ozburn.

## NORTHERN ILLINOIS

**Chicago Central Branch** — Sol Sackheim CLU (br. mgr.), E. M. Schwemm CLU (US agency consultant), A. J. Churchman CLU (regional group mgr.); R. F. Fritsch (assoc. group mgr.),

Art Prochaska (cashier), R. M. Terzich (ass't group sup.), W. H. Meyer (ass't group sup.), M. E. Murphy (group rep.), R. F. Ruffing (ass't group service sup.), C. W. Abbott, D. S. Carter, D. L. Felt, J. C. Greenberg, E. J. Kachur, Park Ridge: R. E. Bechtold; Evansville: H. E. B. B. Highland Park: Byron Epstine; Wilmette: W. E. Leffingwell; Glenview: C. W. Lindblad; Drovers Grove: J. E. Lowry; Elmhurst: O. E. Sieg.

**Chicago LaSalle Branch** — R. C. Frasier CLU (br. mgr.), E. D. Triplett CLU (ass't br. mgr.), M. M. Krueger (ass't brokerage sup.), Morris Galnick, R. E. Slaughter.

**Chicago North Shore Branch** — Evanston: J. H. Quigley (br. mgr.); F. C. Crowe, Lawrenceville: A. J. Klemmer CLU, D. L. Tauber, D. L. Temple, G. S. Ward; Arlington Heights: W. H. Beisler; Barrington: R. A. Wichman.

**Chicago West Suburban Branch** — Oak Brook: R. J. Krenel (br. mgr.); J. J. Kasser, T. L. Fens; Villa Park: R. C. Brunette; Warrenville: G. J. Richter, G. E. Richter.

**Peoria Branch** — H. H. Norman CLU (br. mgr.); C. D. Waters (sup.), J. E. Morse (sup.), G. D. Burton (group sup.); D. C. Quinto (ass't group sup.); P. L. Garrison, R. L. Heidenreich, R. W. Elliott; J. E. Wirsching, J. D. Wilkins, G. Tracey, J. Turpin, Bloomington: D. H. Waters; Canton: L. H. Davis.

**Cincinnati Branch** — R. D. Ross, Jr. (br. mgr.), D. M. Kirsch (cashier), M. J. Rappoport (sup.), R. C. Dunn (sup.); R. H. Kendall (group sup.); T. C. Ertel (group rep.); P. B. Baker, R. J. Gatto, J. F. Horan, E. L. Kluska, Mrs. C. A. Kotte, C. B. Shea, C. L. Slesnick, D. J. Sweeney, H. P. Sweeney.

**Cleveland Branch** — J. N. Lenhart CLU (br. mgr.), A. W. Niemeier (cashier), W. M. Stubbs CLU (sup.); R. A. Carre CLU (brokerage sup.); Frank Nickerson CLU (group sup.); J. B. Benniean, Fletcher Carscallen, J. L. Dresor, J. V. McMahon, T. P. Moehan CLU, D. C. Pierce, Sr., F. J. Siska, Jr.

**Columbus Branch** — D. E. Clark CLU (br. mgr.), J. A. Dodd, Jr. (sup.), M. V. Puderbaugh (sup.), D. A. Sibring CLU (sup.); E. P. Kletzky (group sup.); R. L. Becker, C. E. Birkimer, W. R. Burkley, R. E. Burns, Jr., A. F. Cameron, Jr., D. D. Carver, R. A. Dollison, M. P. Gallagher, M. S. Guy, W. L. Hutchison, J. E. Johnson, R. R. McNeal, T. J. Roberts, T. J. Ryan, B. A. Sanford, L. E. Smiley, F. A. Stewart, Jr., A. N. Trudeau CLU, T. G. Turpen, W. G. Willis, J. J. Davis, S. L. Schlesser; Lancaster: J. W. Clark, Jr.; Junction City: R. L. Clark; Zanesville: B. K. McCallister, W. L. Simms; Manon: G. A. Guy, R. D. Smith, R. B. Wells; Bucyrus: R. D. Wells.

**Dayton Branch** — R. J. Wagner (br. mgr.), J. T. Duffin (sup.); J. E. Utterhoffen, W. J. McKinley, E. M. Oravec, E. J. Selleck, F. T. Kitchmer.

**Toledo Branch** — R. D. Williams, Jr. (br. mgr.), R. J. Peluso (sup.); V. R. Langenderfer, J. D. Hilfinger, T. N. Tomczak, B. J. Renko, Jr., O. W. Dern, T. J. Kauffman; Bowling Green: Nicholas, Vasil, Lima: E. S. Cabi; Port Clinton: J. F. Fritz.

fun and games end when a real cop tries to arrest them. Four French unknowns turn in poignant performances under the sensitive direction of Claude Lelouch (*A Man and a Woman*).

**BLOW-UP** A photographer escapes his med models for an afternoon and wanders after a pair of bucolic lovers, whom he snaps on the sly. In a brilliant episode back in the darkroom, he develops his film and his dilemma. Italian Director Michelangelo Antonioni records the London scene—and some things that are not seen in his first English film.

**A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS**. Robert Bolt's hit play about Sir Thomas More has been transformed into a brilliant film for all seasons by Director Fred Zinnemann and a notable cast led by Paul Scofield.

## BOOKS Best Reading

**INSIDE SOUTH AMERICA**, by John Gunther. A political travlogue of the South American continent, conducted by an expert tour guide who knows all the sights and sounds but moves too briskly to explain them thoroughly.

**PAPER LION**, by George Plimpton. As a nervous newcomer to the squad, Plimpton persuaded members of the Detroit Lions football team to talk seriously and precisely about their roles, their skills and how a Sunday's campaign is plotted. The result is by far the best book to date on pro football.

**HAROLD NICOLSON: DIARIES AND LETTERS, 1930-1939**, edited by Nigel Nicolson. The author was always near the center of the action at Whitehall, and he knew London's brilliant and beautiful people. There is rare immediacy to his diaries—faithfully jotted down after breakfast every morning for most of a decade.

**DEATH ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN**, by Louis Ferdinand Celine. The founding father of black humor in a new, splendidly gutty translation of his classic about the bitter, unbreakable orphan whose childhood and nomad life were a lugubrious epic of squar, filth, misery and hatred.

**THE MAN WHO KNEW KENNEDY**, by Vance Bourjaily. A civilized and affecting fictional account of how the generation closest to J.F.K. in age and aspirations took his death.

## Best Sellers

FICTION	1. <i>The Secret of Santo Vitoria</i> , Crichton (1 law week)
	2. <i>Capable of Honor</i> , Drury (2)
	3. <i>The Birds Fall Down</i> , West (3)
	4. <i>The Mask of Apollo</i> , Renauld (4)
	5. <i>Valley of the Dolls</i> , Suskind (5)
	6. <i>All in the Family</i> , O'Connor (6)
	7. <i>Tai-Pan</i> , Clavell (9)
	8. <i>The Fixer</i> , Malamud (7)
	9. <i>The Coptain</i> , De Hartog (8)
	10. <i>A Dream of Kings</i> , Petrakis

NONFICTION

1. *Everything But Money*, Levenson (2)
2. *Paper Lion*, Plimpton (3)
3. *Madame Sarah*, Skinner (4)
4. *The Jury Returns*, Nizer (1)
5. *Rush to Judgment*, Lane (6)
6. *Games People Play*, Berne (5)
7. *Random House Dictionary of the English Language* (8)
8. *The Boston Stronger*, Frank (7)
9. *Winston S. Churchill*, Churchill
10. *How to Avoid Probate*, Dacey (10)

... plus 975 representatives in other regions in the United States and Canada

**With tomorrow  
covered, you've  
got the right to  
get what you want  
out of life today.**

Whether it's a \$10,000 basic family protection policy for a newlywed couple or a multi-benefit group insurance plan for the employees of a large corporation, Great-West Life can cover tomorrow's safely and sensibly. Ask the man from Great-West to show you how you can get the most out of Life.

Your future is our business...today

**Great-West Life**  
ASSURANCE COMPANY



# During Prohibition, you served good Scotch. Or else.

In fact, certain influential people insisted on it.

You've heard how it was. With all that bad stuff around, Good Scotch was a veritable oasis in a dry land. When you could get it.

One of the most popular was

Ballantine's, a favorite since 1827. It went down smoothly as a great Scotch should. But had an authentic Scotch flavor all its own. (As Geo. Ballantine himself said, "The more you know about Scotch, the more you like what I make.")

Ballantine's is so good, we think, because of the good men who make it. Kindly Scotsmen all, they are, but fanatics in making Scotch.

So if you have to serve good Scotch, buy Ballantine's.

Tell 'em Geo. sent you.



The hidden persuader.

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. 86 PROOF. IMPORTED BY '21' BRANDS, INC., N.Y.C.



## This is phase 4 stereo

A new point of view in recorded sound. All stereo from planning to production. The music selected, the arrangement it receives, the very placement of the instruments are all planned *solely* for stereo. With **phase 4 stereo** London Records has achieved a spacious clarity and brilliance of sound never before heard! And with unsurpassed musical integrity! To accomplish this, an electronic marvel was built. A twenty channel console mixer that combines and blends twenty different directional sounds into one precise musical perspective. The result...fresh *live* sound. The **phase 4 stereo** library offers Broadway and Hollywood spectacles. Latin tempos, sound extravaganzas, piano favorites, big band performances and concert classics. Stereo truly becomes of age with **phase 4 stereo**.

## New Releases



**LONDON**<sup>®</sup>  
phase 4 stereo.

AVAILABLE WHEREVER RECORDS ARE SOLD

For complete London phase 4 stereo catalog please write:  
London Records Inc., Dept. DD, 539 W. 25th St., New York, N.Y. 10001

**Number 1 in sales because it's number 1 in sound**

## LETTERS

### Togetherness in Japan

Sir: Veracity and readability were uniquely combined in "The Right Eye of Daruma," your cover story on Japan and Premier Sato [Feb. 10].

The only pertinent fact that I might have added is that the Japanese are a nation of strong collective mentality. A Japanese standing alone feels as naked, lonely, isolated, conspicuous and bewildered as a Honda on the Kamakura turnpike—and doesn't like it. He may seem at times to long for individuality, to talk about it and even try to display it. Nevertheless, he is disgruntled to find it in himself. Sato's consensus policies is but a manifestation of this national trait.

YU TAKA TSUCHI

Washington, D.C.

Sir: I wish to offer my congratulations on the excellent article on Prime Minister Sato and the contemporary political situation in Japan. However, I am constrained to draw your attention to the passage in which it is stated that Prime Minister "Sato... was on the verge of sending a token number of troops to aid Saigon before the U.S. buildup and the bombing of the north began." The sending of troops abroad by Japan is prohibited under the provisions of our constitution and, therefore, as policy, it is inconceivable that the government should send troops abroad and the Japanese government has consequently never expressed its intention to do so.

KINYA NISEKI

Director

Public Information Bureau  
The Ministry of Foreign Affairs  
Tokyo

### The Astronauts

Sir: The Astronauts [Feb. 3] have become heroes at a time when heroic figures are surely needed. Perhaps their greatest legacy will not be their contribution to the space program, though that is considerable, but the inspiration they have given to the youth of America. Because of these young men, many younger people will value their education more and set their goals higher than before.

MRS. R. DE BAISE

East Syracuse, N.Y.

Sir: Any child is aware of the highly volatile nature of a pressurized, 100% oxygen environment. I find it inconceivable that a fire-extinguishing and emergency-hatch system capable of being instantaneously triggered at any stage of the countdown was not ordered into the design of the Apollo capsule. It is true that "accidents will happen," particularly in research programs such as this—but they are excusable only if due to causes unknown or unforeseeable. This wasteful tragedy is made even more poignant by the fact that its prevention was well within our present technological capability.

H. A. LANGDON

Margate City, N.J.

Sir: With all due respect and admiration for the three ill-fated astronauts, I cannot help wondering if our space program and its nebulous goals justify the past, present and future sacrifices and costs involved, and at the expense of down-to-earth domestic programs.

Perhaps we should consider what Ten-

nison wrote in *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After*: "Is it well that while we range with Science, glorying in the Time, City children soak and blacken soul and sense in city slime?"

M. P. MESKELL

Medford, Mass.

### Under the Big Sky

Sir: This morning I awakened to another windy Montana morning. I grumbled a little as I dressed; I've never liked wind, and we get a lot of it in this prairie country.

Something happened this morning, though, that made me change my mind forever: I read your cover story on air pollution [Jan. 27]. Then I went to the door and opened it. The turbulent air was clean and bracing, and the snow that had fallen a week ago was still white and clean.

I will never complain about the wind again. I will thank God every day of my life that I am privileged to live in this Big Sky country. But what is more to the point, I will support every effort to alleviate air pollution elsewhere and to prevent it in Montana.

JEAN BILLINGS HARTMAN

Great Falls, Mont.

### In the Eyes of the Viewer

Sir: In response to "What Is Art Today?" [Jan. 27], may I suggest a definition I created a few years past while a student at the University of Chihuahua?

Art is an enduring and continuously communicating record of man's emotional response to his existence. This applies to all of the traditional fine arts, music, poetry, drama, architecture, painting, sculpture, etc., but obviously has little bearing on many current creations, collectively best described as the neorevolutionist school.

CARLOS MIRANDA

San Patricio, N. Mex.

Sir: The province of the artist is not to reflect the bafflement of mankind but to show that order and beauty exist.

RUTH SMOCK

Silver Spring, Md.

Sir: Art is anything that evokes feeling.

HOWARD B. REICH

Pine Beach, N.J.

Sir: Art is so completely subjective that it cannot be defined except on an individual basis.

### SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

**ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO TIME  
RELATING TO YOUR SUBSCRIPTION**  
should be accompanied by your address label. Attach it at the right. We're able to answer inquiries by telephone in many areas. Please note your number here:

AREA CODE:  
PHONE:

**TO SUBSCRIBE**, fill in the form to the right. Subscription rates in U.S. and Canada: one year \$10, two years \$15.

**ADDRESS ALL INQUIRIES OR SUBSCRIPTIONS** to TIME, 540 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

vidual basis. What may be art to you is not necessarily art to me.

For myself, I demand only that a picture or an object be interesting; it need not be beautiful or even have a meaning. Much so-called modern art, however, does not interest me; some of the things currently presented as art seem to me to be atrocious. I resent the contention so commonly made today that it is my duty and that of all other persons to make a continuing effort to understand and appreciate it. As a scientist, I have some esoteric interests of my own, but I do not insist that anyone else share my interests in these things. In fact, I would be surprised if many people did.

J. MARVIN WELLER

University of Chicago  
Chicago

Sir:

Art is in itself life:  
to look  
and see the true;  
the intensifying of time  
and space into love;  
and not a dirty four-lettered word.

THOMAS V. PRITSCHER

Munich  
Federal Republic of Germany

Sir: Whatever else it may be, art is difficult. To achieve it, the artist gives most of his time and often all of his energy. Whatever their school, painters of the past sincerely engaged in creating works of art labored for months, even years, to perfect a single picture. They were like Yeats, who slaved an entire day to get a few lines that satisfied him. The quick pace of modern life has accelerated the painter and wrecked his work. If I draw nice circles and squares, or if you paint pretty stripes set off with excellent polka dots, we have not made art, because, as we have all been saying for years while only half believing it, anybody can do that.

But this is the age of junk, and nothing is difficult any more.

WILLIAM R. MYSHRAIL

Catskill, N.Y.

### Shock Troops

Sir: Critics of Professor Shockley [Feb. 3] unjustly claim that he sees evidence for Negro inferiority to foster racial bias. There may be biological as well as environmental bases for social problems involving many individual Negroes. It may be that one means to equality of achievement for Negroes as a "racial" group is biological, i.e., by positive eugenics or by biological engineering when means are developed. Social actions are being taken on the basis of whether persons are white or Negro rather than on the basis of their in-

ATTACH LABEL HERE for change of address (print your new address below), adjustment, complaint, renewal, etc., and be assured of more accurate, faster service. FOR YOUR INFORMATION: the date in the upper left-hand corner of your address label indicates the expiration date of your current TIME subscription.

Miss  
Mrs.  
Mr.  
name (please print)

address

State Zip code

**The average American car  
costs \$3,000.  
For \$95 more you can have  
an authentic English GT.\***

**Still thinking average?**



Until now you may have figured a real GT is something you could only admire but never own.

Now, for just a few dollars' more than the average car, you

can have an MGB/GT.

Only question is: Can it be the genuine article at such a fantastic price? A GT car, to be

authentic, must be a high-per-

formance touring machine with absolutely unqualified sports car handling and roadability. It must offer comfort, amenities, and room for loads of luggage. Only 5 or 6 cars—the MGB GT among them—qualify. Like the others, the MGB GT is hand-assembled. It's put together piece by piece by craftsmen, not by machines. At Abingdon-on-Thames the car is rust-proofed 3 times and hand-rubbed in between.

The body is made of 20-gauge steel for extra strength. The hood, of aluminum for lightness.

On the highway you can touch any posted speed limit in the 3rd of the

MGB/GT's 4

forward gears. On a

winding backroad

you can revel in the absolute integrity of the firm suspension and precise rack-and-pinion steering.

Disc brakes are, of course, standard. They will bring you to a stop from any speed with just a pedal touch. How can we offer so much for hardly

more than the average American car? Maybe because we're the world's largest sports car maker with a racing record extending back to 1923.

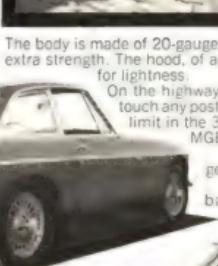
So join the most exclusive club in the country. The price of admission: \$3,095.

And you can't

beat that.



The MGB GT: another action car from the sign of the Octagon.







## Troubleshooters

And all of them stand ready to work for you, helping keep your telephone service as near perfect as possible.

They're the girls who supervise the switchboard. The ones who act fast to help you find a number.

And the girls who handle your other telephone needs—such as finding your lost dime or correcting an overcharge.

And the foreman who sees that your phone is installed on time. And the man or woman who heads your telephone office.

One complaint from you and these troubleshooters move in fast to keep trouble from troubling you.

We may be the only utility company in town, but we try not to act like it.



# Why No.1 has to do something about Avis:



You've probably noticed the big change in No.1's advertising lately.

No more jolly man flying into the driver's seat.

Instead, they've come out with a get-tough-with-Avis campaign.

Why?

Because No.1's share of the rent a car business is getting smaller.

And Avis' share is getting bigger.  
(Based on the latest figures from 26 major airports.)

Trying harder is paying off.

Spotless Plymouths, full gas tanks and smiles you can believe have been bringing No.1's customers to Avis.

The trend is clear.

If Avis isn't stopped, we'll be No.1 by 1970.

In 3 years, No.1's share of car rentals dropped from 56% to 50%. Avis' share jumped from 29% to 35%.





**Fred has  
\$5,000 more home  
than home insurance.**

## **Hope you have \$5,000 to burn, Fred old boy.**

It's easy to be under-insured. All it takes is for your home to increase in value while your insurance stays the same. True, it costs money to raise the limits of your insurance. But this is

where State Farm comes in.

State Farm offers a better deal than most companies in the home insurance business. Same as State Farm does on car insurance. It's made us number one in sales in both.

A single policy can protect you against fire, burglary, vandalism, tornadoes, lawsuits, and more. So, unless you have money to burn, call your State Farm agent and avoid financial embarrassment.



State Farm Fire and Casualty Company  
Home Office: Bloomington, Illinois

In Texas, savings in State Farm Homeowners Policies have been returned as dividends. In Mississippi, we offer a Comprehensive Dwelling Policy similar to our Homeowners Policy.

# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

February 17, 1967 Vol. 89, No. 7

## THE NATION

### THE WAR

#### Still Wishing, Still Nothing

The four-day cease-fire that marked Viet Nam's Lunar New Year was launched amid hopes that it would grow into an extended truce. Instead, Hanoi used the *Tet* respite for reinforcement and replenishment of its troops below the 17th parallel. Army trucks rumbled down canopied jungle trails into South Viet Nam and cargo vessels sped with impunity down the coast, carrying more arms and supplies to the Communist forces than they had been able to deliver in all of January.

Still, the outside world's attention was wishfully galvanized by signs and suggestions that peace talks might be in the offing. In Washington, White House Aide Walt Rostow observed that "an extremely interesting and delicate phase" had been reached in diplomatic efforts to move the war to the conference table. At New Mexico State University, General Maxwell Taylor, a former U.S. ambassador to Saigon, declared that conditions for a negotiated peace had improved. The fact that U.S. bombers did not immediately head north when the truce ended at week's end served to heighten speculation.

**200 Signals.** The peace hopes had grown out of a well-hedged hint, dropped three weeks ago by Hanoi's Foreign Minister Nguyen Duy Trinh, that Hanoi "could" discuss peace terms—provided the U.S. stopped bombing the North, permanently and unconditionally. The Administration reacted

warily. After all, in the past two years, U.S. officials figure that they have detected and dissected some 200 diplomatic signals concerning negotiations.

In response to Soviet Premier Alexei Kosygin's assertion in London that a halt in the bombing could lead to negotiations, the White House answered: "Mr. Kosygin commented on the military action the U.S. should take, but made no mention of the military action the other side should take."

The President replied in similar if less acerbic terms to a message from Pope Paul VI expressing the hope that the *Tet* truce "may open the way for negotiations for a just and stable peace."

A blunter response was offered by Conservative William F. Buckley Jr., on a visit to Saigon, when asked whether the U.S. should extend the *Tet* truce. "The answer is not only no," said Buckley, "but forgawdsakes no."

**Calm & Clarity.** Hanoi's vaguely pacific and calculatedly public overtures were followed by a propaganda barrage, emanating mostly from Russia and Eastern Europe, aimed at convincing Washington that Hanoi, like Barkis, was willing. At home, the echoes from this campaign could be heard in various appeals to the President to stop the bombing. They came from a group of 28 prominent clergymen, from 400 former Peace Corpsmen, from thousands of "peace fasters" in 200 cities who restricted themselves to diets of rice and liquids for three days.

As an antidote to what he regarded as an outbreak of peace fever, the Pres-

ident prescribed a dose of Dean Rusk pragmatism. During a press conference, Rusk restated the U.S. position that "you can't stop this war simply by stopping a half of it." It was not a crowd-pleasing role for Rusk: some newsmen had arrived hoping for news of an important move toward peace. But the Secretary carried it off with characteristic calm and clarity.

He noted that the Communists had mounted "a systematic campaign" to end the U.S. bombing of North Viet Nam, "without any corresponding military action on their side." All they have offered, he emphasized, is "talks—talks which are thus far formless and without content." Without some reciprocal move from the North, said Rusk, the U.S. has only two choices—to hit Communist supply trucks before they reach the South, or to "pick this ammunition out of our men." He quelled reports that negotiations were imminent. "All channels remain open and are being utilized," he said. "Unfortunately, I cannot report to you any tangible forward movement."

**Contact Points.** What channels? They are numerous and easily accessible. Both U.S. and North Vietnamese diplomats are stationed in such capitals as Moscow, Warsaw, Cairo, Algiers, Rangoon, Prague, Belgrade, Bucharest and Budapest. Moscow and Warsaw are considered the most likely contact points—largely because the resident U.S. ambassadors, Llewellyn Thompson in the Soviet Union and John Gronouski in Poland, have close links with the White



IDLE U.S. JETS AT VIET NAM AIRBASE DURING TRUCE  
A dose of pragmatism as an antidote to the fever.

House. Indeed, talks arranged by U.S. Ambassador to Saigon Henry Cabot Lodge were about to begin in Warsaw late last year when they were suddenly aborted, either as a consequence of the U.S. bombing raids near Hanoi or because the Communists simply opted out.

Algiers, a center of Viet Cong diplomatic activity, is a particularly likely rendezvous. Some officials consider it noteworthy that Poland's Jerzy Michalkowski, a foreign-office troubleshooter who has been in Hanoi and is also closely in touch with U.S. diplomacy, is now in the Algerian capital. Rangoon is still another possibility, particularly since U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations Arthur Goldberg and U.N. Secretary-General U Thant are scheduled to be there at the same time late this month. Goldberg plans to visit Rangoon during a tour of a dozen European and Asian nations, and while he insists that his trip is not "a peace mission," few who are familiar with his negotiating prowess would be surprised if he sought to contact North Vietnamese diplomats en route.

A variety of other conduits could be used to transmit messages—including newsmen and junketing politicians. There was even some short-lived speculation that Democratic Senator Robert F. Kennedy, during a briefing in Paris this month, had been given a peace feeler to relay to Johnson. Actually, about all that Bobby got was a muffled replay of Trinh's implied proffer of peace talks after a bombing halt.

**Like a Boogie.** With so many channels for secret diplomacy open in Hanoi, the Administration is understandably disturbed that the recent feelers—or "flickers," in Washington parlance—have been so plainly visible. This only reinforces Johnson's suspicions that Hanoi's strategy is aimed simply at winning a reprieve from the air war.

And with good reason. Though U.S. air losses, in combat and on the ground, totaled a punishing 1,750 fixed-wing craft and helicopters as of last December—473 of them over the North—the Administration believes that the bombing has made a major difference in the situation. Communist main force units, physically bruised, psychologically hurting and short of supplies because of the bombings, have avoided large-scale pitched battles for three months. Infiltration of troops from the North is believed by the Defense Department to have dipped drastically—from 6,950 to 1,600 men a month—since midyear, though no figures are available as yet for the final months of 1966.

The President recently confided to a group of White House fellows: "I chase every peace feeler, just as my little beagle chases a squirrel." The White House may not keep track of squirrel kills, but it does maintain a running audit of tangible offers from Hanoi. So far, as the *Tet* truce came to a close and the latest flicker appeared to be flickering out, the figure remained zero.

## FOREIGN RELATIONS

### The Maiden Comes of Age

For years, German-American relations resembled nothing so much as a late 18th century romantic novel, with a fluttery maiden (the Federal Republic), a sometimes cold lover (the U.S.), with dialogue full of *Sturm und Drang*. Everytime a Senator would complain about the high cost of keeping six U.S. divisions in West Germany, shudders would run up Bonn spines. Every time the cold war would thaw a bit, Bonn would demand reassurance—once again—that permanent division of Germany



BRANDT & LBJ.

*Clear that the dance was over.*

would not be the price of a Soviet-U.S. rapprochement.

The U.S., on its side, demanded abject fidelity. The whole pattern of worry, reassurance and more worry, says one State Department official, became as ritualistic as the mating "dance of the cranes." No more. When Bonn's new Foreign Minister Willy Brandt arrived in Washington last week, it was clear that this particular dance at least was over.

**About Face.** The change is more psychological than substantive, but no less striking for that. The "grand coalition" formed by the Christian Democrats and the Social Democrats in November has given Bonn policy makers a new confidence and allowed them to make overtures to the East that previously might have been politically impossible (see *THE WORLD*).

Bonn no longer believes that reunification can be brought about only by an unrelenting, tough stand toward the East. Rather, said Brandt last week, it "will be possible only within the framework of a general European *détente*, which we earnestly and sincerely seek." Significantly, Bonn forged ahead on its own and told the U.S. what it was up to only as a matter of courtesy.

Washington makes no secret of its

relief about the new West German mood. The greetings for Brandt last week, in fact, could scarcely have been more effusive. Vice President Humphrey, a first-name friend for years, invited him up to his new apartment for breakfast. As Brandt stepped out of his Mercedes limousine at the State Department, 15 Marines formed an honor guard, a tribute extended to no other foreign visitor in memory. Yet, despite the new air of easy friendliness, Washington has been warned that it will have to bargain hard with the "new" Bonn on at least two matters of importance.

Though West Germany accepts the idea of a nuclear non-proliferation treaty, Brandt said last week, it will not sign any pact that inhibits its development of a peaceful atomic technology. And while the new government will honor ex-Chancellor Ludwig Erhard's agreement to contribute to the upkeep of U.S. troops (\$675 million a year), it wants to cut that sum sharply after the agreement expires in June. Though Bonn privately expects the withdrawal of perhaps three American divisions this year, Brandt, as Foreign Minister of an energetic new regime, was not about to concede anything before he had to. "I am afraid," he said, "that the time for any significant relief for the United States has not come."

### Smaller & Simpler

The President last week sent to Congress the smallest request for foreign aid—a little more than \$3.1 billion—that any Administration has submitted in the 20 years since the adoption of the Marshall Plan. Johnson's message reflected his special regard for programs in education, health and agriculture, raising the total outlay in these areas 25% over last year. Of the \$2.5 billion asked in economic aid, Latin America would get \$624 million, the Near East and the Indian subcontinent \$758 million, Africa \$195 million, East Asia \$812 million—with \$650 million of the East Asian allotment for South Viet Nam alone.

Despite his relatively modest demands, which Congress will almost certainly slim still further, Johnson proposed some pragmatic innovations, mostly in the methods by which the U.S. doles out the dollars. He hopes to sweet-talk—or strong-arm—other nations and international organizations into cooperating to help needy nations and, in turn, to encourage recipient nations to cooperate with their neighbors in regional development programs.

Anticipating congressional resistance, Johnson noted that the U.S. gives less than seven-tenths of 1% of its national income to "reduce the chances of future Viet Nams"—less even than France and Belgium give away, mostly to their former colonies. "Nothing," he noted, "could be more shortsighted and self-defeating" than to cut the aid outlay still more.

## TO REDEEM THE WORST, TO BETTER THE BEST

In two messages to Congress last week, President Johnson put before the country major measures involving the youth of America. His proposals to combat crime ranged far beyond the problems of youth to consider curbs on all manner of violence in American society, but they vitally concerned the young because so large a proportion of crime is committed by them. His message on youth itself discussed how to nourish achievement, open opportunities and channel youthful energies into law-abiding pursuits. The gist of the President's messages:

### CRIME

The "Safe Streets and Crime Control Act of 1967" would give the Federal Government little new authority and not even the germ of a national police force. But it would provide the funds (\$350 million in the next two years) to induce city and state police forces, courts and correctional agencies to come to grips with the problem. Washington would give 90% of the money needed to finance modernization plans; foot 60% of the bill for crime-deterrent innovations; some of the more interesting of which have been suggested by Los Angeles' new police chief, Thomas J. Reddin (see *THE LAW*). It would also provide 50% of the construction cost of crime laboratories, community correction centers and police academies.

One innovation, said I.B.J., might be the appointment of community "service officers," who would know and maintain close relations with people in neighborhoods. With their contacts in the slums, they could alert authorities to trouble, help stave off riots. Juvenile delinquents might also be rehabilitated more successfully in their home communities than in reform schools; a five-year California experiment along this line, said the President, has shown "dramatically impressive" success in turning errant youths from all-too-promising careers in crime.

**Startling Facts.** The President relied heavily on data accumulated during an 18-month study that is to be published later this week by the National Crime Commission headed by Under Secretary of State (and former Attorney General) Nicholas deB. Katzenbach. As summarized in his message, the report presented some startling new facts about crime. Some of them:

- Fifteen-year-olds commit more serious crimes than those in any other age group, with 16-year-olds close behind. Youths under 18 account for more than half of all burglary arrests.
- Relatively few major crimes are interracial. For the most part, criminals prey upon their own race and economic group.
- The cost of white-collar crime, such as embezzlement, consumer frauds and petty theft from businesses, "dwarfs" that of all crimes of violence. Property losses from both kinds of crime total more than \$3 billion a year.
- More than 7,000,000 people come into contact with some agency of criminal justice each year. More than 400,000 are behind bars in any one day.
- At least half of the aggravated assaults, burglaries and larcenies are probably never reported. In some communities, only one-tenth may show up on police records.
- One-third of all arrests—2,000,000 a year—are for drunkenness. If it were treated as a social problem, suggested Johnson, rather than a crime, the criminal enforcement apparatus would be relieved of a huge burden, leaving more time for more serious concerns.

The drive on crime would be left largely to the states and cities, but the President did ask Congress once again for passage of a firearms-control act, which would be one of the cheapest, yet probably one of the most effective crime-fighting tools. "Further delay," he said, "is unconscionable." And along with new guarantees of personal safety, he asked for a guarantee of personal privacy in a

bill aimed at outlawing all wiretapping and electronic bugging, both private and public, except when national security is involved. In this request, the President is at odds with some important members of Congress, who favor limited wiretapping and bugging privileges for police forces.

### YOUTH

Yet hitting at crime from above, said Johnson, is not enough. "To speak of crime," he said, quoting the Crime Commission, "only in terms of the work of the police, the courts and the correctional apparatus alone is to refuse to face the fact that widespread crime implies a widespread failure by society as a whole." A much broader assault must be directed at the underground causes, and I.B.J. outlined such an assault in his youth message. For crime is often one visible effect of poverty, and economic deprivation in youth sows a huge harvest of blighted promise and lost opportunity.

Johnson's list of the country's neglect of its youth was exhaustive. Some 14.5 million young under 17 live in families too poor to feed and house them adequately. One million will drop out of school this year, most to join the ranks of the unemployed. More than 3.5 million poor children who need medical help do not receive it and nearly two-thirds of all poor children have never visited a dentist. At least ten nations have lower infant mortality rates than the U.S.; if the U.S.'s rate were as low as Sweden's, 40,000 babies that now die each year would be saved.

The President noted nonetheless that the U.S. has sharply stepped up its aid to the young in recent years, from \$3.5 billion for all federal programs benefiting young people in 1960 to more than \$11.5 billion in the budget now before Congress. Much more, he said, needs to be done. Head Start, the intensive educational program for poor pre-schoolers, should be widened so that it can help more very young children (three-year-olds) and older children, who often lose momentum when they enter regular classrooms. A not unimportant side benefit of Head Start gives medical and dental care to many children who otherwise would never see the inside of a doctor's or dentist's office. "In short," said I.B.J., "for poor children and their parents, Head Start has replaced the conviction of failure with the hope of success." Under Johnson's proposal, \$135 million would be added to the \$337 million already budgeted in the next fiscal year for the program, probably the most popular that the "War on Poverty" has introduced, and a particular Johnson favorite.

**Pilot Program.** The President urged that payments to the three million children who now receive social security—because the family breadwinner has died, retired or is disabled—be increased by an average 15%, at a cost of \$350 million. Average benefits now, he noted, are only \$52 a month. He also proposed a pilot program to ensure that 100,000 children in poverty areas can visit a dentist and \$100,000 be examined by a doctor in the next year. To take care of the babies that are yet to be born, Johnson asked for legislation authorizing ten pilot centers to train health workers, look into the problems of child health, and provide care for 180,000 needy children and 10,000 mothers. There are in the U.S. today, he pointed out, only 12,000 trained pediatricians and 13,000 obstetricians, "far too few to provide adequate medical care."

The total cost of all his proposals would be \$650 million. But in a number of them, some small and experimental, Johnson was clearly pointing the way to bigger programs he hopes to initiate in post-Viet Nam years, when there will be more room in the budget for the new social-welfare measures that he longs to add to those already under the umbrella of the Great Society. Meanwhile, in both its youth and its crime programs, the Johnson Administration aims to redeem the worst and to better the best.

## THE SENATE

### An Individual Who Happens To Be a Negro

(See Cover)

It was his first major address since his election, and Massachusetts' Republican Senator Edward William Brooke III ranged the gamut of American problems—from youth to the urban crisis, from disarmament to justice for minorities. Speaking in Los Angeles last week before California Republicans, Brooke devoted a major part of his address to an eloquent review of foreign policy.

Citing St. Augustine's axiom, "War's aim is glorious peace," he noted that in Viet Nam the U.S. is seeking to create "an atmosphere in which resolution of

The Other Vision. To many Americans Negroes, the acme of success is symbolized by the world of Adam Clayton Powell: the nirvana of the deprived, where the Good Life is also the Sportin' Life, and where power cruisers, beauty-queen girl friends and expense-account junkets are the talismans of achievement. At the other pole is the Negro's deeper vision of equality with white Americans in terms of individual intellect, ability and dignity. That vision is embodied by Senator Brooke.

His presence in the Senate is particularly significant at a time when the civil rights revolution has been deadlocked by Negro militants' demagogic obsession with black power—an attitude that former Assistant Secretary of Labor Daniel P. Moynihan describes in *Commentary* as "a frenzy of arrogance and nihilism."

Brooke has never rallied his race to challenge segregation barriers with the inspirational fervor of a Martin Luther King. Unlike Thurgood Marshall, Roy Wilkins or Philip Randolph, he has not been a standard-bearer in the civil rights movement. He has made none of the volatile public breakthroughs to equality of a Jackie Robinson or a James Meredith. He has triggered none of the frustrated fury of a Stokely Carmichael, written none of the rancorous tracts of a James Baldwin or a LeRoi Jones, drawn none of the huzzahs of a Louis Armstrong or a Joe Louis, a Willie Mays or a Rafer Johnson. He has never sought or wanted to be a symbol of negritude. There have always been two ways for members of minorities to rise: through purely individual achievement and through involvement in group action. But in the U.S., there is room for both types and, ultimately, each reinforces the other.

Says Brooke: "I do not intend to be a national leader of the Negro people; I intend to do my job as a Senator from Massachusetts." Unlike most Negro politicians, whose manner of campaigning and representation are necessarily molded by the exigencies of ghetto living, Ed Brooke has had the great good fortune to rise in a political atmosphere in which his race is beside the point.

**No Fanfare.** To the enduring credit of his constituents, Ed Brooke was elected last November on his record—as a tough attorney general, as an exciting campaigner, as a Republican running in a year when millions of voters across the country felt a degree of disenchantment with the Johnson Administration. Brooke's color had no measurable bearing on his victory, either statistically, since Massachusetts' Negro population is under 3%, or philosophically, since his opponent, former Democratic Governor Endicott Peabody, is as ardent a champion of civil rights as Brooke.

When Brooke arrived on Capitol Hill, his credentials were not essentially different from those of the other members of a promising G.O.P. Senate freshman class—Illinois' Charles Percy, Oregon's Mark Hatfield, Tennessee's Howard Ba-

ker and Wyoming's Clifford Hansen. "There was no special fanfare for me," mused Brooke after taking the senatorial oath on Jan. 10. "I felt like a member of the club. They didn't overdo it. They didn't underdo it." He and the other Republican tyros have seats in the same section of the Senate chamber—an area that is called "Boy's Town."

**Toss-Up.** Like those of other newcomers to the citadel, Brooke's committee assignments were scarcely sensational. Speculation was that he would get a seat on Judiciary, which handles civil rights proposals, but the Republican leadership placed him on Banking and Currency, and Aeronautical and Space Sciences—both of which have strategic value. Banking and Currency acts on much legislation involving urban problems; the other assignment is useful because of Massachusetts' heavy concentration of aerospace-related industries. Charles Percy was named to the same two committees, and when the question arose as to which freshman should have senior ranking, they flipped coins to decide. Brooke won both tosses.

Despite the Senate's casual acceptance of his presence, Brooke has already become a Capitol Hill tourist attraction. Gallery-sitters crane their necks, gawk and buzz excitedly whenever he comes into view. In airport terminals and Capitol corridors, strangers grab his hand and wish him well. Letters come into Brooke's office at the rate of 350 a day. He has received nearly 1,400 speaking invitations in the past couple of months, has rejected all of them until last week's engagement.

**Less than Bashful.** "I'm cautious by nature," Brooke explains. He has spent long hours on the Senate floor since his arrival, on occasion sitting as the only spectator while some colleague spun a solo speech. Unlike his freshman classmates Percy and Hansen, he has not yet introduced any legislation. Nor does he expect to assault Senate tradition by making a floor speech soon. "I won't establish a record for speaking early," he says, "but I will not be bound by custom either. If I feel I must speak out, I will have no hesitation."

Off the floor, he has been less than bashful about making his views known. During a briefing for new Senators by the Secretary of State, Brooke quizzed Dean Rusk insistently about continued U.S. bombing raids in North Viet Nam. As he said on a *Meet the Press* panel recently, Brooke feels the bombing strategy should be "reassessed" because he does not believe the raids have "served the purpose for which they were intended," to stop enemy infiltration.

He said pretty much the same thing two weeks ago during a 90-minute private meeting with Lyndon Johnson. Nor did he hesitate to criticize House Minority Leader Gerald Ford's handling of the Powell controversy. Arguing that Ford had made a political "blunder" by marshaling G.O.P. members behind last month's resolution to deny the Harlem Democrat his seat,



BROOKE IN LOS ANGELES  
*Under the umbrella to stay.*

our difficulties can be found off the battlefield." And, before a conservative audience, he urged the Republican Party to become "broader and more creative." He ventured that the old shibboleths of "big government" and the Communist conspiracy have outworn their meaning. Added Brooke: "There is an obligation to propose rather than primarily to oppose."

This spectrum of concern was not surprising from a man who has already demonstrated his qualifications for office. But aside from his qualifications, the dominant fact about Ed Brooke is that he is a Negro, the first of his race ever to win popular election to the U.S. Senate.<sup>4</sup> For the politicos of the Negro and for the Republican Party, he signals a new style and a new hope.

<sup>4</sup> Not until 1913, when the 17th Amendment was ratified, were members of the U.S. Senate picked by the general electorate; before that, state legislatures selected Senators.

Brooke charged: "Now the Powell matter has become a Republican problem. It was the Democrats' mess, and we should have let them stew in it."

Brooke intends to be his own man—and that goes for liberals, Negroes and the G.O.P. alike. "I will not have my vote taken for granted," he says. "I can be a team man, with the reservation that I can leave the team when I want to." He favors open housing, job-training programs, seating Red China in the U.N.—all of which puts him out of step with Senate Minority Leader Everett Dirksen. More often than not, he will be voting with the Republican liberals, notably California's Tom Kuchel, New York's Jacob Javits, New Jersey's Clifford Case and his fellow freshmen Hatfield and Percy.

**Allies, Not Adversaries.** When pressed to define his political outlook, Brooke offers such portmanteau labels as "creative moderate" or "a liberal with a conservative bent." While accepting the humanitarian goals of Lyndon Johnson's Great Society, he faults the Administration's approach to helping the poor as "aspirin—it relieves the pain, but it doesn't cure." Both domestic-welfare and foreign-aid policies, he reasons, should be oriented more toward self-help and less toward the dole approach. "If you give a man a handout," he maintains, "you establish a chain of dependence and lack of self-respect that won't be broken easily. If that is the situation of the grandfather, then the son, the grandson, the great-grandson will probably be in the same desperate, dreary situation. But when a man wins self-respect, then everything else falls into place."

Brooke's votes for civil rights proposals are as certain as anything about him. Even so, his views on the issue do not reflect self-consciousness about his race. "It's not purely a Negro problem. It's a social and economic problem—an American problem," he says. He sees racial problems as essentially a conflict between "haves and have-nots," rather than between blacks and whites. He has been stoutly hostile toward the concept of black power. "That slogan has struck fear in the heart of black America as well as in the heart of white America," says Brooke. "The civil rights bill of 1966 was lost because of rioting and violence. The Negro has to gain allies—not adversaries."

That sort of talk does not endear Brooke to the militants. Some hotheads in the rights movement virtually accuse him of being an Uncle Tom. To millions of other Negroes, his image is blurred at best. Because of his pale skin, his Episcopalian faith, his reserved New England manner, he is looked upon as what might be described as a "NASP"—the Negro equivalent of the White Anglo-Saxon Protestant. Only two of his 19 Senate staffers are Negroes, because Brooke refuses to hire people on the basis of race; to many Negroes that in itself is grounds for suspicion. Brooke's wife is white, and many Ne-



REPUBLICAN FRESHMAN SENATORS ON "MEET THE PRESS"  
Schisms bridged by energy, eloquence and restraint.

gros also consider that an affront. As Massachusetts attorney general, Brooke shied away from participating in civil rights demonstrations—and that does not sit well with many Negroes.

**Crossed Fingers.** In fact, Brooke has worked effectively for racial equality. He helped prepare a 1950 brief that led to a U.S. Supreme Court decision to desegregate dining cars, and he has long been an advocate of fair employment practices in Massachusetts. Says Civil Rights Leader Bayard Rustin: "If you compare Brooke and Adam Powell on civil rights, you cannot immediately give the edge to Powell. Adam blocked granting of funds to the Urban League. He was absent for the vote on

many bills, including civil rights bills."

Floyd McKissick, CORE's national director and an advocate of black power, says that "the black community has its fingers crossed on Brooke." But McKissick also concedes: "He one is a politician in a white state, one relies on white votes. Right? Ed Brooke is one helluva politician. He has the appearance, the education, the intelligence; he has the middle-class standards white people like. If he's going to stay in politics, he'd better stay just what he's been."

**No Choice.** What he has been is remarkable in political history. Both of his Negro predecessors in the Senate went to Washington as symbols of Yankee vindictiveness against the South during the Reconstruction era—and both were puppet politicians. The first, an itinerant preacher named Hiram Rhodes Revels, was picked in 1870 by the Mississippi legislature, then dominated by carpetbaggers and Negroes, to fill the Senate seat once occupied by Confederate President Jefferson Davis. The other was Blanche Kelso Bruce, an imposing mulatto who was sent to the Senate in 1875, also from Mississippi.

From Bruce until Brooke, Negro politicians have been almost totally ghettoized. Negro candidates have had no choice but to accept—and exploit—residential segregation as their only viable route to political power. New York City Democrats have consistently rejected Negro candidates except in districts at least 50% black. Nationwide, the number of Negroes in elective office is increasing, but the pattern of Negro office-holders from Negro constituencies has scarcely changed. In 1966, six Negroes were elected to the House—all from heavily Negro districts. There are 154 Negroes among the nation's 7,600 state legislators, compared with 36 in 1960; all but seven are from predominantly

From row: Illinois' Percy, Tennessee's Baker, Rep. Brooke, Wyoming's Hansen, Oregon's Hatfield.



DAVIS REPLACED BY REVELS (1870 CARTOON)  
Symbol of Yankee vindictiveness.



MOVING INTO WASHINGTON APARTMENT  
To some, the image of a NASP.

black constituencies. Lucius Amerson became the South's only Negro sheriff, in an Alabama county whose population is 84% colored.

If color ever truly disappears from U.S. politics, as religion already has to a large extent, it will only be because the race issue is kept in perspective by black and white politicians alike. As Ed Brooke has said: "If I did confine myself to Negro problems alone, there would hardly ever be another Negro elected to public office except from a ghetto—and justifiably so."

**White Tie & Pig's Feet.** At 47, the new junior Senator from Massachusetts is well equipped for the challenge. Very much the cool Boston lawyer, he is an effective orator and a euphemistic campaigner. Brooke is as much at home striding in white tie and tails down the aisle at a performance of the Boston Opera (of which he is president) as he is scampering down a campaign parade route, shouting "Hey! Hey! Hey! Hello there!" He is at ease at dinner with Vice President Humphrey, Walter Lippmann and Mrs. Christian Herter, and just as comfortable with Negro friends eating "soul food," a Porgy orgy consisting of pig's feet, ham, fried fish, cornbread and greens—which Brooke sometimes adds champagne. He was such an energetic salesman of bonds for Israel that a high school in that country has been named for him.

Over the years he has developed a marked zest for the subtler perquisites of success: tea at his desk at midmorning and midafternoon, stylish Ivy League suits tailored by Zareh Inc. of Boston, a treasured collection of opera records. He lavished hours last month on the selection of wallpaper, carpeting and furniture for his new two-level Potomac-view apartment (rent: \$310 a month) in an integrated section of southwest Washington. He owns a \$40,000, nine-room home in the prosperous Boston

suburb of Newton, has an eleven-acre estate on Martha's Vineyard.

With green eyes and a Gardo smile, he has an appeal to women that approximates Lena Horne's impact on men. Yet for all his public charm, he is an inner-directed man in an outer-directed profession. Even his closest staff aides have accepted the fact that he insists on making key decisions alone. In his climb to the Senate, Brooke has brought to bear the caution of the colored man, the self-confidence of the mulatto, and the conservatism of a family that was civil-service oriented.

**Apron-String Homilies.** Ed Brooke's ancestry, like that of many other American Negroes, is lost in the ethereal mists of miscegenation between the Negro mistress-servant and the 18th century Southern squirearchy. The Senator believes that his paternal great-grandfather was probably a slave who took his surname from plantation owners in Virginia. Brooke's father doggedly worked his way through the Howard University School of Law, was employed for years as a Veterans Administration attorney in Washington. His mother Helen was the driving force in the upbringing of Eddie and his older sister Helene. At public gatherings, Brooke introduces his mother in almost worshipful terms. And he often recalls her apron-string homilies. On women: "Never disrespect a woman no matter how she comports herself; remember your mother is a woman." On racial prejudice: "People are people; you take them as you find them." On honesty: "If you can't tell me something, all right; but don't come and tell me something that isn't true."

**Cross Course.** Ed Brooke grew up in a pleasant northeast-Washington section called, coincidentally, Brookland, which was populated by black bourgeoisie. The family belonged to St. Luke's Episcopal Church, a favored house of worship for well-to-do Negroes

—where, it was said, one minister died of sorrow because his congregation complained that his new bride was too black to sit in the pews.

After Washington's Dunbar High School, an excellent though then segregated institution known for the number of students that it sent to Ivy League colleges, Brooke attended Howard University, where he cut an enviable swath with the coeds and was president of Alpha Phi Alpha, the nation's oldest Negro social fraternity. Because of an early inclination toward medicine, he majored in chemistry and zoology, graduating in 1941. On Pearl Harbor day, he was called into the Army as an R.O.T.C.-trained second lieutenant, was assigned to the all-Negro 366th Combat Infantry Regiment. He saw combat action in Italy, won a Bronze Star in 1943 for leading a daylight attack on a heavily fortified hilltop artillery battery. Because of a facility in Latin and French, he took a crash course in Italian and later worked as a liaison officer with Italian partisan guerrillas.

**She Say No.** Three months after V-E Day, Brooke, then a captain waiting to be shipped out of Italy, visited Viareggio, a resort on the Ligurian Sea. On the beach, he struck up a conversation with Remigia Ferrari-Scaceti, the fetching daughter of a prosperous Genoese paper merchant. Recalls Remigia: "I see him five times in Italy. He come in my house. He meet my parents. He say he in love with me and he want me to marry." She say no. However, after returning home and joining a couple of Army buddies at Boston University Law School, he began trading a steady stream of love letters in Italian with Remigia. They were married in Boston in June 1947.

Remigia, now 47, has snapping brown eyes and a husky Italian laugh. She calls

WALTER BENKE



MOTHER HELEN  
Up from the mists of the squirearchy.

her husband "Carlo," his code name with the partisans. She herself has fought a long guerrilla campaign with the English language, but the conflict has been resolved in what can only be described as peaceful and rather charming coexistence. "If you with me a little while," she says, "you notice that I speak almost all the time in the present sentence. My accent, I think I never lose that, because I think I have no accent." She has made dozens of engaging campaign appearances for Ed, helped harvest the Italian vote for him.

Remigia and their daughters, Remi, 17, and Edwina, 14, will stay in Newton for the time being while the Senator commutes there weekends. Although she loves meeting people, Remigia has a knack for mangling their last names (Dirksen becomes "Diedis" or "Kirkenson"). Recently she confided her problem to a dinner partner, Vice President Humphrey, who astutely advised her: "Just call them 'Honey' or 'Sweetie.'"

**Vote White.** Until he was 30 years old, Ed Brooke never even voted. Then in 1950, several friends suggested that he run for the Massachusetts legislature. When he told Remigia that he planned to become a candidate, she cried for a week, as she now recalls—largely because her notion of politics was based on memories of Mississinewa Italian politicians, who were often jailed or murdered. Brooke entered both the Republican and Democratic primaries, won the G.O.P. endorsement, and has stuck with the party ever since.

He was defeated in the 1950 general election, and again in 1952, then renounced politics (partly, his friends say, because of campaign slurs about his interracial marriage) until 1960, when Republicans persuaded him to run for secretary of state. His opponent was an affable, able politician named Kevin White, and while the campaign was generally free of racial smears, one slogan that popped up—VOTE WHITE—carried an innuendo that was hard to ignore. Brooke lost narrowly.

Intrigued now by the challenge of politics, Brooke rejected an offer to join Governor John Volpe's staff, instead asked to be appointed chairman of the Boston Finance Commission, a municipal watchdog group that had not barked in years. Brooke drew headline after headline as commission evidence led to the dismissal of some city officials.

Bolstered by his reputation as a crusader, Brooke won the G.O.P. nomination for attorney general in 1962, easily defeated a Democratic machine candidate, who was picked for the race only because the incumbent, Edward McCormack, was locked in a senatorial primary fight with Teddy Kennedy.

During his two terms in office, Brooke dealt with a variety of touchy situations. He collided with Negro leaders in 1963, when he ruled against a plan for a pupils' "hooky-for-a-day" demonstration against *de facto* school segregation. He also clashed with both school and



REMIGIA, ED, EDWINA & REMI  
*Helping with the harvest.*

church by insisting that Massachusetts must observe the U.S. Supreme Court's ruling against public-classroom prayers. He injected himself in the helter-skelter investigation of the Boston Strangler murders, managed to bring some coordination to the detective work, but invited ridicule in the press when he brought in a Dutch clairvoyant, who applied his "radar brain" to the case and reeled off a minutely detailed description of the wrong man. Brooke's most celebrated accomplishment was winning a series of grand-jury indictments against more than 100 public officials, private citizens, and corporations—on charges involving graft and bribery connected with state government.

**Cold Party.** During his Senate campaign, Brooke responded to the exaggerated threat of white backlash by taking the unusual step—for him—of raising the racial issue. He condemned both Stokely Carmichael and Georgia's Lester Maddox as "extremists of black power and white power." Brooke swamped Chub Peabody by 1,213,473 to 744,761 votes and took the Senate seat occupied for 22 years by Brahim Leverett Saltonstall.

Unlike dozens of G.O.P. candidates elsewhere, Brooke did not camouflage his party label. He made no secret of his belief that the G.O.P. needs a far more positive approach than it has had in the past. He refused to support Barry Goldwater's candidacy in 1964, and early in 1966 he published *The Challenge of Change*, a prickly book that castigated the G.O.P.'s approach to the electorate for the past 50 years. Brooke's thesis was not so much that Republican proposals have been wrong, as that "we have often had no solutions at all. We give the appearance of being afraid of social progress. This is what has made us known as the cold party."

**Measure of Success.** Nonetheless, as Dirksen observes, "the Republican umbrella is pretty big"—and Ed Brooke is obviously under it to stay. In fact, his presence in the G.O.P. as a Senator offers more promise for positive change than anything he has yet said or written. And it will undoubtedly help re-establish the party's appeal to Negro voters—some 70% of whom are now registered Democrats. Indeed in the South, where Democrats have wielded a segregationist whip for decades, Brooke's kind of liberal Republicanism could become a major stimulant to a G.O.P. revival among black men—although, so far, Southern Republicans have all too often tried to outdo the Democrats at the segregationist game.

In a sense, Ed Brooke has a 50-state constituency, a power base that no other Senator can claim. Not only is he in a position to show his race the way out of *apartheid* politics; he could also wield considerable influence in the selection of the G.O.P. presidential candidate in 1968—and beyond. Though he is cagey enough not to commit himself so soon, he leans toward Michigan's George Romney for '68. Since more Negroes could come to resent Romney's Mormon religion—which still has an archaic taint that denies the "priesthood" to Negroes—Brooke would be a valuable ally in defending the Michigan Governor's liberal record on racial issues.

Already there has been talk of a Romney-Brooke ticket, which the Senator dismisses on the ground that he must first master his new job. Yet he is plainly on a path that goes beyond whatever personal summit he may reach. The achievements of Edward William Brooke will be as much a standard of a whole society's progress as they will be the measure of an individual who happens to be a Negro.



POWELL BEFORE HOUSE COMMITTEE  
*Break the Constitution? Never!*

## INVESTIGATIONS

### The Silence of Mr. Terrific

Adam Clayton Powell, who has never shown undue deference for the laws of the land, came on last week as a last-ditch champion of the Constitution. Fighting for his political life before the House committee investigating his right to a seat in Congress, the Harlem Democrat argued that any inquiry into his defiance of New York State courts, his padded payroll and his expense-paid junkets would violate his rights as a Representative-elect. "You want me," he asked, "to break the Constitution?"

The special committee, named last month after the House voted to delay Powell's swearing-in, wanted no such thing. It sought only to scrutinize the litigation in which Powell has been embroiled for seven years and the evidence of siphoning with congressional funds developed by an earlier House investigation. Nor was the committee hostile. Five of the nine members had voted to seat Powell in the first place. The chairman, Brooklyn Democrat Emanuel Celler, had denounced the inquiry before being named to head it. If there were any way to save Powell's seat, the committee was expected to find it.

**Mock Courtesy.** Powell gave it little chance. He and his eight lawyers argued that the Constitution sets only three qualifications for House membership—age, citizenship and residence—and that he would answer no questions about anything else. Celler pointed out that the Constitution also empowers the House and Senate to "punish its members for disorderly behavior" and, by a two-thirds vote, to expel a member. Powell's lawyers cited historical cases of unjust treatment of members-elect.

Notably, that of Utah's Brigham Roberts, elected to the House in 1899, who was refused formal admission because, as a Mormon, he practiced polygamy.

implying that Powell was being persecuted for belonging to a minority.

Powell handled many of his lines with mock courtesy, drawing out "Yes, sir," when he chose to answer at all, slurring his words to mask his Ivy League diction, grinning impishly as counsel proved beyond reasonable doubt that Powell is over 25 (he is 58). But he managed to baffle even the question of New York State residence. When had he last spent a night in New York? "I don't recall." When did he intend to return? He declined to say.

**Omnium-Gatherum.** Unlike most Congressmen, Powell needs no fence-mending visits to the voters. His public habitat is the television screen and the front page, where he continues to play Mr. Terrific against the white man. At one point during the session Celler pleaded for his cooperation: "I urge you, as chairman and personally, to reconsider your refusal." Powell let his lawyers reply. Finally Celler yielded. "It is useless to continue."

In the corridor outside the hearing chamber, surrounded by the inevitable omnium-gatherum of sympathizers, Powell found his tongue: "Where is justice?" he demanded. "It is not the fate of Adam Clayton Powell that is at stake. It's the fate of the people of Harlem." His supporters cheered.

**Big Splash.** Considerably clearer was the decline of Preacher-Politician Powell. Having already lost the chairmanship of the House Education and Labor Committee, he learned last week that about a dozen of his patronage appointees—with total salaries of some \$150,000—were being dismissed from the committee staff. Another candidate for unemployment relief was Corinne Hull, his pretty \$19,227-a-year traveling companion, who was summoned to appear this week along with Powell's estranged wife Yvette, who has already been separated from her \$20,578 secure.

Powell's legal trouble, resulting from his label of a Harlem widow also continues to plague him. Earlier this month his representatives turned over \$32,460, part of the yield from his record, *Keep the Faith, Baby*. Now, according to the plaintiff's attorney, he owes only \$139,765.46. As for Powell's prospects of regaining his seat in the House, even Mammy Celler was lugubrious. "He didn't help any," said Celler. More than ever, Adam Powell seemed more interested in making yet another big splash than in returning to Congress.

## THE PRESIDENCY

### 38 for 25

At 10:44 a.m. on Feb. 10, the state senate of Nevada unanimously adopted Joint Resolution No. Six, joining 37 other state legislatures in ratifying a U.S. constitutional amendment—the 25th. Passed by the 89th Congress in July 1965, it sets forth long-needed mechanics for presidential succession.

Under the amendment, an incapacitated Chief Executive can himself de-

clare in writing that he is unable to continue in office, and the Vice President can take over—at least temporarily. If an ailing President is unable or unwilling to step aside voluntarily, the Vice President and a majority of the Cabinet can send a written statement to Congress declaring that the President is incapable of holding office. If the President were to challenge such a resolution, Congress itself would vote on the question. The amendment also authorizes the President to appoint, and Congress to confirm, a new Vice President if a vacancy occurs in that office.

## POLITICS

### Phrase maker

Before a Lincoln Day Republican rally in Stockton, Calif., House Minority Leader Gerald Ford declared last week: "I say that if Lincoln were living today, he would turn over in his grave."

## CALIFORNIA

### Happy 50.4th!

"The symbol on our state flag is a golden bear," Governor Ronald Reagan told Californians: "It is not a cow to be milked." With that, Reagan turned from animal husbandry to husbanding the state's sorely strained resources. In his first month in office, he helped the state university's president, proposed that students pay tuition (see EDUCATION), and outlined a budget of reduced state services.

Last week he told his constituents how much more he expects to charge them for less government: a 1¢ increase in the general sales tax, raising it to 5¢ on the dollar; 5¢ more per pack of cigarettes, boosting it to 8¢; and 5¢ more on a gallon of liquor, to \$2. Next day, a Reagan aide sent out a memorandum



REAGAN AT BIRTHDAY PARTY  
*No milk from the bear.*

suggesting that state employees volunteer to work without compensation on Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays, thus saving the state—according to the Governor's arithmetic—\$7,000,000.

The proposal went over like a leaden bear. Union leaders protested, the Democratic-controlled legislature announced it would take off a long weekend (including Lincoln's Birthday), and even the Republican Secretary of State, Frank Jordan, said his office would close for the holiday. Worse yet, the chairman of the Assembly's Revenue and Taxation Committee, Republican John Veneman, introduced tax bills markedly different from Republican Reagan's. Veneman proposed, in addition to an increase in the sales tax, which inevitably discriminates against lower-income groups, a general increase in corporate and personal income taxes.

Reagan's critics crowded mightily over his troubles. Historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr., who of late has become something of an omnibus oracle, pronounced in Los Angeles that Reagan, by making such unpopular moves, "has eliminated himself from national politics." In fact, the Governor had acted with fidelity to his campaign promises. "When you're spending \$1,000,000 a day you don't have," he warned last week, "it is quite a crisis." Moreover, Reagan hopes to relieve sorely abused property owners, whose tax loads have increased 169% in ten years.

At any rate, the California Poll reported this month that 52% of the citizenry approves a reduction in state spending on higher education and 51% favors the imposition of tuition at state campuses. Reagan himself maintains a cheerful mien, admits that he is "stringy" and "stubborn." When his staff celebrated his 56th birthday last week by giving him an "economy" cake that had a 10% slice missing and only 90% of its proper allotment of candles, the Governor could only agree that it was nice to be 50.4 again.

## THE NEW DEAL

### Two of a Kind

In the stormiest days of Depression and New Deal, few men other than The Chief suffered the sustained abuse, year after year, in peace and war, that buffeted Henry Morgenthau Jr. On his appointment as Treasury Secretary at age 42, his own sister commented: "Henry knows nothing about finance." Cheap-money advocates attacked him for dispensing federal funds too parsimoniously, while fiscal conservatives bitterly condemned his calculated program of inflation. His own subordinates questioned his competence, Harry Truman later opined that it was Franklin Roosevelt, not Morgenthau, who had dictated U.S. monetary policy all along.

Yet for Morgenthau, who died last week at 75 of a lifelong heart ailment and a kidney condition, the only appraisals that really mattered came from the man he revered, and occasionally

preached at. And to F.D.R., the tall, dour gentleman-farmer who peered frostily at the world through pince-nez was sometimes "Henry the Morgue," but also "one of two of a kind"—the other being Roosevelt himself. Eleanor referred to him as "Franklin's conscience." In exchange, Morgenthau was the only Cabinet member to address the President regularly as "Franklin."

**Eggs & Numbers.** Morgenthau needed all the presidential support he could muster. During the '30s, the Administration undertook intricate monetary manipulations, initially to induce inflation at home and later to stabilize the dollar. By reducing the gold content of U.S. currency, Roosevelt and Morgenthau hoped to raise domestic-commodity prices. They bought gold both at

wholeheartedly into U.S. foreign policy—sometimes with rather unfortunate consequences. His private luncheons with the President each Monday gave him closer access to Roosevelt than either Secretary of State Cordell Hull or Secretary of War Henry Stimson enjoyed. Of the three, only Morgenthau accompanied the President to the 1944 Quebec meeting with Churchill. There, despite Churchill's appalled opposition, the Big Two initiated a memorandum based on the Morgenthau Plan, which proposed that a shrunken, occupied Germany be stripped of all heavy industry and be reduced to a permanent potato patch. His vision of a Carthaginian peace was greeted by near-universal condemnation. Hull wrote later that the publicity "furnished Nazi propa-



F.D.R. & MORGENTHAU ON EVE OF 1940 ELECTION  
Only one appraisal really mattered.

home and abroad, gradually increasing the dollar price while seeking to outwit gold speculators.

In his diaries of the era, Morgenthau described the scene in Roosevelt's bedroom at daily meetings to set the bidding price for gold. The reclining President "would eat his soft-boiled eggs" while aides discussed the price the U.S. should pay. Once, when Morgenthau was gloomier than usual, Roosevelt decreed a 21¢ increase because "three times seven is a lucky number." Only later did Morgenthau realize that The Chief was joking. Thanks largely to Morgenthau's stewardship, the dollar by 1939 was the world's strongest currency.

**Spam & Destroyers.** A German Jew by descent (his grandfather settled in the U.S. in 1866), Morgenthau recognized sooner than most the threat posed by Hitler's rise. He advocated and largely directed the American effort to gear for war. At the end of his career, he looked back with justifiable pride on the days when he helped procure everything from Spam to destroyers for Britain, and drafted the Lend-Lease Act. Then he had the tasks of financing the U.S. war effort—the biggest budgets in the nation's history up to that time—and of making plans for postwar measures to restore a viable international monetary system.

From economics Morgenthau plunged

ganda agencies with wonderful ammunition to spur the Germans on to fight to the end." Roosevelt quickly abandoned the heart of the plan.

**Chops & Chop.** After Roosevelt's death in 1945, Truman would not tolerate Morgenthau's dabbling in foreign policy, and quickly accepted his offer to resign after eleven years as Treasury Secretary. For Morgenthau that was a hard but appropriate decision. He could have served no other President as he had served Roosevelt. Their friendship went back 30 years to the time when Morgenthau, son of a wealthy New York City real estate man, decided on a farming career after dropping out of Cornell University and settled in New York's Dutchess County, near the Roosevelt estate. Morgenthau became a valued companion, grilling the lamb chops on intimate picnics and serving as an all-purpose political aide.

It was not always fun. Roosevelt leaned heavily on Morgenthau's willingness to serve as whipping boy, a position Morgenthau himself acknowledged: "He favored me with that role."

But for Henry the Morgue, it was worth it. Not only was Franklin his friend; he was the chap who had enabled a wealthy gentleman-farmer from upstate New York to take part in that extraordinary upheaval in American history that was the New Deal.

# THE WORLD

## COMMUNISTS

### Closer to a Final Split

When Russia and Red China began their war of words, the rest of the world first watched and listened in stunned surprise. The surprise has since given way to an almost hypnotic fascination with the steady rise in the intensity of invective. At the same time, the language of Sino-Soviet polemic has steadily declined, on Red China's part at least, from occasionally elegant barbs to the basest vulgarities—far worse than the most acrimonious exchanges between Communists and capitalists.

For the third straight week, the Soviet embassy in Peking was besieged by Red Guards who cried: "Hit them, kick them, destroy the Soviet swine!" In Moscow, the Russians retaliated with their own demonstrations at the Chinese embassy, carrying anti-Chinese placards on the snowy reaches of Druzhba (Friendship) Street. Insults flew furiously from both sides, and Peking's Foreign Minister Chen Yi summed up the direction the Sino-Soviet dispute is taking: "Diplomatic immunity is a bourgeois institutional leftover, and a country that is revolutionizing does not recognize bourgeois rules."

Both Red powers thus moved ever closer to a final split. Even if that split does not occur immediately on the diplomatic level, last week's exchanges confirmed that it is already a fact. In London, Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin went so far as to urge sympathy for "people who are struggling against the dictatorial regime of Mao Tse-tung." Everyone knew that the Russians felt

that way, but it was the first time that a ranking Soviet official had said it—and in a capitalist capital, of all places. Russia and China canceled their long-standing agreement permitting citizens of each nation to visit the other without visas. China actually dared Moscow to break diplomatic relations. Urged Peking Radio: "Do it quickly! The Chinese people have made all preparations, and you will definitely come to a bad end. Graves are awaiting you traitors."

**No Dogs or Russians.** In Peking, thousands of Chinese ringed the Soviet embassy with a wall of hate. Any Russian, or presumed friend of a Russian, who approached was instantly plastered with spit, stones and invective. At night, bonfires on the embassy grounds cast tortured shadows of Soviet leaders hanged in effigy—Kosygin included. The 170 Russians who remained in the embassy were supplied with vodka and beer, bread and soup sent via air from Moscow and then carried in by East European and even Western diplomats who daily braved the Red Guard gauntlet. The Russians even filled their swimming pool with water in case the Chinese should shut off their supply. In Peking restaurants went up signs: "Out of bounds for Russian revisionist swine and dogs."

By contrast, the Soviet demonstrators outside Peking's embassy in Moscow were reasonably well behaved. Though a delegation arrived with petitions protesting Chinese polemics, they went away after the Chinese ripped their petitions to shreds. Soviet slogans were tidily lettered and said nothing much more inflammatory than "Shame on the clique

of Mao Tse-tung." In the battle, Russia showed superior electronic prowess. When the Chinese inside the Moscow embassy began bleating anti-Soviet polemics over their low-decibel bullhorns, the Russians wheeled up two sound trucks and drowned the Chinese out. The Chinese foreign office sent a stiff protest to the Soviets: "Only Hitler's fascist Germany and U.S. imperialism are capable of perpetrating this outrage committed by the Soviet revisionist clique."

**Mutual Contempt.** For all the Red Chinese harassment, Premier Kosygin promised last week that Russia would "not be the first" to sever diplomatic relations. "It all depends on the other side," he added. Instead, the Russians impugned China's worth as a true Communist nation by spelling out for the first time China's activities in blocking the flow of Soviet arms to Viet Nam. "Abusing the geographical situation," charged Izvestia, "Mao Tse-tung and his group use every means to try to break transportation lines between the U.S.S.R. and North Viet Nam."

According to leaflets distributed in Peking, Mao Tse-tung alerted frontier troops, warning them that the Soviet Union was reinforcing its military strength along the Chinese border for possible anti-Chinese moves. The contempt with which each side now regards the other was nowhere better illustrated than along the Sino-Soviet border in Sinkiang province. There, according to a Japanese correspondent who recently visited the region, Chinese border troops insulted the "revisionists" by hurling down their trousers and flaunting their backsides at the Soviets across the frontier. The Chinese "provocation" ceased when the Russians held up a portrait of Mao Tse-tung, whose face could only suffer under such an Eastern exposure.



BURNING EFFIGIES OF KOSYGIN & BREZHNEV AT EMBASSY IN PEKING  
"Destroy the Soviet swine!"



ANTI-CHINESE DEMONSTRATORS  
"Shame on Mao Tse-tung!"

## RED CHINA

### Summon to the Army

As its rage focused ever more fiercely on Russia, Red China last week imposed a notable tightening of internal discipline on Mao Tse-tung's Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. Red Guards rampaging out of control throughout the country were ordered to return to their schools and homes and cease "exchanging revolutionary experiences"—a Chinese euphemism for raising hell. Premier Chou En-lai also ordered the Guards to slack off in their humiliations of purged party officials, many of whom have been forced to wear dunce caps while being dragged through city streets. Said Chou: "Not all Red Guard activities are necessarily just and proper." He ought to know. He himself was once the victim of wall poster slander.

At the same time, Defense Minister Lin Piao, Mao's heir apparent, tried to instill greater discipline within the army. He ordered all army units "engaged in political work" to return to their barracks no later than Feb. 20. Peking's wall posters and newspapers warned of the dangers of an "armed palace coup" and hinted darkly that some army units may not be totally loyal to the Mao line. The return to barracks could provide Lin & Co. with an opportunity to refresh the army's memory on matters of Mao-think.

With China's fragile transportation network already fragmenting under the constant back-and-forthing of the Red Guards, Mao's military commission announced that the army will take over all civil airports, aviation institutes and Red China's 51-plane airline. The takeover was ostensibly a move "to prepare for war," but it was more likely a Mao move to try to head off a total breakdown of transportation. That was not all the army took over. The military commission of the Central Committee of the Communist Party announced that the army would take control of the municipal, security and police posts in



U.S. TROOPS WITH RESCUED SOUTH VIETNAMESE

*Another way to celebrate the festival.*

Peking to ensure "the maintenance of revolutionary order." It was a sweeping grant of powers, and it showed the extent to which Mao must now depend on force rather than persuasion to maintain his position.

Meanwhile, the wall posters of Peking kept up their continuous denunciations of once venerated Red Chinese notables. Latest targets of abuse: Old Warriors Chu Teh, 81, and Ho Lung, 70, Veterans of the Long March and (with Lin Piao) leaders of the Eighth Route Army during China's civil war. Both were charged with "counterrevolutionary activity." If men of such formidable stature are indeed lining up against Mao, it is clear that the battle for Red China is far from over.

## SOUTH VIET NAM

### The Devils of Tet

The Vietnamese festival of *Tet* combines the qualities of Christmas and the end of Ramadan, the Hindu feast of lights and the pagan rites of spring. To welcome the Lunar New Year, Vietnamese housewives last week prepared mounds of *banh chung*—rice cakes covered with a stew of pork fat, pickled onions and rancid fish sauce. Fathers wrapped money in red paper for the children and raised the *eat neu* a 30-ft. bamboo pole topped with offerings of betel nuts to propitiate the spirits. Before *Tet* begins, the good spirits of forest and stream, garden and hearth, head for the stars to report to the Emperor of Jade, thus leaving the world to the evil offices of fork-tongued devils and scaly trolls. In defense, the Vietnamese must plant apricot shoots outside his home, scatter lime powder around the yard and set off giant strings of firecrackers which caused some

combat-weary soldiers on leave in Saigon to dive for cover.

As South Viet Nam celebrated the arrival of the Year of the Goat\* amid an international flurry of peace talk, neither noise nor nostrums seemed to have much effect on the true devils of the South: the Viet Cong and their North Vietnamese allies. During the four-day *Tet* truce, the Reds who were not fighting doubtless paid heed to the Liberation radio's directions about how to celebrate the festival: "Organize collective entertainment—including bawdying the effigies of Americans, Thieu and Ky." But despite their own announcement of a seven-day truce (the U.S. and South Viet Nam agreed to only four days), a lot kept right on fighting. They managed, by Allied count, to violate the cease-fire some 370 times and kill 20 Americans while losing 101 of their own men.

**Steady Surveillance.** Viet Cong guerrillas fired on two separate units of American paratroopers patrolling northeast of Saigon, then poured bullets into the MFDEVAC helicopter that swooped in to pick up the wounded—but failed to bring it down. Individual Red riflemen took potshots at passing choppers and reconnaissance planes throughout South Viet Nam, or cracked hand grenades at Allied positions.

Well aware that the Reds would use the truce to re-position their forces—as they did to move men and supplies southward—U.S. troops kept up a steady

\*One of twelve animal symbols derived from the Chinese lunar calendar, the goat denotes a year of patience and devotion. Other symbols: mouse (fugacity); buffalo (strength); tiger (courage); cat (independence); dragon (sagacity); snake (cunning); horse (strenuous); monkey (success); cock (influence); dog (honesty); and pig (wealth).



AT EMBASSY IN MOSCOW

surveillance. In War Zone C 75 miles northwest of Saigon along the Cambodian border, the U.S. mounted "Operation Gadsden" shortly before *Tet* to prevent the buildup of the Viet Cong's tough 9th Division. Though two companies of American infantrymen were lured into an ambush and took "moderate" casualties in escaping, the U.S. sweep gained good field positions for the post-truce period. It also turned up and destroyed two camouflaged bridges crossing into Cambodia that the Communists had been using for infiltration.

**A Gift Outright.** Other Americans fought their way into a Red prison camp in the jungles northeast of the capital—discovered by accident when Viet Cong snipers opened up on a U.S. pa-

## DIPLOMACY

### Unsmiling Comrade

The Premier of Soviet Russia made the required pilgrimage this week to London's Highgate cemetery to pay homage at the grave of Karl Marx, the poverty-stricken, antisocial journalist who started it all. But Marx would not have approved of the company that Aleksei Nikolaevich Kosygin kept on his eight-day visit to Britain: it was far too typical of what he denounced as "capitalist enthroned."

There were talks of substance, but the substance was far overshadowed by the socializing. Kosygin, who was accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. Liudmila Gvishiani, 38, and his 19-year-

old grandson Aleksei, took the entire first floor at Claridge's, from whose haughty marquee flew the hammer and sickle. He dined at 10 Downing Street with Prime Minister Wilson, who welcomed him as "an old friend, a statesman I personally know to be cool and wise in his judgment, warm in his heart." He met with Britain's top capitalists at the Hyde Park Hotel, mingled with the likes of Mod Designer Mary Quant, Actress Mary Ure and the dip set at Lancaster House, and addressed scarlet-robed sheriffs and aldermen, ecclesiastics and industrialists at the Guildhall.

**Ahead in Fashion.** Kosygin dined on pheasant laid out on Sévres china at dinner for 56 in Buckingham Palace, where everyone, including Queen Elizabeth, came in informal clothes in deference to the Soviet Premier's liking for the common touch. Kosygin addressed both Houses of Parliament in the opulently decorated Royal Gallery of the Lords, proposing a "treaty of friendship, co-operation and nonaggression" with Brit-

ain. On a side trip to Scotland, he saw a soccer match at Kilmarnock, dined at the stylish golf resort of Troon. Returning to London, he was scheduled to meet the Tory shadow Cabinet of Ted Heath in that archbastion of the capitalist system, the Carlton Club.

Like Soviet President Nikolai Podgorny in Italy a week earlier, Kosygin got a friendly welcome in Britain—though anti-Communist demonstrators dogged his path. When he could get away from the high and mighty, Kosygin got to shake a few plebeian hands, sometimes in response to cries of: "Give us a shake, mate." At one point a pretty 18-year-old girl popped past police escorts, greeted him with: "Hello, my old fruit." Replied Kosygin gravely: "You are the young Britain I want to meet. I wish you peace and prosperity."

**Friendly Welcome.** Despite all this amiability, Kosygin went right on to say some unpleasant things about Britain's major allies. At the Guildhall luncheon, as Prime Minister Harold Wilson sat grim-lipped, Kosygin made a ritualistic attack on the U.S. as "the only cause of the war in Viet Nam." He discouraged U.S. hopes for an accord on halting the anti-missile missile race. He also launched a rude and ill-advised diatribe against the new Bonn government of Kurt Kiesinger, warning that Nazism and militarism were on the rise in West Germany. In 15 hours of private talks, Kosygin and Wilson covered the gamut of the world's problems, but there was no sign that they agreed on any of them.

Wilson wanted most of all to talk about trade. Britain buys about \$200 million more from the Russians each year than it sells to them, and Wilson wanted to discuss ways to push more British refrigerators, clothing and electronic equipment to the Soviet Union. Kosygin proposed instead that the two countries coordinate their economies, fitting Britain, in effect, into the Soviet Union's economic planning. To both Wilson and British industrialists, Kosygin stressed that Soviet science could help Britain and the rest of Western Europe close the bothersome technology gap with the U.S.

Throughout speeches, banquets and tours, Kosygin retained his dour, computerlike demeanor. So unfailingly grim was his face that British photographers called "Cheer up!" in the vain hope of getting him to smile. At one luncheon, Britain's irrepressible Foreign Secretary George Brown leaned over to Kosygin and told him: "That peach you are eating is from American Georgia, not Soviet Georgia. By eating it, you are supporting the U.S. war in Viet Nam." Started when the interpreter told him what Brown had said, Kosygin replied: "I can eat anything." George had the last word, said he: "What kind of morality is that?"

\* Which in British slang means roughly "old boy" and lacks the special connotation that the word has in American idiom.



KOSYGIN, THE QUEEN, DAUGHTER LIUDMILA & PRINCE PHILIP  
Loser on the peach.

trol—and rescued 51 South Vietnamese prisoners. The camp, a 21-building complex replete with wooden stocks and bamboo cages for prisoners, had been in use since 1964. The malaria-sapped prisoners, many covered with sores, said that at least 30 of their number had been executed by the Reds in the past year. Another 50 prisoners were dragged away while the Americans fought their way in, but the camp's commander died in the battle.

For all their assiduous patrolling during the *Tet* truce, Americans showed that, in a way, they grasped the meaning of the festival. When they captured a Viet Cong field hospital intact near An Khe, troopers of the U.S. 1st Cavalry Division (Airmobile) found medicines from France, Russia and East Germany, along with 20 beds and deep-storage bunkers. Ordinarily, they would have destroyed the hospital but, because it was *Tet*, they left it intact as a peace offering—and possibly as a gesture toward the Emperor of Jade.

old grandson Aleksei, took the entire first floor at Claridge's, from whose haughty marquee flew the hammer and sickle. He dined at 10 Downing Street with Prime Minister Wilson, who welcomed him as "an old friend, a statesman I personally know to be cool and wise in his judgment, warm in his heart." He met with Britain's top capitalists at the Hyde Park Hotel, mingled with the likes of Mod Designer Mary Quant, Actress Mary Ure and the dip set at Lancaster House, and addressed scarlet-robed sheriffs and aldermen, ecclesiastics and industrialists at the Guildhall.

**Ahead in Fashion.** Kosygin dined on pheasant laid out on Sévres china at dinner for 56 in Buckingham Palace, where everyone, including Queen Elizabeth, came in informal clothes in deference to the Soviet Premier's liking for the common touch. Kosygin addressed both Houses of Parliament in the opulently decorated Royal Gallery of the Lords, proposing a "treaty of friendship, co-operation and nonaggression" with Brit-



INDIRA GANDHI WITH BANDAGED NOSE  
The agony was over the future.

## INDIA

### Target of Sympathy

The stones were already flying when Indira Gandhi came before a hostile audience of 50,000 in the eastern city of Bhubaneswar. Campaigning for her Congress Party before national elections that will last from Feb. 15 to Feb. 22, India's Prime Minister upbraided the troublemakers. She cried, "Will you vote for such hooligans, who throw stones at other people?" Just then, an egg-shaped rock flew through the air and thudded into Indira's face, fracturing the bridge of her nose, loosening a tooth and lacerating her lip. For a moment she swayed forward, clutching her face. Then, though her nose bled severely, she regained her composure. "This is an insult," she told the crowd, "not to me but to the country. I am agonized over your future and the future of democracy in this country."

Indira remained on the dais for a few minutes, then was led under heavy guard to a waiting auto. Flying back to New Delhi, bandaged and in obvious pain, she held the tip of her sari in front of her face to shield her damaged nose from photographers. "I'm as tough as ever," she said. But her doctors ordered her to enter a hospital for treatment, and to cancel all engagements for the next few days.

**Increasing Violence.** The stone may actually have been the best thing to happen to the Congress Party in months. The party has been under attack as never before, partly because its own internal squabbles have emboldened its opponents and partly because, as the dominant force in Indian politics for 20 years, it is blamed for the country's food shortages and economic stagnation. The campaign has been marked by increasing violence. At nearly 80 political rallies, most of them Congress Party affairs, speakers have been heckled and shouted down. But the stone that hit Indira caused a surge of sympathy for her throughout India, an emotion that

could only work to the advantage of the Congress Party.

Indira herself was certain of victory in her own constituency in the northern state of Uttar Pradesh. For that matter, the Congress Party also was certain of an overall victory. The question was, by how much? Most forecasts held that it would lose some seats in Parliament and lose control of three or four states to opposition parties, including the state of Kerala to the Communists. The outcome was vitally important to Indira, who, unlike the vast majority of candidates, faces another election almost immediately. In April the Congress Party will convene to assess the election results and decide whether to confirm Indira in office for a full five-year term or choose a new Prime Minister.

**Kennedy Candidate.** India's balloting, the fourth since independence, will be the largest election ever held. More than 130 million people, nearly twice as many as ordinarily vote in the U.S., are expected to go to the polls. More than 18,000 candidates are competing for 521 seats in the lower house of Parliament and for seats in the 17 state legislatures. Despite India's widespread poverty, the candidates will spend \$100 million on electioneering. Because three-quarters of India's electorate is illiterate, voters will show their preference by stamping an *X* above a symbol representing their favorite of nine parties: a yoked pair of bullocks for the Congress Party, a star for the free-enterprising Swatantra Party.

Some candidates hired drummers to precede them and attract crowds; others leased elephants or rode about on camels. The fakir who last year tried to walk on water and sank is running for Parliament "by order of God." India's

Ronald Reagan, Movie Idol M. G. Ramachandran, is running for the state assembly in Madras. There is even a "Kennedy" candidate for Parliament: a young man named Surendra Tapuriah, who affects a shaggy forelock, makes his pitch to the young and otherwise fashions himself in the Bobby Kennedy mold.

**Princely Politicians.** For the first time since independence, India's nonruling royalty are running for office in force, having finally come to realize that the only way to regain real power and influence is through politics. No fewer than 200 maharajahs, maharani and less imposing princelings are standing for office, some of them campaigning in Rolls-Royces and returning exhausted to their palaces, where they live on income from the Indian government. The displaced princes are hard to beat: many peasants still remember their rule as the good old days, when life was simpler and they could at least bring their complaints directly to their ruler instead of facing the massive bureaucracy that now engulfs India. Sadly, as Indira Gandhi has discovered, all too many Indians associate their troubles with the democratic system and the Congress Party, which succeeded their former rulers.

## AUSTRALIA

### Ash Wednesday

Tucked away near the bottom of the world, the island of Tasmania is an Australian state more or less renowned as the home of Errol Flynn and the Tasmanian wolf. Beyond that, it serves mainland Australia 150 miles to the north as a market garden, raising crisp fruits and vegetables on its tidy farms and in its verdant apple orchards. In

THE AGE



HOBART SUBURB AFTER THE FIRE  
Mars, Jupiter and two on the gum tree.

land from the quaint, Georgian-styled capital of Hobart (pop. 116,000) the island is windy and rugged, forested with towering oaks and giant eucalyptus trees, which rank among the world's tallest hardwoods. Last week those forests brought Tasmania some unwanted renown: the most disastrous fire in Australian history.

It came with awesome speed. At one moment on Ash Wednesday morning, there were a few isolated bush fires guttering on the slopes of Mount Wellington above the capital; the next minute it seemed that all Hobart was ablaze. Fanned by winds that rose to 70 m.p.h. and abetted by 102° temperatures, the bush fires formed an 80-mile-long scythe of flame that slashed toward the coast, cutting off the entire southern half of the island. The flames trapped busloads of tourists in the apple country and carloads of fleeing farmers; they swept into Hobart's suburbs, blowing up a dynamite factory, gutting a brewery, and raising a thick, acrid pall of smoke that shut down the Hobart airport. In fact, the fire wiped out three of the island's burgeoning industries: a brewery, a fish cannery and a carbide plant. Trees exploded in the heat. Gutted paddocks sent up a stench of incinerated livestock. Houses melted. Autos burst into heaps of twisted black junk.

Weird and tragic turns of fate marked the fire's progress. Two men climbed a gum tree to escape deceptively low flames in the tinder-dry grass; the resinous tree erupted like a match, gluing their bodies to its trunk. In the coastal resort of Snug, villagers ran into the sea and watched neck deep as their town disappeared. An elderly man and his wife ran for their lives as the river of flame roared toward their house; the fire changed its course, and their bodies were found 100 yards from their untouched home. When the flames neared a touring circus, keepers freed the elephants so that they could escape to the bush. The elephants were more sensible: they went to a water trough and doused themselves, then returned to their vans. The bush caught fire, but the vans pulled out just in time.

By week's end, the blaze had burnt itself out, leaving much of the island a wasteland of charred chimneys. At least 52 Tasmanians died in the fire, and more than a thousand homes were destroyed; total damage was estimated at \$500 million. Flying into Hobart when the smoke cleared, Prime Minister Harold Holt walked amid the rubble of what he called "the nearest thing to a blitzed city that I hope we ever see in this country." Some stunned survivors thumbed through *Old Moore's Almanac* for 1967 and laid the blame on the stars. Said *Moore's*: "From January to July, there are unfavorable signs relating to the timber industry. These are expected to manifest themselves in a number of almost disastrous forest fires when Mars forms a square to Jupiter."



FRANCIS MILLER/LIFE

NE WIN  
*Pell-mell into nobody's socialism.*

## BURMA

### Some Second Thoughts

Thousands of gaily costumed tribal folk, dressed in bright robes shimmering with beads and bangles, paraded through the streets of Rangoon as Burma celebrated its 20th annual Union Day, marking the joining of Burma proper with four tribal states. Unfortunately, there is not a great deal to celebrate. Communist-led tribal bands in the interior are stepping up an ugly guerrilla war. Burma is nervous about the erratic course of Red China, with which it shares a wide-open 1,200-mile border. Even worse, the country's pell-mell plunge into socialism has pell-malled right into chaos. "This is not our kind of socialism," brooded a Polish diplomat in Rangoon last week. "It's not anybody's kind of socialism. It is very embarrassing."

Even Burma's own leaders are somewhat embarrassed about it, and are

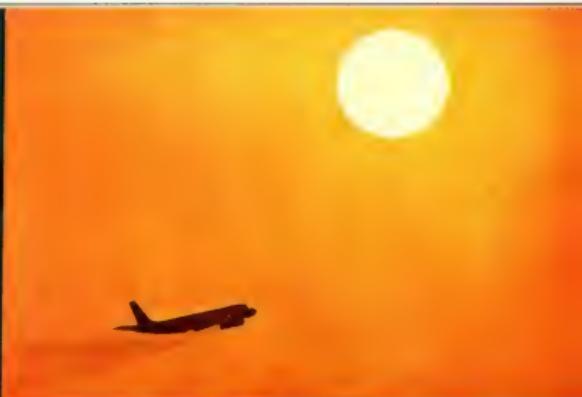
having a few second thoughts. General Ne Win, the tough, ascetic strongman who nationalized everything in sight after he took power in a 1962 coup, has put the production and distribution of 34 basic food items back into private hands, and last week had an agent in Eastern Europe to seek advice about how to run a socialist country without going broke. Last week the government also released 182 political prisoners from its jails and hinted that some of the 2,000 others still locked up may go free. "People should do things on their own," says Ne Win. "But they should also learn from their mistakes and failures."

**Rot & Rust.** Despite these shifts in direction, Burma still remains one of the most determinedly socialist and neutralist nations in Southeast Asia. Ne Win has nationalized more than 90% of Burma's industry and created a socialist bureaucracy that would give even Moscow the shivers. The distribution system, handled by military men with no economic experience, distributes almost nothing. While warehouses bulge with goods that often rot or rust away, store managers are faced with too many customers and too little merchandise. They stage lotteries, giving successive winners the privilege of buying whatever is left on the shelves, which is not always what they started out to buy. In Mandalay, some Catholic priests entered one of the local lotteries, only to win the opportunity to buy some women's sheer blouses.

Last week TIME Correspondent Louis Kraar wound up a tour of the capital and countryside, and found Burma a nation that has effectively buried its old colonial past but lost something of itself in the process. "Rangoon, once a



PEOPLE'S DENTIST IN RANGOON  
*House cleaning is a very private affair.*



If your credit card doesn't give you  
a choice of airlines around the world—

you're not carrying American Express

What do you need with so many airlines?

Are you going to charge a ticket to Khartoum? From Elkins, West Virginia to Zanesville, Ohio?

Maybe not. But the choice is there with American Express. Fly where you want, when you want, on the airline you want.

Even if you only use it to charge tickets on one airline, the American Express Card gives you a choice. Pay for your

tickets on your next bill with no service charge—or take three, six, nine, or twelve months.

Comparison shopping tip: Every credit card that gives you a year to pay for airline tickets has a service charge.

American Express has the lowest in the business—nearly 40 percent less than another major credit card plan.

With a card like this, who needs others?



Unquestioned credit at airlines, restaurants, hotels, motels, rent-a-cars, shops—worldwide

# THE SURE ONE

( Seagram's 7 Crown made this big name for itself  
just by making better drinks.  
That's why people like it more than any other whiskey  
in the whole wide world.  
Say Seagram's and be Sure. )

Seagram Distillers Company, New York City,  
Blended Whiskey, 86 Proof, 65% Grain Neutral Spirits.



great British-style city of banks and trading companies, now moves at a languid "people's pace," reported Kraar. "The grand old Victorian buildings, now grubby and ghostlike, hover over wide, almost empty streets. Identical green and white signboards over nearly every shop proclaim 'People's Store'—though the Burmese people find very little incentive to buy there. Instead, they turn to the streets, where peddlers spread out on dingy cloths a weird assortment of wares, ranging from fountain pens and door hinges to toothpaste and flashlight batteries. They are much like the farmers in this rice-rich country who withhold paddy from their only legal purchaser—the government—because there is so little incentive."

"Newspaper boys offer the Working People's Daily in a characteristic Burmese socialist way—by simply sitting and waiting for someone to approach them. Burma today may well be personified by the old women who stand on street corners, puffing indifferently on stubby cheroots and selling cigarettes that no one seems to buy. Men and women alike amble slowly and unsmilingly down the streets in their *longyi*s [*sarongs*], which have become one of the hardest basic items to buy under the Burmese socialism."

**Hit & Run.** The Burmese maintain the same restraint in their foreign affairs. Although since his Washington visit last September, Ne Win has been friendlier toward the U.S. and is impressed by America's firm stand in Viet Nam, he maintains a strict neutrality. That is about the best that the U.S. can hope for, considering China's proximity. At any rate, Burma practices neutrality as an art. No sooner had an official five-man team returned to Rangoon from the U.S. recently than another took off on a balancing tour of Red China and North Korea. Rangoon's two English-speaking newspapers subscribe to 17 different news agencies, including Tass, New China News Agency and Associated Press, and think nothing of running contradictory stories side by side. Few foreigners are even permitted into the country; those who do get in often find their telephones tapped and their mail opened by Ne Win's military intelligence. "You don't invite company," says Ne Win, "when you're cleaning house."

Nowhere is Ne Win trying to clean house more than in the countryside, where rebel terrorists are at work. From the mountainous northeast to the rich, rice-growing Delta in the south, five different bands, averaging 3,500 men each, are waging hit-and-run war with the government; some are bent only on banditry, others on setting up autonomous tribal states within Burma. The most dangerous of the groups are the Pekin-lining "White Flag Communists" and the leftist Karen tribesmen, who have combined their 6,000 members and are tripling the number of

their attacks in the Delta. In November alone, they destroyed scores of rice mills and burned 224 cooperative stores. Though none of the groups threaten to topple Ne Win's government, they do keep his 100,000-man army and police force on the jump, hold down the country's rice crop and put a serious crimp in Burmese morale. Like every other problem in their country, of course, the Burmese are simply learning to live with it.

## WEST GERMANY

### Hands Down

The ritual begins with a swift mutual thrust of converging palms, which grasp each other in a crushing grip and pump each other up and down like a frantic seesaw. It is accompanied by a snappy bowing of the head—almost as if to

newcomer to Germany must learn it if it moves, shake it.

But even the Germans are beginning to realize that they have gone too far, and compulsive handshaking is finally on the wane. A recent poll showed that 23% of all German adults are against handshaking as the normal way to greet people. Germany's largest tabloid daily, *Bild Zeitung*, recently denounced handshaking in a front-page story, declaring that "not only is handshaking unhygienic and impractical but it also wastes too much valuable time." West Germany's unquestioned arbiter of social grace, the Expert Committee for Good Manners (a branch of the German Dancing Teachers League), has joined the anti-handshaking campaign. The committee recommends that Germans keep a tight grasp on themselves rather than on each other. Says its report: "Exagger-



GERMANS PRACTICING THE SOCIAL GRACES  
*Thrust, grasp, crush, pump, bow.*

show that the participants have not paralyzed each other. It is, of course, the German handshake, a social act of such importance and frequency that it sometimes seems to dominate German life. More than any other people, the Germans firmly believe that a man's handshake shows his character, and they go through life grasping at hands to prove that their character is both gracious and vigorous.

The German shakes hello and he shakes goodbye, even if he has seen you only ten minutes earlier. He shakes the hands of his fellow workers when he arrives at work in the morning, and again before he goes home. He shakes before lunch and he shakes after dinner. Some German personnel managers figure that their employees spend a minimum of 20 minutes a day on the job just shaking hands. Every social gathering or business meeting that a German attends bristles with outstretched hands, and a foreigner stumbling into a roomful of Germans can be practically disabled by the unaccustomed exercise of pressing palms if he has not previously prepared himself for the Teutonic rite. In fact, one of the first social lessons the

ated handshake is unappreciated, and in fact often makes personal contact more difficult to achieve. It is sufficient to shake hands the first time you meet."

## EASTERN EUROPE

### Pattern of Disintegration

Unashamedly chauvinistic, the peoples of Eastern Europe have always been bitterly quarrelsome. During more than 20 years in power, their Communist leaders have tried to make much of socialist unity, but the effort created only a patina beneath which the old animosities still raged. Last week the patina visibly cracked. When the representatives of the Warsaw Pact countries met, they argued vociferously and unproductively. The fiasco proved with new force what has been clear for a long time: the Warsaw Pact, somewhat like its NATO equivalent, is now an artifact rather than a fact.

The backdrop for the meeting was Romania's decision to break the Eastern European deepfreeze on diplomatic relations with Bonn, which is aggressively seeking new ties to the East (TIME,

Jan. 27). Alarmed by Rumanian recognition of the hated Bonn regime and fearful that the whole socialist camp might too quickly follow suit, East Germany's Walter Ulbricht demanded that the Eastern Europeans come to a conclave in East Berlin. The meeting had to be shifted to Warsaw when Rumania bristled at Ulbricht's criticism of its move and refused to come to his city. Rumanian Foreign Minister Cornelius Manescu sent an underling to Warsaw, went off for a leisurely week of discussions in Brussels, where he boldly proclaimed that a bloc like Eastern Europe has become an "anachronism left over from the time of the cold war."

According to leaks from the supposedly secret Warsaw meeting (among those present: Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, who decided not to accompany Premier Kosygin to Britain in order to attend), the Poles and East Germans urged their neighbors to stop an unseemly rush to Bonn. If they must establish relations, ran the advice, they at least ought to support East Germany in rejecting Bonn's claim to be the sole legitimate representative of the German people. The Poles did not have much effect, and the communiqué issued at the meeting's end was so bland that it did not even mention the central issue of Germany. The Warsaw meeting revealed an intriguing pattern of disintegration in what used to be the Communist bloc.

► Russia, which is having enough troubles with Red China, is angry at the Ulbricht regime for its attack on Rumania, which forced the transfer of the meeting and embarrassed the Soviet leadership. ► East Germany is furious at the Rumanians for 1) recognizing West Germany, 2) robbing Ulbricht of the prestige of an East Berlin meeting, and 3) making fun of his regime in its press.

► Rumania is equally furious at the East Germans for 1) making a direct attack on its government, 2) washing the socialist camp's dirty linen in public, and 3) adopting the general attitude that all socialist foreign policy must be aimed at pleasing Ulbricht.

► Hungary is chagrined at the East Germans and the Poles for creating a commotion over the issue and thus making it more difficult for Budapest to go ahead (as it wants to) and recognize West Germany.

► Czechoslovakia is alarmed at the signs of tension within the alliance, and irked that, to keep on good terms with East Germany, it now must re-examine its intention to open diplomatic relations with Bonn.

► Bulgaria, Rumania and Hungary represent the Soviet Union's pointed reminder last week that they were on the Nazi side during World War II and had only the Soviet Union to thank for escaping "harsh Allied treatment."

► Poland feels reduced and abandoned amid the general movement toward Bonn. Except for Ulbricht & Co., the Poles alone retain the East Bloc's old anti-West German spirit.

## MOROCCO

### A Potentate with Potential

King Hassan II likes to tell his visitors that Morocco is "a rich country where the people are poor." He proved his point last week when he arrived in the U.S. to ask for aid. Accompanying him aboard the Italian liner *Raffaello*, which had made a special stop in Casablanca to pick him up, was a 136-member party that included five princes, two princesses, nine Cabinet ministers, two generals, nine lance bearers in orange capes, his court physician, a maître d'hôtel, the royal chef, four cooks and a white-jelabbed servant whose only duty is to brew the kingly coffee.

If Hassan had a lot coming with him to the U.S., he also had a lot going for him. Once a playboy whose chief pur-

million. An ambitious three-year development plan collapsed when the French cut off \$100 million a year in aid, a move caused by Parisian petulance over the kidnaping of exiled Moroccan Leftist Mehdi ben Barka. And the Moroccans fear an invasion from leftist Algeria, with which they have been fighting a minor border war since 1963.

Sympathetic though it may be to Hassan, the U.S. is hesitant to grant him its all-out support. Washington readily agreed to send Morocco an extra 500,000 tons of wheat, and promised Hassan \$15 million in military aid to protect his borders. But it is not about to supplant French aid to Hassan's development plans, if for no other reason than the realization that the U.S. can never replace France as Morocco's Western mentor.

Morocco, moreover, presents the U.S. with a difficult diplomatic problem. Aside from Egypt, it is North Africa's oldest nation, and its Moorish kings once ruled most of the western Sahara. Their rule was broken by the French conquest in the 19th century, but Morocco still claims its former lands, including much of the Algerian Sahara, the northern parts of Senegal and Mali, and all of Mauritania. Morocco's territorial claims are plainly unacceptable to its neighbors, who brand them "neo-imperialist," and embarrassing to its friends. For all Washington's interest in protecting Morocco, it cannot afford to give Hassan's army anything more than defensive weapons.

► **Jet-Set.** Within Morocco itself, Hassan's expansive ambitions have a better chance. Shortly after he came to the throne, he called in International Monetary Fund experts to help him stabilize the nation's finances, and the result has been a reform in tax collection, wiser government spending and a mild austerity program that has allowed him to build a modest foreign currency reserve. Realizing the value of the tourist dollar, he has promoted a series of resort hotels from Tangier to Marrakesh, turned Morocco into the haunting ground of such jet-set types as Truman Capote and Princess Lee Radziwill. Last year 700,000 tourists—nearly twice as many as in 1965—converged on Morocco.

Hassan also made a stab at establishing an effective Parliament elected by universal suffrage, but when its haggling members managed to pass only two minor bills in two years, the King gave up. He closed Parliament, cracked down on all political activity and reverted to the autocratic ways of his Alaouite ancestors, who swept out of the desert to establish their dynasty in the 17th century. He is now his own Prime Minister, army chief and *Amir al Moumineen* (Commander of the Faithful). He relies on his 27 Cabinet ministers primarily for background briefings and good fellowship, makes most government decisions by himself. Revered by his people as a descendant of the Prophet Mohammed, he keeps



HASSAN AT WHITE HOUSE

A lot coming and going.

suits were sports cars and sporting girls, the young monarch, now 37, has changed many of his ways since he inherited the throne in 1961. Washington considers him not only a friend but an energetic, intelligent and responsible ruler—a potentate with potential. Although Morocco is officially nonaligned, Hassan leans unwaveringly toward the West, even gives silent sympathy to the U.S. stand in Viet Nam. More important, his refusal to take part in the Arab boycott against Israel has made him a possible moderator, at least in Washington's eyes, in the Middle East's most explosive running crisis.

► **Camel-Powered.** At present, however, Hassan's nation is in trouble. Two successive droughts have brought Morocco, whose economy is still based largely on camel-powered subsistence farming, dangerously close to famine—despite emergency U.S. Food for Peace shipments that last year totaled \$33.6

There's a new kind of grand hotel in Europe these days. One that combines service and elegance and style with all the comforts of home. Where rooms are climate-conditioned and the water runs hot, cold, or icy—whatever way you want it, when you want it. Where you'll find true gourmet dining with a choice of international cuisine. Or local specialties. Or, whenever you develop a hunger for it, American food. And it's where the action is. Alive. Swinging. The "In" place to go for music, for dinner, for dancing and entertainment. Look around, did you notice how many people here aren't tourists? This new kind of grand hotel is a local social center.

At the European Hiltons you enjoy the best of two worlds: The old and the new. So in Europe, today's grand hotels are Hiltons.

**London Hilton:** At the London Hilton your room overlooking Hyde Park is like an apartment.

**Paris Hilton:** The biggest thing in Paris next to the Eiffel Tower is the Paris Hilton. We're right across the street.

**Orly Hilton:** Between stops, stop and rest at the Orly Hilton. On the doorstep of Paris at Orly Airport.

**Berlin Hilton:** East is east and West is west and you can see it all from your room at the Berlin Hilton.

**Brussels Hilton:** Certainly the most uncommon hotel in the capital of the Common Market and also the newest.

**Rotterdam Hilton:** After closing a deal or a day in the bargain-happy shops, the Rotterdam Hilton is so nice to come home to.

**Amsterdam Hilton:** Come by land or canal to the Amsterdam Hilton in the center of the "city of bridges."

For reservations call your travel agent or any Hilton hotel or Hilton Reservation Office.

## Everything about the European Hiltons is in the grand hotel manner except:

You get a choice of cuisine.

The phones speak English.

You control the weather.

The plumbing works.

And they're big with the local set.

In Europe: today's grand hotels are Hiltons.

up his peasant support by weekly visits to the whitewashed villages that dot Morocco's mountains, desert and coast. "Everything in Morocco depends on the King," says a Cabinet Minister, "except the weather."

## MALTA

### A Tenant Moves Out

Quarrels between old friends are the bitterest. Malta's people have always welcomed and admired the British. It was the Maltese who asked to be taken over by the Crown in the early 1800s, and every one of them, from the Roman Catholic Archbishop on down, now swears allegiance to the "Queen of Malta." For their part, the British have abundant fondness for the hardy, dark-skinned islanders who proved devoted allies through two world wars. Last week the friends were embroiled in an angry spat that threatens to end their long relationship.

Britain has known for some time that her former colony, now an independent Commonwealth nation, no longer has much strategic significance. Malta's value as a fixed aircraft carrier, situated in the Mediterranean 58 miles south of Sicily, has declined ever since the advent of missiles and long-range jets. As part of their general pullback, the British announced that they plan to remove fully two-thirds of their Malta garrison—or about 2,900 troops—by 1971. Shocked at this desertion, the Maltese argued that the loss of their chief source of income would bring economic ruin, boosting unemployment by nearly 20%. Striking back with fury, they prepared legislation last week to evict the British from the island.

**Powerful Conquerors.** The 316,000 Maltese have good reason for panic. Historically, they have largely relied on the patronage of their powerful conquerors. Among them were the Phoenicians, who sailed ashore about 1400 B.C., the Carthaginians, the Romans and the French. The island has no oil or other resources, no agriculture and little industry. Thus, without a military base, Malta is not much more than a legacy of ancient glories. To survive, it imports six times what it exports, and can pay for it only with the pounds brought by British sailors.

Malta, with its companion islands of Gozo and Comino, remains as friendly to outsiders as when, in A.D. 60, St. Paul the Apostle was shipwrecked with a few adherents and found that "the barbarous people showed them no little kindness." Today, in the capital of Valletta, which was founded by the Knights of Malta to commemorate their victory over an invading Ottoman fleet, sailors find a paradise of bars, cabarets and girls. In its "five-year plan," the island has already built a gambling casino, and next year both a Sheraton and a Hilton hotel will rise over Malta's limestone walls and domed churches.

In their dispute with the British, the Maltese boldly cut off duty-free oil sup-



EGYPTIAN-ARMED REPUBLICAN TROOPS IN YEMEN  
Defectors in the airmiles and oranges on the wind.

## THE MIDDLE EAST

### Revolt Within a War

In mountainous Yemen on the southern shores of the Red Sea, war has become an established way of life. Monarchs backed by King Feisal of Saudi Arabia and militant republicans propped up by Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser are locked in a no-win struggle that continues despite the signing of an armistice in 1965. Though he has lost some 5,000 Egyptian troops, Nasser vows to "stay in Yemen 20 years if necessary." Monarchist guerrillas, garrisoned in mountain caves, are not budging either. "We live here," says their military chieftain, Prince Hussein bin Ahmed. "We are prepared to fight for 50 years to keep Nasser out, just as we did the Ottoman Turks."

Because of Yemen, the Middle East last week resounded with the crash of terrorist bombs, the blows of murder and the rising wails of Arab leaders, who seemed to have completely abandoned their once-vaunted drive for unity. After a period of lull, the Yemen war has heated up again, but this time the bloodiest fighting is not between royalist and republican: it is among the republicans themselves, who control the southern third of the country (including the capital of San'a) with the help of Nasser's 47,000-man occupation army. Pro-republican tribesmen, who were originally glad of Nasser's help, have been angered by the arrogance and oppression of the Egyptians, are now in open revolt against Nasser's brutal puppet, Abdullah Sallal, who recently executed 15 of his former comrades in arms and jailed hundreds of others.

**Lethal Vapor.** Anti-Sallal republicans have made three assassination attempts on Sallal in recent months, sabotaged the Soviet-built port of Hodeida, and frequently cut the main roads linking the cities. They have gunned down dozens of Egyptians from ambush and blown their Jeeps to bits with mines. So strong is the anti-Egyptian feeling that





**There were 2,100,000 more of us to feed last year.**



**Yet our food cost us \$13 billion less than it might have.**

**There must be a Hooker somewhere.**

**There is**—in soil chemistry. Without commercial fertilizers, it has been estimated that our food would cost \$13 billion more per year than it does.

You cannot grow good food abundantly without depleting the soil of nitrogen, phosphorus, potash, and other plant food chemicals. Farmers put them back in just the right proportion with the help of Hooker high analysis fertilizers.

Next year you will want even more food. That's why we built the world's largest high analysis fertilizer plant in Louisiana, and now operate it at capacity.

Formulating the right fertilizers to produce greater yields from the same land is part of the Chemagination® that goes with all Hooker chemicals and plastics. Hooker Chemical Corporation, 277 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.





Take a Camaro, sport coupe or convertible.



Make it a Rally Sport with hideaway headlights.



Make it an SS with Camaro's new 325-hp V8.



Or both: SS with Rally Sport equipment.



Then order whatever else you want from your Chevrolet dealer. Camaro's your idea of a car.

Command Performance  
**Camaro**



MADE IN U.S.A.

emissaries sent with bundles of cash to buy the loyalty of dissident chieftains have been murdered and the money returned—the latter a most unusual occurrence in the Middle East.

Nasser, who brought all these woes upon himself as the chief instigator of the whole Yemen affair, must face the fact that the war's cost—about \$500,000 a day at its peak—is a heavy burden to the Egyptian economy. For all his Russian-made tanks and Ilyushin light bombers, Nasser cannot promise a quick rout of either the anti-Sallal rebels or the sandal-clad royalist guerrillas in the hills. He has resumed air attacks not only on the royalist redoubts but also on border towns in Saudi Arabia, which he claims serve as supply depots for the guerrillas. His toes even charge him with a desperate poison-gas bombing raid in which more than 120 people in the northern village of Ketef were killed last month by a lethal vapor "smelling like oranges."

**"Finished Forever."** The sizzling Yemen war seems to have ended any hopes for a reconciliation within the Arab world. Last week King Feisal canceled the licenses of two Egyptian banks in Saudi Arabia—the Bank of Cairo and the Misr Bank—and Nasser retaliated by confiscating all of Feisal's Egyptian property, which is valued at about \$47 million. In a setback for Nasser, Tunisia broke diplomatic relations with his puppet republican regime in Yemen, saying that the Sallal government no longer has power to govern the country.

Scheduled meetings of the Arab finance ministers and the Arab Defense Council, two proud pinnacles of "Arab summity," have been postponed for at least a month, and Saudi Arabia, Jordan and Tunisia plan to boycott the sessions. "As the situation now stands," said Nasser last week, "Arab summits are finished forever." In turn, the usually unexcitable Feisal strongly defended "our right to defend ourselves," and at week's end went into a strategy session on Yemen with visiting King Hussein of Jordan, whose overthrow the Egyptians are known to favor.

The bad blood among the Arab countries has sent scores of defectors crisscrossing in the air lanes. Sallal's chargé d'affaires at the Yemeni embassy in Czechoslovakia last week flew to Beirut and announced that he was on his way to offer his services to the royalists. A Jordanian army officer went over to the Egyptian side. And an Egyptian intelligence officer armed with a Sten gun forced the pilot of an Egyptian turboprop airliner bound for the Red Sea port to fly him to Jordan, where he took political asylum.

**On to Aden.** Now that Yemen's republicans are at each other's throats, Nasser's job will be twice as hard. His reasons for sticking to it range far beyond the barren land of Yeddeh. In the 1965 armistice signed at Jeddah, Nasser pledged a gradual evacuation of his occupation army. But he apparently abandoned any intention of withdrawing



JOSÉPH FASSEY

from the area at just about the time the British announced that they would grant independence in 1968 to Yemen's neighbor, South Arabia. For Nasser, South Arabia, with its oil refineries in Aden, would be a prestige prize well worth waiting to collect when the British leave.

## COLOMBIA

### Taking a Stand

Colombia last week underwent one major disaster and was saved from another. In rapid succession, two earthquakes rolled across the country, turning buildings into rubble in country towns, shaking up the terrified capital of Bogotá and causing 83 deaths and millions of dollars in damage. It was the country's worst earthquake in half a century. But it was hardly worse than the disaster that formed when the week began: almost certain financial collapse. Coffee is Colombia's life (it accounts for 70% of all foreign exchange), and a 10% drop in world coffee prices in the past six months contributed to an 18% drop in the country's foreign exchange earnings. The economy—and the country—was about to grind to a halt. Then President Carlos Lleras Restrepo went on nationwide TV and announced that he had averted bankruptcy by arranging for a \$200 million stand-by credit with the International Monetary Fund, AID and the World Bank.

**Nationalistic Fires.** A 5-ft. 2-in. one-time professor of finance, Lleras has proved in less than seven months in office to be one of the scrappiest Presidents in Colombia's modern history. Many of his troubles were inherited from the lackluster government of past President León Guillermo Valencia, but Lleras, unlike his predecessor, is not afraid to take a stand. When Communist-led students went on strike across the country shortly after he took over last August, he threatened to bar them from graduation and, ignoring the country's sacred tradition of campus autonomy, sent a platoon of battle-ready troops into Bogotá's National Universi-



QUAKE DAMAGE IN BOGOTÁ  
*Saved from a second.*

ty. When a band of 80 Castroite guerrillas went on a rampage in Colombia's remote southern interior, ambushing army patrols, slashing telephone lines and bombing roads and bridges, Lleras quickly moved to put down the insurrection. He not only rushed in 800 troops but hopped a helicopter and flew to the scene himself.

Lleras' biggest battle, however, has been to keep Colombia's economy going in the face of price drops not only of coffee but also of Colombia's banana, sugar and cotton exports. In November, the IMF, the World Bank and AID agreed to grant a stand-by loan that would give Colombia time to diversify and lessen its dependence on coffee. But there was a catch: Colombia had to devalue its peso, a move that would be highly unpopular. Lleras flatly refused, stirred up nationalistic fires in Colombians by informing them that "the governing of the nation was entrusted to us and not to the international organizations." With that, he imposed stiff exchange controls, froze all foreign exchange, cut imports by 44% and plastered the country with "Buy Colombian" billboards.

**Connie Chat.** Still, as a skilled economist Lleras knew only too well that Colombia badly needed the loan and that there was no way to avoid devaluation. Last week in his televised *charla* (chat) with the country, he explained that he had reopened talks with the lending agencies and proposed his own "Colombian plan." Beaming, he announced: "Naturally, they accepted it." The plan included further import controls, tight restrictions on capital movement, and something called "full convertibility"—which almost certainly meant a slight-of-hand devaluation within six months. It was a face-saving way of devaluing the peso, and Lleras never had to mention the naughty word.



The  
Braniff-Panagra  
Merger.  
It made sense.

Sometime soon you may walk up to your favorite Panagra ticket agent, ask her for a ticket to Lima, Peru, and find that she's booked you on an airline called Braniff International.

Our best advice to you is to get on the plane and ask questions later.

We think you'll be satisfied with the answers. Because the recent merger between Panagra and Braniff International was cleverly designed to make your life a whole lot easier.

#### **One airline is better than two.**

What we have now is the best of both.

In the old days, Panagra and Braniff very nearly duplicated each other's routes and departure times (rather like the way competing television networks put on their best shows at the same hour). The merger will allow us to spread these flights out evenly, giving our passengers a greater number of departure times from which to choose.

#### **There are other advantages.**

For years, we have been secretly jealous of Panagra's communications system which was just a shade quicker and less complicated than ours. So we're adopting it.

At the same time we've always taken pride in our own U.S. based maintenance centers. We'll continue to use them.

We're adding about 1300 of Panagra's personnel to our own staff of 8600. Together, these people have had a total of 95 centuries serving South America. They know their *cebollas* (onions).

We will also add Panagra's DC-8 jets to our own fleet of Boeing 707 and 320-C Intercontinental jet aircraft. By Fall, this will give us 73 aircraft serving the U.S. and Mexico. It will also give us the biggest jet fleet

between North and South America.

To put the frosting on the cake, our Pucci outfits, bright paint jobs and plush interiors go right along with the deal.

#### **A breakthrough. 30 flights a week to South America.**

We have expanded our gateway cities to include the West Coast. With the cooperation of our interchange partners, our points of departure

will include New York, Miami, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Houston, Chicago, Dallas, San Antonio, Washington, D.C. and Tulsa.

From these departure points, we will fly to 9 countries and 13 cities in South America:

22 flights a week to Panama City/Balboa

7 to Bogotá, Colombia

2 to Cali, Colombia

6 to Guayaquil, Ecuador

3 to Quito, Ecuador

21 to Lima, Peru

4 to La Paz, Bolivia

1 to Antofagasta, Chile

7 to Santiago, Chile

2 to Asunción, Paraguay

9 to Buenos Aires, Argentina

3 to São Paulo, Brazil

And 3 to Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

In most cases, we will offer more service to each of these cities than any other airline. We will certainly have a wider network of service.

#### **Jet freighters for South America.**

In addition to our new, sensible passenger service, we will expand our cargo schedule from New York and Miami to include DC-8F jet freighters. This will triple our cargo capacity and provide more service to more South American cities than any other airline. And for the first time we will have a Reserved Air Freight System which will let you book your cargo on a flight in the same way you would book yourself. This cargo space is computer controlled, so there's no chance of a reservation mix-up. We'll be one of the first airlines to do this.

#### **The complete South American timetable.**

That's about it. For a look at our fat, new schedule, call Braniff International or your travel agent. To those who fly to South America often, it will make more sense than anything else we can tell you.

**Braniff  
International  
flies to  
South America.**

## PEOPLE



MICHELE RAY  
*Pajamas for the guest.*

The black pajamas she was wearing were not as chic as the *haute couture* dresses she had modeled in Paris. Still, **Michèle Ray**, 28, now a French magazine correspondent in Viet Nam, looked fetching in the outfit tailored for her by her Viet Cong captors. Last week, after spending 21 days with the V.C., Michèle strolled into a government-held village. Well, what had it been like? Oh, not bad, said Michèle. As a matter of fact, she made it sound cozy. The Cong had treated her "more like a guest than a captive," playing gin rummy with her during quiet moments, and tucking her into a dugout when U.S. planes clobbered nearby guerrilla positions. And that was all she would tell the boys in Saigon until she writes up her scoop in a *LIFE* article.

What God hath joined together falls apart so often that Anthropologist **Margaret Mead**, 65, has long believed that the U.S. could do with two different forms of marriage. One, she explained at a San Francisco State College symposium, would be the "individual marriage." With the aid and comfort of the Pill, young people could live together without having children and easily dissolve the union if one or the other got bored with it. On the other hand, in the "parental marriage," which would be much more difficult to obtain, the couple would be allowed to rear children, relieving the strains of parenthood by an occasional adultery.

He supports U.S. policy on Viet Nam, but **Frank Sinatra**, 51, has been getting heavy flak on the subject from his show biz friends. Finally, he got together with an aide to Vice President Hubert Humphrey, asking for counsel on how to answer the doves' arguments. Well, said the aide William Connell, you submit their critical questions to us, and we will try to reply. Hearing that, Frankie appointed himself a sort of U.S. Am-

bassador to Hollywood, solemnly dispatched communiques to all his pals suggesting that as the Administration's representative, he was prepared to pass on their opinions and deliver policy briefings. Said Ambassador Sinatra: "I'm doing this as a favor to the Vice President."

She still felt shaky and Producer **Carlo Ponti**, 53, tenderly guided his wife, Actress **Sophia Loren**, 32, through the crowd at Rome's Fiumicino Airport. Her doctors had prescribed complete rest following her miscarriage last month, and so, with Carlo, Sophia flew off to the quiet of their chalet in Bürgenstock, Switzerland, where she will remain until the end of the month.



CARLO PONTI & SOPHIA  
*Rest from the crowd.*

Then, moving up to their Paris apartment, Sophia will start work on a film whose script she already knows by heart. It's a documentary entitled *The Life of Sophia Loren*.

Gym Director **Herbert Botts** spluttered: "This is for members of Congress only." Rep. Hawaii's **Patsy Mink**, 39: "Well, we're members of Congress." Indeed they were. And Patsy, along with Washington's **Catherine May**, 52, and Illinois' **Charlotte Reid**, 53, figured it was about time the eleven ladies in the U.S. House of Representatives started enjoying some of the boys' privileges—such as the use of the House gym and swimming pool. The three gals marched into the director's office to sign up for a new calisthenics class, quickly had Botts "turning red, blue and pink," according to Catherine, as he tried to explain that sometimes the gentlemen wander around the locker room naked. Well, then, how about some extra swimming time for the ladies, who were previously assigned the pool at inconvenient morning hours? The barrier fell.

Hereafter, on Monday afternoons, the men will be locked out so that their girl colleagues can stay in shape too.

No one can say how many millions Pennsylvania Heiress **Helen Clay Frick**, 75, daughter of Steel Baron Henry Clay Frick, has poured into the University of Pittsburgh. She established the Pitt Art Department in 1927, later gave the school a blank check to stock her Henry Clay Frick Fine Arts Library. Seven years ago, she donated a splendid Frick Fine Arts Museum. As always, she demanded secrecy about the overall cost of the building and its collection, but this time she also demanded control over the building's operation and personnel. At last, her aversion to modern art and her criticism of the staff became too much for Pitt, which sadly severed ties with its great benefactor. Pitt will keep her previous gifts, but she will no longer have a voice at the university. "Academic integrity is the issue," said Vice Chancellor Charles Peake. "I'm sorry my collection was not appreciated," said Miss Frick.

Abandoning his normal theater of operations in Hollywood, Director **John Ford**, 72, took an old costume out of mothballs—the dress blues identifying him as a rear admiral, U.S. Naval Reserve. A genuine sal with combat service during World War II and the Korean War, Ford arranged to put out with the fleet on three weeks' temporary active duty. Flying to Marseille, he caught up with the cruiser U.S.S. *Columbus*, joined the staff of an old war buddy, Rear Admiral John Bulkeley, who commands a Sixth Fleet flotilla. Admiral Ford posed on the bridge like Captain Bligh, then settled down to his duty for the Mediterranean exercises: conducting a shipboard seminar on film-making.



ADMIRAL FORD  
*Seminar for the salt.*



If you want stereo that will bring you  
a lifetime of listening pleasure...

why not get the best

When you buy console stereo, choose the one you'll always be proud of. Because of the way it sounds...because of the way it looks.

And that's Zenith Stereo!

Zenith Stereo brings you brilliant, true-to-life sound reproduction. Lows are rich and resonant. Highs are bright and clear. You'll thrill to the complete range of dynamic stereo sound.

And Zenith Stereo looks as good as it sounds. Every Zenith cabinet is an authentically styled period piece, crafted from select veneers and hardwood solids. You'll find a wide range of prices in fine furniture styles to complement the beauty of your home.



Zenith Stereo features the world's most advanced console stereo components. FM, AM, Stereo FM Radio, Zenith's Stereo Professional Record Changer with the exclusive Micro-Touch® 2G Tone Arm, And a Solid-State Amplifier delivering 320 watts of peak musical power, eight perfectly balanced speakers (including two giant 15-inch woofers and a pair of exponential horns) in a completely sealed, full-width sound chamber. Featured above: the *Lund*, Danish Modern styling, Model X968W. Lower left: the *Orchestra*, Early American styling, Model X968M.

**ZENITH®**

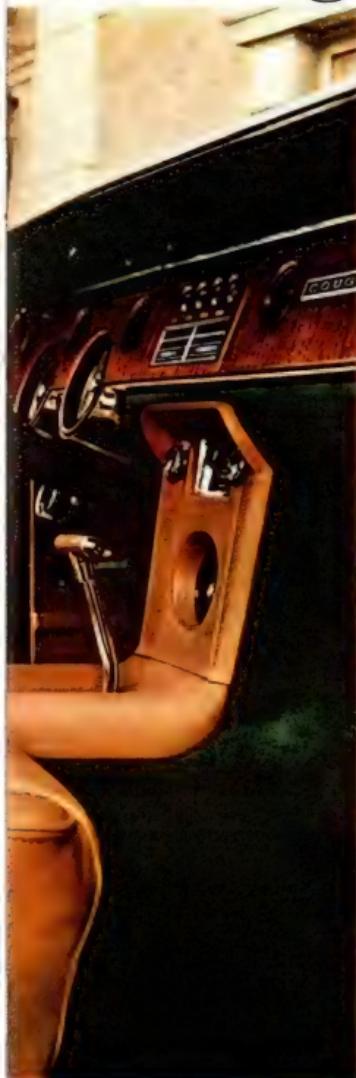
*The quality goes in before the name goes on*

# Mercury announces a royal



This is America's newest car—Mercury Cougar XR-7. See it at your Mercury dealer's today.

# new Cougar called the XR-7!



Just arrived! European elegance comes to Cougar Country in Mercury's Car of the Year. Soft glove leather! Walnut-grained vinyl panels. Dials you can read! Overhead console! Hidden headlights! Powerful V-8 engine. And *all* as standard equipment. Come drive Cougar XR-7—the first popular-priced luxury sports car that's customized for you.



## Mercury, the Man's Car.



# We want everyone to fly.

Some 67 million Americans have flown. Many, hundreds of times.

Some 128 million Americans have never flown at all.

## Our goal is simple.

To make flying more enjoyable, more convenient for those who fly frequently.

To make it more attractive, more affordable for those who have never flown.

To make it the easiest way to travel for everyone.

We're doing it in many different ways.

## We make everyone feel more at home.

From a warm smile of welcome from the man who takes a passenger's luggage when he drives up to the terminal.

To the warm greeting of a Stewardess who takes his coat as she welcomes him aboard.



## We made dining a pleasure.

We introduced Famous Restaurant flights, where the food is prepared by the restaurant itself. Such as the Pump Room on First Class flights from Chicago, and Voisin from New York.

And we offer such variety in Coach, chances are you could fly with us once a month for a year without having the same menu twice.

## We made waiting obsolete.

By answering our telephones within 20 seconds. Installing a computerized reservation system that takes only four-fifths of a second to confirm seat availability.

By improving on-time performance.

And by trying to get luggage to the pickup area at the same time the passenger gets there.

## We made schedules make business sense.

We invented the Air Shuttle so businessmen could commute without reservations between New York and Washington, or New York and Boston.

We schedule flights that go out and back in one business day, with time for a family evening at home.

Other flights that reach the destination early enough for a good night's sleep, and a fresh start in the morning.

## We made money no object.

We did it with Charge-A-Trip.

It lets you charge everything (fare, hotels, meals, rental cars and such), and pay it back over 2 years.

And we helped bring air fares down to earth.

## It's all leading somewhere.

Getting more people to experience the beauty, the serenity, the convenience of flight.

Of course, we can't expect everyone to fly with us.

But on this very day, we will carry more than 40,000 passengers. More than all but one of the world's airlines.

And by doing what we're doing, we feel we'll continue to get our fair share.

We want everyone to fly.



**EASTERN**

## MODERN LIVING

### MALE & FEMALE

#### Dating Bars

Even for today's liberated career woman, walking into a bar and ordering a drink on her own still borders on indiscretion, or at least embarrassment. But there is one kind of saloon where the post-college girl in her 20s enters without trepidation—although having a roommate along helps. This is the fast-growing institution known as the "dating bar," which deliberately seeks the patronage of single males and females by providing the ambiance of a cocktail party mixed with the nostalgic roar of a fraternity blast.

The décor usually runs to dark paneling, Tiffany lamps and sawdust floors, the entertainment to jukeboxes stocked with the latest rock 'n' roll hits. Signs sometimes read: "Age Limit: 24 for Men, 21 for Women." Once the word is passed by the powder-room tom-toms that a particular hangout has become "a nice place to meet people," the rush is on. "After that," says Don Hogan, 39, manager of Denver's Piccadilly, "it all depends on what they work out together—kind of like electrolysis."

**No Room for Bobby.** In Manhattan, according to some chroniclers, the trend got started a few years ago when Berney Sullivan improved his small neighborhood bar on First Avenue in the '60s, hired young, good-looking bartenders, and soon built up a clientele of airline stewardesses, teachers and secretaries who attracted a crowd of eligible young men, lawyers and even a few bankers. Soon Sullivan's place became so jammed that he had to charge admission to keep the crowd down. Next was "Fridav's," so called because it opened on Friday and the first customer allegedly came in exclaiming "Thank God, it's Friday." On busy nights, half-block, hour-long queues now form outside this and other favorite rendezvous.

Newest in the successful line-up are Mr. Lalls, which goes in for major-league baseball players, and Maxwell's Plum, decorated in "spontaneous American" by Owner Warner LeRoy, 31, son of the Hollywood producer, who sees his pub as "a revolution between the old-style pickup bar and a new cafe. We act as catalysts to the very gregarious, but on a high level." So high, LeRoy claims, that "Timothy Leary used to come in every evening, and one night we refused Bobby Kennedy because there was no room."

**Unwritten Etiquette.** The dating-bar phenomenon has spread across the U.S. In Boston, when Bryan Wallace, 34, opened The Mad Russian last month with a collegiate staff, including two members of the Harvard football squad, more than 2,400 singles turned up for opening night. Whether in Boston's Back Bay, Chicago's Near North Side or San Francisco's Montgomery Street, the dat-

ing bars are providing career girls with a sorely needed new meeting ground. "No one thinks you are a pickup," insists Bonnie Caneienne, 23, a San Francisco securities analyst who graduated from Berkeley last year. "The people I would like to meet would be horrified to think of me that way."

According to the unwritten etiquette of the dating bar, communication begins easily. "How can I meet you without seeming to be trying to pick you up?" is good enough for openers. "Mind if I talk to you?" is likely to get a ready



FRIDAY'S IN MANHATTAN

*When they're absolutely gorgeous, you don't go back.*

"Why else are we here?" But a heavy-breathing "I'm just back from Viet Nam" rates a sure put-down.

**No Obligation.** Girls tend to buy their own beers at first, but generally expect the man to pay after the conversation begins, although, as one airline hostess notes, "When someone starts paying for your drinks, it's a kind of obligation." If both parties fail to turn each other on, the girl thinks nothing of paying her bill, moving to another table and hoping for better luck. Even when the man turns out to be "absolutely gorgeous," it can happen: Denver's Carriage Inn, open four years, claims 35 marriages, the most a girl is expected to yield on first encounter is her telephone number. Explains one Manhattan junior editorress, stressing the fine distinctions: "These are places to meet people, not to take a date." For once she has snared a man, the last place a girl wants to go is back to the old hangout. "I'd be insulted if he even suggested it," says one alumna. And for one very good reason: A return visit would only subject her new catch to certain needless temptations.

### RECREATION

#### Skiing with Gas

In Colorado's White River National Forest, the 20-man "safari" struck out up a narrow, wooded trail for three miles, then broke out on top at 10,000 ft. onto untouched snow fields. Under blue skies and a dazzling sun, sportsmen zigged and zagged lazily back down the mountain, through pine trees and leafless aspens, pausing only for a lunch of coffeecake and hot chocolate in an alpine meadow. Meanwhile, at Lancaster, N.H., the emphasis was on all-out action: 121 competitors, vying for 56 trophies and cash prizes, slammed through

BURT BERINER

bone-jarring, cross-country or downhill obstacle races.

**Skiers in action?** Not at all. The men and women on the slopes were not moving on skis. Their equipment consisted of 8-ft.-long, two-passenger snowmobiles, and their forward thrust came from putt-putting, 7-15-h.p. lawnmower-type engines. The name of the sport is snowmobiling, or snowcating, and it has become an even faster growing winter sport than skiing itself. Three years ago, there were 15,000 snowmobiles in the U.S.; today there are nearly 200,000. There is even a U.S. Snowmobile Association in Eagle River, Wis., which helps local clubs organize weekend rallies (more than 250 this winter). It has 1,800 dues-paying members and up to 200 new applications weekly.

**Standing Chariot-Style.** The attractions of snowmobiling are high mobility (up to 50 m.p.h. on the flat), low cost (from \$695 to \$1,975), and ease of operation. The vehicles start like an outboard motor, are tractioned by rear tanklike belt treads, and steered by handle bars attached to two front-running skis. On steep downhill runs, they



SNOWMOBILES RACING IN NEW HAMPSHIRE  
Setting everybody back 20 years.

give the driver all the thrills he can handle; yet, piloted sensibly, they are relatively safe. In a spill, the driver is usually thrown clear into soft snow, and the snowmobile stops as soon as his hands release the throttle.

Even finer points, such as learning to stand chariot-style to cushion the bumps, come quickly, although taking off from a 6-ft.-high ski jump at full speed is strictly for the experts (last week at Lancaster, Bob Fortin set an unofficial world's jumping record of 67 ft. 7 in.). Says Maine Resort Owner Alan Ordway, who compares the thrills of snowmobiling to riding a good thermal in a glider: "They've set everybody's are back 20 years; a guy of 60 figures that he's got 20 good years left if he can ride one of these things."

**Cutting Up the Slopes.** The vast majority of snowmobilers use their sleds for recreation, find that one five-gallon tank of gas lasts all day and opens up untracked terrain that would otherwise be inaccessible. One 8-man group of diehards is even planning to embark next month from northern Canada on a three-week, 800-mile snowmobile trip to the North Pole, pulling equipment and supplies along on sleds behind them. There is a practical side to snowmobiles too. In the Western states and New England they are replacing snowshoes for telephone linemen, country doctors, trappers, game wardens, farmers and oilmen. But for all their sudden popularity, snowmobiles have their toes. Police are worried because teen-agers ride them out to vandalize remote, untenanted cottages. On the highways, their low profile makes them hard to see, easy to hit. Flights from three Maine airports have been disrupted in the last month by snowmobilers who found the snow-clad tarmac irresistible.

Skiers regard them with the same sort of scorn that dedicated sailing enthusiasts have for stinkpots. Among schussboomers there is the idea that snowmobiling is for sissies. Says a Ca-

nadian doctor: "When I go out in the winter I exercise myself, not a machine." Many resorts now ban them from the regular ski runs because hot-rodders lacerate the slopes, menace skiers, and make too much noise. Says Tom Corcoran, 33, who owns New Hampshire's new Waterville Valley resort: "People go skiing to get away from cities and enjoy the quiet; the last thing they want is a lot of motors going."

But complaints will not make them go away. There are just too many people who like to go skiing while sitting down. Sales are doubling each year, and some enthusiasts are even predicting that some day when prices get lower, snowmobiles will outnumber small outboard motorboats. "That may be optimistic," says one manufacturer, "but look at it this way: there are a lot more square miles of snow than there are of boatable water."

GERALD COOPER

## FASHION

### The Bosom Rediscovered

No sooner had Paris showings ended than fashion editors and buyers flew back into New York last week, right into a ten-day marathon viewing of U.S. summer collections. What they saw was in many respects just as good as what they had seen in Paris, and in some ways—because U.S. designers are closer to the mass market—even better.

To be sure, echoes of Paris were everywhere. Culottes, shorts and bloomers were big; so, as in Paris, were belts, textured stockings and lots of bright African prints. Hemlines were lower by a smidgen—but still high enough to expose an ample expanse of thigh.

The big difference was that the U.S. designers had rediscovered the bosom. "The flat-chested look is out," proclaimed Jacques Tiflau, who sent forth full-busted models in dresses with big square-cut armholes that gave a peekaboo side view of the breast. Chester Weinberg, Mollie Parnis and Pauline Trigere, among others, unbuttoned their models with deeply slashed V necklines. Donald Brooks showed billowing evening pajamas with a low, ruffled, horse-shoe-shaped décolletage.

Star of the showings was West Coast Designer James Galanos. His dresses were often tailored close to the figure, and belts were placed high to emphasize the bosom. One culotte dress had large, oval-cut armholes, another a V neck slashed almost to the navel. Evening gowns featured the bare look with slanting necklines draped off one shoulder.

Clearly, more of the same bosomy look lay ahead. Jo Hughes, who organizes fashion showings for Bergdorf Goodman, ordered up a completely new string of girls to model the store's clothes. The girls this time, she promised, would be "much more chesty."



TRIGERE'S V-NECK

BROOKS'S HORSESHOE

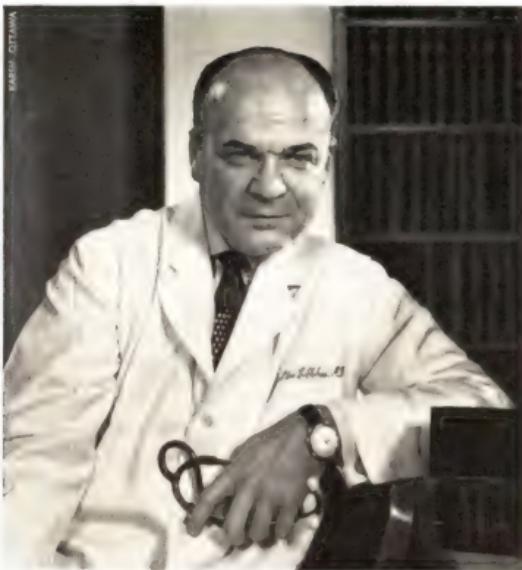
GALANOS' CULOTTE

Hints of Paris—with a peekaboo view.

# “Why do you feel family security can wait?”

C. WALTON LILLEHEI, M. D.

*Internationally renowned heart surgeon. President, American College of Cardiology; Professor of Surgery, University of Minnesota Medical School*



*Northwestern Mutual policyowner. Dr. Lillehei started his life insurance program with this company nearly 20 years ago.*

"Insurability, like good health itself, is something to be prized.

"In my own case, it took the threat of a serious physical problem at age 32 to make me fully aware of this.

"Life insurance today offers the business or professional man the one best route he can take to peace of mind concerning his family's security. The earlier a well-tailored program of life

insurance is put into action, the better."

#### **Your money buys more at NML**

One reason is low operating expense at Northwestern Mutual. As a percentage of premiums, it runs about one-third less than the average of the other large life insurance companies,

a recognized statistical service reports.

Why not call your Northwestern Mutual agent? He specializes in life insurance tailored to personal needs and delivered at low net cost.

Be sure to ask him about our dividend scale. It has been increased 12 times in the last 14 years!

**NML NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE • MILWAUKEE**

# THE LAW

## POLICE

### An Optimist for Los Angeles

Chief William H. Parker was a crusty law-enforcement fundamentalist who spent 16 years building the Los Angeles Police Department into one of the best known, best paid and least corrupt in the U.S. There was a price though: a chilly distance between the cops and the slum Negroes that helped to start the 1965 Watts riots. When Parker died at 64 last July, Los Angeles set out to find a successor skilled in "community relations"—the art of enlisting citizens to help prevent crime, rather than relying on repression after it happens. Last week the city found its man in Thomas J. Reddin, 50, a genial giant of a career cop.

Reddin's task is complicated by the vastness of Los Angeles, a manpower shortage and his department's consequent impersonality. For all its prowess in chasing the Mafia to Las Vegas, the L.A. department is seriously undermanned. Even at a minimum \$7,692 a year (near tops in the U.S.), it cannot lure enough recruits. New York City has nearly three times as many people as Los Angeles, more than five times as many police. In Los Angeles, only 5,035 men cover 458 sq. mi.—roughly ten cops per square mile, v. 39 in the average U.S. community.

**Pecking Order.** As a result, the L.A. cops patrol almost entirely in cars rather than pounding a beat on foot, and lose touch with people in the process. Hurling to one crime call after another, police sometimes seem to view Negroes and Mexicans (24% of the populace) through the eyes of an occupation army. Only 4% of the force are Negroes, compared with 13.5% of the population. By comparison, of New York City's regular, transit and housing police, 9% are Negroes, v. 15% of the population. The minorities seem sometimes in the grip of an anti-cop mystique that turns every attempt to enforce the law into an outrageous act of persecution.

Critics charge that the department's impersonality is reinforced by its own pecking order. Since the front-line patrol-car force has the lowest status, it tends to consist of men who have failed promotion or who have been demoted. Rookies learn that the way out of the car is to write more traffic tickets and exceed their informal quotas (based on anticipated crime) in making "field interrogations" and misdemeanor arrests. Civil rights leaders argue that police sometimes overexercise their discretionary powers by hitting minority groups for marginal offenses. In slum areas, critics claim, such zeal is often self-defeating: for the poor, unpaid traffic tickets and minor arrests lead to more arrests, lost jobs—and more crime in order to pay the bills.

**Positive Thirst.** Chief Reddin calls his predecessor "one of the greatest police administrators who ever lived." But Tom Reddin, he adds, "is a different fellow from William H. Parker." Reddin sees opportunity in "a community thirst for positive programs from law-enforcement people. We have to find a lot of things to be for rather than a lot of things to be against." The son of a New York millionaire who got rich running carnivals, Reddin was forced into optimism when his father lost every penny vainly drilling for oil in Oklahoma. A star student as well as a star athlete, Reddin was forced to quit the University of Colorado in Depression 1933.



REDDIN AS DEPUTY CHIEF  
*Time for a terrible tightrope.*

He did a four-year hitch in the Navy, wound up as a Los Angeles gas-station manager. A customer gawked at his size (6 ft. 4 in., 210 lbs.), suggested that he become a policeman. So did several cops who stopped in for gas. Reddin signed up in 1941 as a \$2,040-a-year patrolman, became, in turn, a detective sergeant, adjutant to the traffic chief, lieutenant in charge of training, a much respected captain of the Watts division, deputy chief and head of the technical-services bureau.

As chief of detectives after Parker died, Reddin took a battery of tests for the top post that pitted him against Inspector James G. Fisk, the department's articulate chief of community relations. Fisk had toiled to heal the wounds of Watts, sending white-Negro police teams into ghetto schools, running

<sup>6</sup> Including a written exam containing essay questions on how to solve L.A. policing problems through 1970, implement recent court decisions, cooperate with city government, improve community relations.

workshops for gang members, assigning patrolmen to walk around meeting people and "dispel stereotypes." On the test scores, Fisk beat Reddin by a hairline half of 1%. The city's five police commissioners nonetheless picked Reddin for his overall depth and breadth. As deputy chief, Fisk will expand his community-building efforts.

**Sensor and Instant Lawyers.** Chief Reddin is full of ideas, such as incentive pay to raise patrol-force status and keep good men in patrol cars. He wastes no time blaming the Supreme Court for "handcuffing" policemen. He is much harder on scientists and technicians for ignoring urgent police equipment needs: tiny radios, night glasses, lightweight armor, heat sensors to detect hidden fugitives, metal sensors for frisking suspects. He also wants someone to develop a gadget to stop a fleeing car's engine and a computerized "instant lawyer" to help police field interrogators avoid unlawful procedures.

Chief Reddin ranks his priorities as "crime in the streets," community relations and better recruitment. He aims to walk a "terrible tightrope" between "hard-nosed" policing and understanding. He thinks science and systematization should take over routine jobs, leaving "more time to talk to people." Minority groups are only some of the people he means. Last year crime dropped (by 3.8%) in only one Los Angeles area: the predominantly Negro Newton Street division. By contrast, serious crime jumped 32% in the white, prosperous West Valley division. If the L.A. department is now doing something right in "bad" areas, Reddin must try to do it throughout the city.

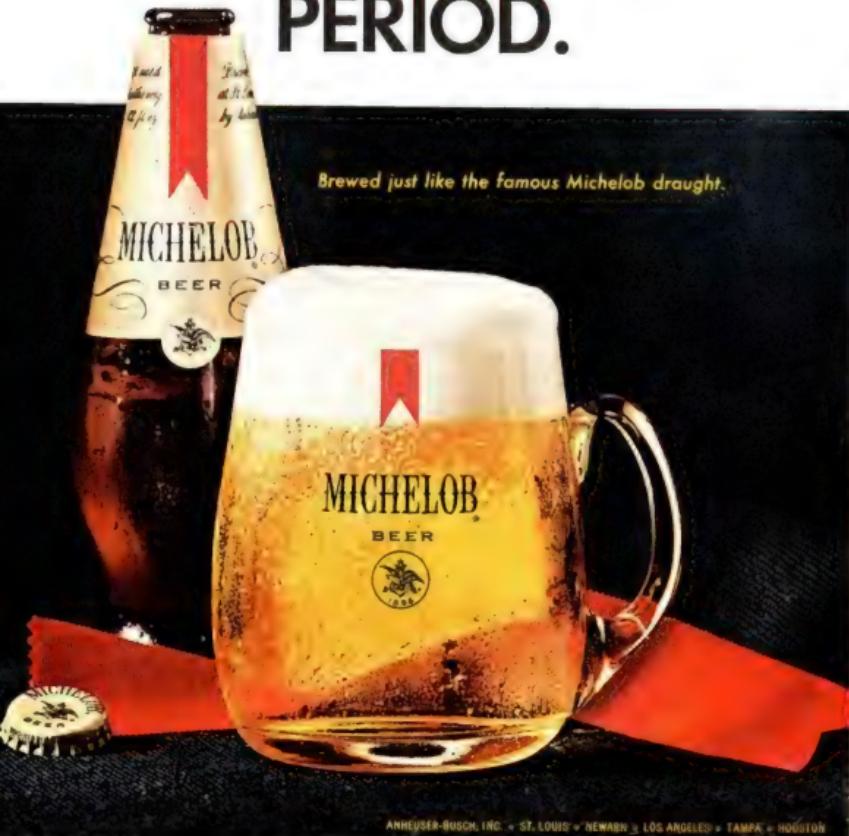
## CRIMINAL JUSTICE

### The Dying Death Penalty

In 1935, the U.S. hit an alltime record high in executions: 199 people were put to death for crimes ranging from rape to armed robbery to murder. In 1966, the country hit an alltime low: only one American was executed last year. He was James D. French, 30, an Oklahoma life prisoner who was electrocuted for strangling a cellmate.

Thirteen states have now abolished the death penalty, in whole or part. But while the rest of the country is reluctant to discard it, endless appeals as well as commutations now commonly delay or prevent executions. At the beginning of last year 331 prisoners lingered on death rows across the country, but few if any of them are likely to join the 3,856 Americans (including 32 women) executed since 1930. The Federal Government has carried out only one execution in ten years, now has only one pending (Nebraska Bank Robber-Murderer Duane E. Pope). Says Michigan's Senator Philip A. Hart, sponsor of a bill to abolish capital punishment for federal crimes: "The death penalty is a symbol of a dying order of vengeance."

# IN BEER, GOING FIRST CLASS IS **MICHELOB.** PERIOD.







**If General Electric made  
lobsters instead of large lamps,  
they'd have four claws,  
weigh six pounds and cost  
a quarter each.**

Please don't laugh. We've built a business out of doing the impossible. Especially in commercial and industrial lighting.

We took electric light—in 1881 a toy for millionaires—and turned it into an inexpensive necessity.

You would have had to spend 41 of today's dollars on those lamps to get the light of one modern 24-cent incandescent lamp.

We've done the same thing with fluorescent lighting since we introduced it in the late 1930's. A contemporary GE 40-watt fluorescent costs you \$1.05... it would have cost you 14 of today's dollars to get the light it produces from the 40-watt fluorescent lamps of 1939.

There's more. The GE Large Lamp Department has developed Quartzline® lamps that clean themselves to stay brighter longer.

We've produced the Lucalox® lamp, a 10-inch-long bulb that gives more light than 50 feet of fluorescents.

Lobsters will probably stay on the expensive side of the menu. We're too busy creating once-were-impossible improvements in lighting... and providing you with once-were-impossible lighting values. Get them all from your GE Large Lamp Agent or write: General Electric Co., Dept. C-702, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio 44112.

\*TRADEMARK OF GENERAL ELECTRIC CO.

**GENERAL  ELECTRIC**  
Large Lamp Department



This new GE Lucalox® lamp delivers more light per watt of electricity than any general light source made by man.



### FIRST CHOOSE CADILLAC. THEN CHOOSE THE YEAR.

The decision to purchase a Cadillac—regardless of model or year—is the wisest move a motorist can make. For Cadillac's remarkably luxurious interiors and superb driving qualities are unmatched. Cadillac's famed durability, craftsmanship

and advanced engineering also give it long lasting value—and its owner loyalty ranks highest in the world of luxury motoring. You, of course, are best prepared to judge which Cadillac is most suited to your needs and your budget. But

avoid compromise with a lesser make. For no other motor car can provide greater pleasure and satisfaction than the Standard of the World. See your authorized dealer and select your favorite model... whether it be new or previously owned.



Standard of the World



*Cadillac*

# SPORT

## PRIZEFIGHTING

### Hate & Love

"I'm gonna whup him. I'm gonna give him a humiliation. I'll keep hittin' him, and I'll keep talkin'." So said Cassius Clay before meeting Ernie Terrell for the heavyweight championship. Why so angry? Well, Cassius calls himself Muhammad Ali these days because he's a Black Muslim, and Terrell did not appreciate the significance of that fact since he kept calling Cassius, Clay.

In Houston last week, Cassius finally became champion of all the world by beating Terrell, the World Boxing Association's champion, in a methodical 15-round fight that shocked quite a few sportswriters. He did not knock Terrell out—or even down. Instead, Cassius carefully closed Ernie's left eye, opened a bloody gash over his right eye that later required seven stitches, and generally made mincemeat of his man. Then, with Terrell dazed and helpless, Clay screamed, "Uncle Tom nigger!" "What's my name?" he demanded again and again. "That's it, baby!" shouted Clay's Muslim handlers. "Make him say your name!" Terrell refused, and took his licking. Afterward, Clay announced that he had really enjoyed beating up Ernie "because he said bad things about my advisers."

"Clay at his cheap-shot worst!" was the reaction of the Washington Post. "Contemptible!" "Cruel!" "Disgusting!" cried papers from Los Angeles to London. Once again the New York Times called for the abolition of boxing in an editorial. Terrell, forced to undergo surgery for a "blownout fracture" in the bony structure under his left eye, filed an official complaint against Clay for dirty fighting.

The outcry mounted—until Clay finally heard it. In an interview, he tried to repair his image by apologizing for "making the ring a speaking rostrum." Terrell, he said, was "a real man." Later, Clay had a substantial piece of evidence on his side: movies of the fight showed that the only foul punches were thrown by the blinded Terrell. By week's end, Clay had regained some of his old pre-Muslim composure. Appearing on NBC's *Tonight Show*, he was asked whether he was by any chance in love. Replied Cassius coolly: "Not with anybody else."

## AUTO RACING

### For Want of a Shaft

Before last week's 24-hour Daytona Continental road race even ended, a group of grim-faced Ford Motor Co. officials boarded a plane for Detroit, carrying a dozen battered 14-inch rods of steel. The rods were power output shafts for the transmissions of six 490-hp. Mark II racers that Ford had entered in the season's first big sports-car



FERRARIS (FRONT) AND PORSCHE CROSSING DAYTONA FINISH LINE  
Message from the maestro of Maranello.

race—with high hopes of retaining the world manufacturers' championship it had wrested away from Italy's Enzo Ferrari last year with victories at Daytona, Sebring and Le Mans. Ford had earmarked \$6,000,000 for the campaign. The transmission output shafts accounted for less than \$75—but for want of a shaft the first battle, at least, was lost.

Ford's woes actually started last August, when Ace Driver Ken Miles was killed testing a new "J" car at Riverside, Calif. The J was intended to supersede the Mark II, but it developed bugs; so Ford had to go into Daytona with last year's Mark IIs. Even so, California's Dan Gurney won the pole position by clocking 119 m.p.h., and all six company Fords qualified among the twelve fastest cars on the starting grid—despite the fact that Ferrari had entered three new "P4s," 900 lbs. lighter than the Mark IIs and with only 40 fewer horses under their hoods.

Speed in the trials is a far different thing from speed over 24 brutal hours of competition around a 3.81-mile track with 13 gear shifts per lap. Hardly an hour after the start, one of the Mark IIs turned into the pits with a ruined transmission. To their horror, Ford mechanics discovered that the output shaft had broken because the steel was improperly tempered—which meant that the shafts in all six company Fords were probably faulty as well, along with the nine replacements in the pits. Sure enough, one by one the other Fords dropped out. Finally, all but one Mark II fell from the race—and the Continental became a Ferrari parade.

Averaging only 105.703 m.p.h., New Zealand's Chris Amon took first place in his P4, followed by two other Ferraris and two hardy little German Porsches. The sole surviving Ford Co. entry finished seventh. Ferrari Manager Franco Lini dashed off to telephone the news to Maestro Enzo in Maranello. Reported Lini: "Ferrari is pleased."

## BASKETBALL

### The Icemen

The "freeze" or "stall" is one of the oldest tactics in basketball—although it is clearly a violation of the spirit, if not the substance, of modern rules. Any college coach with a late lead to protect will order his boys to keep the ball away from the other team by holding it, passing it back and forth, refusing to shoot for the basket. Now a new lad is sweeping the courts: the game-long stall. Within a week, three of the nation's top teams have been bedeviled by opponents who set out to win by just standing there.

First to feel the chill was No. 4-ranked Princeton, the Tiger of the Ivy League and favored by 40 points over Dartmouth, a team it had already whipped 116-42. Dartmouth went into a stall at the opening tap-off; not a shot was taken for ten minutes, only 30 were taken in the entire game. Princeton won, 30-16, but Dartmouth Coach Dave Gavitt insisted: "If our shooting percentage had been better, we might have beaten them."

Southern Cal Coach Bob Boyd took the same tack, and came within a point of victory over Lew Alcindor and the unbeaten No. 1-ranked U.C.L.A. Bruins. Alcindor wound up with only 13 points. At the buzzer, the score was tied 31-31; U.C.L.A. salvaged a 40-35 overtime victory. And then there was No. 10-ranked Vanderbilt, also forced into overtime to pull out a 51-41 victory over freeze-minded Georgia.

"The rules committee will have to take a serious look at this problem," says Kentucky's Adolph Rupp, who favors adoption of the pros' "24-sec. rule" that requires a team to shoot 24 sec. after it gets the ball. That would make the freeze thaw overnight. That is, unless folks get a kick out of the kind of game they had in Kentucky last week, when Adair County High beat Campbellsville by a score of 6-1.

# RELIGION

## MISSIONS

### Africanization or Exile

White missionaries are in trouble throughout much of Africa. A decade after the continent's initial leap toward independence, Christianity faces a new and ominous hostility on the part of black leaders, who resent the churches as vestigial relics of colonialism. In recent months, a number of priests and ministers have been forced into exile, and the churches are being threatened with new restrictions.

A short while ago Uganda expelled ten Catholic priests, allegedly for smuggling arms and funds to anti-Muslim rebels in neighboring Sudan. The priests claimed that they had only been aiding refugees from the fighting. In Zambia, President Kenneth Kaunda recently warned that missionaries would be tolerated only if they did not "spread subversion." Many African rulers now expect missionaries to bulwark their policies. Tanzania's President Julius Nyerere, for example, exhorts his country's churches to preach his own brand of social revolution.

**Land Surrender.** Although virtually all African leaders are products of mission schools, many of them are now suspicious of Christian-supervised education. Uganda Strongman Milton Obote, who was educated by Protestants, has already nationalized all missionary schools; religious instruction is included in the curricula, but the churches claim that many government-appointed teachers refuse to teach it. Tanzania last month demanded that missions give up unused landholdings.



U.S. MISSIONARY & KENYA STUDENT  
Not Adam and Eve but Gikuyu and Moombi.

Ironically, the churches are in almost as much trouble in white-ruled Africa, where they are suspected of too fervently supporting the black man's cause. Rhodesia has plans to turn over control of its 2,781 missionary-run primary schools—which constitute 95% of the country's elementary-education system—to semiliterate tribal chiefs. In the pay of the white-supremacist government, the chiefs can be counted on to make sure that the schools teach the secondary status of black men. South Africa's *apartheid* regime has reduced missionary visas from three years to one; in its protectorate of South West Africa, six of the seven U.S. Episcopal missions have been denied extensions.

**Cult of Goodness.** A more subtle threat than exile and expropriation is the black-African demand that the churches adapt their teaching and worship to indigenous culture in ways that threaten authentic Christian doctrine. In Kenya, there have been suggestions that the Bible be rewritten so that the first man and woman are not Adam and Eve but Gikuyu and Moombi, the primordial spirits of Kikuyu legend. Zambia's Kaunda, the son of an ordained Presbyterian minister, believes that Christianity has wrongly stressed the "sinfulness and depravity" of man, and that Africa needs a more positive faith emphasizing human goodness. Africans, he contends, never "really knew what misery was until the missionary came. They never made misery a cult of life, which is what bad religion taught them."

Up to a point, the missionaries are more than willing to "Africanize." Protestants and Roman Catholics are cooperating on new translations of Scripture into local languages. Worship services increasingly feature hymns based on tribal folk tunes. As fast as possible, black priests and ministers are being trained to take over white-founded mission churches. But many missionaries are doubtful whether these steps will be enough to keep alive a faith that, for too many political leaders, remains a symbol of the day when Africa was simply a continent to colonize.

## ROMAN CATHOLICS

### From Rote to Reality

Most U.S. Roman Catholics who went to parochial school learned the facts of their faith by memorizing them. Generally, Catholic educators have relied on religious texts based on the 1848 Baltimore Catechism—a turgid compendium of factual questions and answers that the student was expected to learn by rote. Last week the Paulist fathers introduced a new catechism that puts dogma in language that children, rather than theologians, can understand. More important, it tries to relate the student's intuition of the divine to his own youthful experience.

The new catechism series, called



NEW CATECHISM'S CRUCIFIXION  
To nourish instead of flood.

*Come to the Father*, is colorfully illustrated, avoids flat doctrinal pronouncements. The accompanying manual for teachers advises: "We do not tell the children that God is this or that, but we show them what God does. It is not a question of flooding them with a wave of pious words, but rather of transmitting the Word of Life to them in such a way as to nourish their faith."

Following the Baltimore Catechism, a teacher asks, "Who is God?" and the well-drilled child responds: "God is the Supreme Being, infinitely perfect, who made all things and keeps them in existence." When a teacher using *Come to the Father* raises the subject of God, the child looks in his textbook at a brightly colored picture of the rising sun reflected in a pool of blue water. Then the teacher reads an accompanying lesson adapted from the Bible: "Let there be dry land and water and there was dry land and water. We say to God: Lord, how great and wonderful you are!" Though students are still expected to memorize some Scriptural passages, teachers are advised not to "wear the child by insisting on the repetition of the Word of God."

In classes using the new catechism, children are handed paper and crayons, are encouraged to draw their own conceptions of what they learn, such as Mary Magdalen's joy on Easter when she finds Jesus living, or what the Crucifixion was like. Instructors are warned that "fear is a bad educator"; thus sin should be presented not as "a stain or spot" on the soul but as the act of a person who says no to God.

The Paulist fathers hope that their new catechism—which has been tried out experimentally in one-third of the U.S. dioceses—will become the standard text in American Catholic schools. Although perhaps the most advanced series now on the market, *Come to the Father* represents only one aspect of a major revision of religious teaching that

# Italy Italian Style.

Let yourself go.



Now through spring is the time to do it, during Italy's In-Season. Life, fun and provocative people surround you everywhere.

When David and Connie Holzman of Armonk, New York, flew Alitalia to Rome, they used our "Invitation to Italy" booklet and met Count Rudi Crespi, P.R. firm; Princess Luciana Pignatelli, Princess Lucia's boutique; Duke Alessandro Lante della Rovere, industrial executive; Duchess Marina Lante della Rovere, Marina Knitwear; Prince Lionello Pio di Savoia, owner H Club; Cy Twombly, painter; Marilù Tolo, actress; Nora Aponte, Laura Aponte knitwear; Tiziani, haute couture; Vernon Jarrett, George's Restaurant; and pianist Charlie Beal & group. Our "Invitation to Italy's In-Season" tells about special events, tours, cash discounts and courtesies at shops and hotels. For a copy, see your travel agent or mail coupon.

**Italy's In-Season, Alitalia Airlines, 666 Fifth Avenue, N.Y. 10019.**

Send me  Information on "Invitation to Italy" booklet Dept. T 217  
 Open Road Tour brochure  Escorted Tour brochure

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Zip. \_\_\_\_\_

My Travel Agent is \_\_\_\_\_

**ALITALIA**



## Best way to catch a cold...catch it early

Why wait for the worst? The good medicine in a Contac® capsule can catch your sneezes, sniffles and stuffy nose before they really take over. So at the first sign of a cold drop everything and catch Contac. At your pharmacy.



involves virtually all U.S. churches. Several other Catholic publishers are bringing out similar new catechisms of their own, and many Protestant denominations have drastically redone their Sunday-school texts in recent years with the same goal in mind: making religion a reality for the child rather than an abstraction.

### LAITY

#### Ploys for the Pious

Becoming a Christian may be primarily an act of commitment and faith, but it also means joining a lifelong sport with its own peculiar rules for success. That, at any rate, is the view expressed in a sprightly new satire called *Games Christians Play* (Harper & Row; \$3.50). The authors, Protestant housewives Judi Culbertson and Patti Bard, define some of the more popular plonks, gambits and counterplays:

- **Mary Martyr** is a game in which women excel. The participant undertakes all manner of thankless tasks with no sign of complaint, "except for the darkening circles under her eyes," until some kind soul "tries to relieve her of her overload—which ruins everything."
- **I'd Love to, But . . .**, the opposite of Mary Martyr is played in response to heartfelt appeals for help in church work ("I'd love to, but I have seven children under four").

- **Trophy** is a status game made to order for "any former convict, opera singer, socialite, movie star, headhunter, football hero, or participant in the St. Valentine's Day Massacre, who has been dramatically converted." You will be able to spend the rest of your life singing, touring and "giving your testimony" at Christian banquets and youth rallies. You will be interviewed by Sunday School people and, perhaps, have a movie made of your life.

- **Perfect Christian Response** is a counterplay to rebel youths who suspect that the game may not be worth the candle. "If you're a Christian," asks the Rebel Youth, "how come you live in a \$60,000 house, have two cars, a color television set, and a cleaning woman? Didn't Christ preach *against* materialism?" The solemn Perfect Christian Response: "Suppose everyone did sell his belongings. Do you honestly think that people of means would be attracted to such a shoddy, lower-class type of Christianity?"

To be sure, the authors concede, one can also live as a Christian by "the old, laborious, tried-and-true method of being kind to your neighbor, working like a dog, tithing, witnessing, living peacefully with all men." But, they conclude, "if you can play the games right, you won't have to bother with all that."

Mary Martyr's spiritual sister is the tear-dabbing heroine of Dan Greenberg's *How to Be a Jewish Mother*, whose "Technique of Basic Suffering" comes from mastering the "proper motion of hands during execution of daily sighs" to staying up all night "to prepare a big breakfast" for the family.



## We reduced fifty licks to one click.

If everything you eat tastes like postage stamps we've got a solution. A Pitney-Bowes postage meter. It prints its own postage. From one cent to \$99.99. Just set the levers to the amount of postage you need. Push a button. Click. Out comes your postage. On one clear moistened tape. Dated. Postmarked. Ready to apply to your parcel. With parcel post rates up, you can't afford to play postage games. Have letters to mail? Set the levers again. Stack the envelopes. They come out cancelled, sealed, and postmarked with the postage printed right on them. The postage is all in the meter. A little register on top tells you how much is left inside. With a Pitney-Bowes postage meter, you've got your mail problems licked. (Or is it clicked?)



For information, write Pitney-Bowes, Incorporated, 200 Parcific St., Stamford, Connecticut 06904. Collators, Postage Meters, Addressers, Printers, Inserters, Folders, Counters & Imprinters, Scales, Mailopeners, Copiers.



# Coming home from the moon America's Apollo will lose 300 pounds.

## Our 300 pounds.

After the 500,000 mile or so round trip, the last few minutes are going to get pretty hot.

Like 5,000 degrees F. hot.

That's when an astronaut needs a cool head.

And that's where Avco comes in.

For NASA and the builder of the APOLLO spacecraft — North American's Space Division — Avco developed an expendable "heat shield" that literally consumes itself to protect the vehicle and its crew.

In the dark of the moon, the same shield helps protect the astronauts from the -460 degrees cold.

Avco scientists and engineers conducted thousands of experiments to find the ideal heat-shield materials. And after they found them, they had to find a way to make them stick to the slick stainless steel skin without fail.

Hundreds of tests later they solved that too.

We weren't surprised. In 1955 Avco scientists first tackled the job of how to bring an object back to Earth from space safely. In solving that problem we became the leaders in a new space age science: reentry physics.

**AVCO**

**The aerospace people who make farm machinery and personal loans for education.**



Avco is on the leading edge of many of today's most vital fields. From space systems to broadcasting to private airplane engines. You might say Avco is 35,000 people who make it their business to improve the way you live — by anticipating. Avco Corporation, 750 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. An equal opportunity employer.

*You've worked hard  
for this trip to Europe. Now  
get everything you've worked for.*



You may have been thinking of a number of places—and airlines—for this trip abroad. There are certainly enough of both.

Picking the places is easy. And fun. But you should pick the airline with care. What do you look for?

First, an airline that goes where and when you want to go. You'll find that no airline has anywhere near as many flights to as many places as we do.

And you want all the trimmings, too. Memorable cuisine, for one thing. (Ours is by *Maxim's of Paris*.) And service that really makes you feel welcome. And comfort.

But there's something else you want, too. Something less definable, but more important than all the rest. And that's the good feeling that's yours only when you know you're flying the very best there is: the world's most experienced airline.

You've worked hard for this trip to Europe. So plan it with your Pan Am Travel Agent. Or us. And get everything you've worked for.

**World's most experienced airline**

First on the Atlantic · First on the Pacific · First in Latin America · First Round the World



# EDUCATION

## PUBLIC SCHOOLS

### Decade of Desegregation

Ten years ago, in a major test of the Supreme Court's educational desegregation rulings, Arkansas' Governor Orval Faubus ordered out the National Guard to prevent Negro pupils from entering an all-white Little Rock high school. Last week Little Rock's school board unanimously named William Harry Fowler, 45, assistant superintendent for personnel—the man responsible for hiring and assigning employees throughout the system. Fowler is a Negro.

The appointment of Fowler is symbolic of how far toward integration Little Rock has gone under the watchful eye of federal courts. Although in many classrooms integration is only token, the community has accepted 1,850 Negro students—about 23% of the city's Negro children—into previously all-white schools. Faculty desegregation is also under way. In the past two years, 31 Negro teachers and 27 whites have been assigned to schools in which their race was in the minority.

A member of the Urban League, Fowler formerly served as a principal of one of the twelve remaining all-Negro schools in Little Rock; three of his five daughters attend integrated classes. He is well regarded by white teachers for his integrity and professionalism. Fowler hopes to "place people where they will best serve, regardless of race," but adds that under the law, anyone holding his job must press for further job integration. "It can be done," he says, "and I will do it."

## UNIVERSITIES

### Tuition or Higher Taxes

The California tuition battle continues unabated. Last week 3,000 students from the state university marched through the streets of Sacramento for a protest rally at the capitol plaza. There, student and faculty speakers took turns denouncing Governor Ronald Reagan's proposal to impose tuition and cut the budget at both the university and the state colleges. During the rally, the Governor showed up and heard one professor accuse him of seeking to "dismantle California's institutions of higher learning." But Reagan earned applause with his earnest offer to discuss the schools' problems "around the table in an atmosphere of good will." This week the regents will meet in Santa Barbara for another round of debate on the future of the university's complicated fiscal affairs.

Emotional arguments about whether a public university should charge tuition—and if so, how much—are not confined to California. In 1965 there were student protests at the University of Minnesota when its regents voted to raise tuition \$60 a year. Equally strong

debates have arisen in recent years over proposals to impose tuition on students of the traditionally free City University of New York, which is supported by both state and city tax money. On the question of tuition, says Vice-Chancellor Harry Levy, "it's essentially a matter of principle—like Old Glory."

**Political Muscle.** Today, only a handful of public universities survive without tuition: California, C.U.N.Y., Connecticut, Kentucky and Idaho. The median tuition charged state residents at the 97 schools of the National Association of State Universities and Land-Grant Colleges reached \$333 in 1967, compared with \$312 last year and less than \$200 ten years ago. In addition, most state schools charge a variety of fees (for instance, for athletics and lab courses), which can run as high as \$240 a year at California.

Tuition charges generally are highest in the East, where expensive private schools have established the pattern and have the political muscle to influence state legislatures. Some examples of state university tuitions:

Vermont	\$575
New Hampshire	536
Rutgers (N.J.)	528
Ohio State	450
Maine	400
Minnesota	375
Mississippi	350
Florida	260
Texas	144

At most schools, tuition charges meet less than 20% of the total cost of instruction. Every year the tuition at public universities inches nearer the level of charges at private schools. Every year, also, there is a widening gap between tuition charges for state residents and those who cross the borders. In effect, outsiders are helping to subsidize local students. Out-of-state tuition at the state schools rose 19.9% in 1965, climbed another 6.5% last year, has reached a median of \$782. The number of these schools charging nonresidents more than \$900 a year has risen from nine to 33 in the past two years. Vermont, which levies outsiders \$1,500, can no longer keep its desired fifty-fifty split between in-state and out-of-state students. The school also finds that the nonresidents it attracts lack the desired sociological diversity—most are from prosperous families.

**Economic Spectrum.** The fast-rising charges mean that most public-university students must now work part-time or seek scholarship help to stay in school. This reflects the fact that the public colleges and universities draw students from a far broader range of economic levels than do the private schools—even those that are liberal with scholarships. More than a fourth of the freshmen at private universities come from families whose annual incomes exceed \$20,000, while 27.8% of public freshmen come from

families earning less than \$6,000. Officials of public universities are overwhelmingly convinced that tuition must be kept low if the schools are to remain accessible to a broad economic spectrum of the population.

For state legislatures and boards of regents, the rising cost of education resolves itself into an immediate question: whether to raise tuition or raise taxes. Underlying the economic issue, however, are a host of so far unanswered questions about the future of higher education in the U.S. What is the relationship of public and private universities? Should the cost of higher education be borne primarily by families

DONALD BREWER



STUDENT PROTEST IN SACRAMENTO

*Is it a privilege, or a right?*

students who benefit most, or should society as a whole bear the burden? Is higher education a privilege or a democratic right? In many ways, the arguments seem much like those of a century ago, when the nation was grappling with the question of free public high schools.

## LANGUAGES

### Brainwashing to Teach

During his three-week ordeal, Roman Catholic Father John Hogan of Gary, Ind., lost six pounds, and "the tension was so high that I suddenly felt like crying when I was driving home." Mrs. Robert Stack, wife of the television actor, says: "You are almost hypnotized—and your mind goes blank. It's like being in a torture chamber." The horrifying experience Father Hogan and Mrs. Stack endured was distinctly beneficial: the Berlitz Schools' "Total Immersion" course, which aims to give its

students a foreign-language fluency and vocabulary of 1,600 words a week.

Pioneered by the armed forces language schools (TIME, July 16, 1965), the Total Immersion technique was developed by Berlitz and offered for the first time 16 months ago, now can be taken at 48 of its 53 U.S. schools in 52 languages. Students in less of a hurry can still choose Berlitz' more leisurely courses. No pastime for the idly curious, the intensive instruction costs \$118.50 a day. The course's 1,120 graduates are mostly Government employees and business executives who have been assigned overseas.

**Receptive to Ideas.** The psychology of the Total Immersion technique, as Berlitz officials unashamedly admit, is suspiciously close to that of brainwashing. "What we try to do," says New

MARTHA HOLMES



BERLITZ STUDENT (SEATED) & INSTRUCTORS  
Until all resistance ends.

York Berlitz Director Emanuel Huarte, "is to break students down mentally until they lose the ability to resist and are receptive to fresh ideas." The breakdown begins to the clang of an 8:15 a.m. bell in a windowless classroom, where the student faces one of his four alternating instructors. Student and teacher speak nothing but the foreign language during eleven 40-minute periods, relieved only by five-minute English breaks. All day long, the instructor points to objects and pictures, pantomimes actions, pronounces words, asks simple questions. The student is expected to fire back answers without taking time for mental translation.

By midafternoon, the dazed student begins to show fatigue. At that point, another instructor joins in, grills him on the day's words. In this "breakdown" period, the student may rebel, laugh, refuse to talk, curse his tormentor—but

it is a time, insist the teachers, in which he can almost unconsciously absorb the toughest problem of a new language, such as complex tenses. The day ends at 6 p.m., after a 20-minute review. Then the student takes home two more hours' worth of reading and composition assignments.

**Some Can't Take It.** The course is especially tough on business executives. "They are ordered about as if they were children," explains Huarte, "although they are accustomed to giving orders." Berlitz candidly tells a company when its execs can't take it—and refunds the tuition. Engineers and teachers are also troublesome because "they always seem to have to know the whys and whereabouts," which the Berlitz instructors consider irrelevant.

The Berlitz course is flexible enough to handle the specialized vocabulary various occupations require. The motivation, however, need not be vocational. Mrs. Alfred Bloomingdale of Beverly Hills, whose husband is the French-speaking president of the Diners' Club, found each day both "exhausting and exhilarating." She also discovered that "it's so nice to know what your husband is talking about."

## STUDENTS

### Crime Against a Generation?

Although their parents may find it hard to believe, the better high school students make up the hardest-working segment of the population. According to Northwestern University Chemistry Professor L. Carroll King, the amount of work required of high school students is so great that it constitutes "a crime against a generation."

Every school, of course, has its share of youths who loaf their way to a diploma. But in a speech to a conference of the American Chemical Society in Manhattan last week, King contended that the serious student puts in a 17-hour day of classroom, school activities and homework. "No one else in the population works that many hours day after day," he insisted. After four years of this, "Mr. Good Student is no longer Mr. Good Student—he is a tired old man." He has also "been robbed of several years when he should have had time for free play." When the student reaches college, "he is faced with four more years of 17-hour days. It's too much; he just quits. The tired, beaten, defeated Mr. Good Student asks for academic death."

King absolves teachers of blame for overwork. The teachers, he argues, "are trapped by the demands of parents and by the demands of colleges and their ever-increasing standards for admission. The teacher is forced into the role of the overseer driving with a whip." King's remedy: more attention to student welfare. "The student," he says, "has a right to receive individual attention and a right to proceed at his own rate."

## MILESTONES

**Divorced.** Burt Ward, 21, junior half of the "dynamic duo" as *Batman's* Robin; by Bonney Lou Ward, 20, daughter of TV Musical Director Mort Lindsey; on grounds of mental cruelty ("He compared me to other women"); after 18 months of marriage, one child; in Los Angeles.

**Divorced.** David McCallum, 33, Scottish actor, co-star of *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.*; by Jill Ireland, 31, sometime actress (TV's *Shane*); on uncontested grounds of mental cruelty (she testified that he caused her to break out in a rash); after ten years of marriage, three children; in Santa Monica, Calif.

**Died.** Martine Carol, 46, French movie star and prototype for the post-war sex-bombes, a pillow-y, green-eyed blonde who triggered the explosion by appearing topless in 1950's *Caroline Chérie*, went on to make nearly 40 films, a few good (*Lola Montés*), a lot more bad, but every one displaying Martine, usually in a bath, be it bubble, champagne or Roman, by daylight, moonlight or candlelight, all of which made her one of France's highest paid stars until Brigitte and the other girls took over the tub in the late 1950s; of a heart attack; in Monte Carlo.

**Died.** Sir Victor Gollancz, 73, British publisher and idealist of the left, founder in 1928 of London's immensely successful Victor Gollancz Ltd. (among his authors: Daphne du Maurier, George Orwell, John le Carré, Kingsley Amis), who was born into an orthodox Jewish family, but chose instead to live out what he regarded as "the Christian ethic," becoming an ardent socialist and Labor Party pamphleteer in his politics and a humanitarian in all else, espousing such diverse causes as the abolition of capital punishment, postwar relief for Germany, aid for Arab refugees of the Arab-Israeli war, and most surprisingly, clemency for Nazi Murderer Adolf Eichmann; of a stroke; in London.

**Died.** Henry Morgenthau Jr., 75, U.S. Secretary of the Treasury from 1934 to 1945; of heart disease; in Poughkeepsie, N.Y. (see *THE NATION*).

**Died.** Earle T. Mack, 77, son of baseball's grand old man, Connie Mack, who after playing and managing in the minors helped his father as assistant manager and coach of the Philadelphia Athletics until 1954 when Connie, at 91, sold the club to Arnold Johnson for Kansas City; of a stroke; in Drexel Hill, Pa.

**Died.** Leon L. Bean, 94, founder of Maine's L. L. Bean, Inc., one of the world's best-known sellers of sporting goods; of heart disease; in Pompano Beach, Fla. (see *U.S. BUSINESS*).



### **First a spark, then a flame**

Early men made revolutionary discoveries, but centuries would pass while the new knowledge slowly spread. The growth of civilization has always been limited by the means available for the exchange of ideas. In today's world, Rand McNally is in the business of providing means. We publish books (including textbooks), atlases, and maps. We print and bind books of all kinds for other publishers. Fuel for new ideas.

**RAND McNALLY**



PUBLISHERS. BOOK MANUFACTURERS. MAPMAKERS

# SHOW BUSINESS

## ACTORS

### The Young Man Shows His Medals

In a snow-clogged clump of obscurity along a single-track Finnish rail line, a group of performers, extras and technicians gathered round a rheumatic old passenger train. "Will that door be closed?" the voice rasped at the director. "With a suitcase in one hand and snowshoes in the other, how the hell do I get the door open to get on the train?"

The door is left open, of course, because the voice belongs to Michael Caine, and every word he speaks these days is received as attentively as a ransom note. In the year and a half since his role as the bemused, workaday spy Harry Palmer in *The Ipcress File* shot him to sudden international splendor, Caine, 33, has appeared in four films, of which three—*Funeral in Berlin*, *Alfie* and *Gambit*—are among the nation's top box-office draws. A fifth picture, *Harry Sundown*, with Jane Fonda, opened last week in Los Angeles. Now in Finland filming another Harry Palmer adventure, *Billion-Dollar Brain*, Caine carries enough professional clout to order the movie shot upside down if he chooses.

**Long Road.** On-screen, Caine's impact seems half visceral, half sociological. He is professionally at home in such separate skins as those of an Establishment army officer or a U.S. Southerner, but his soul seems to belong to his working-class roles. He is that new hero, the chap who is supposedly above class—but if he really is, why does he keep aggressively displaying his non-U traits and compulsively needing Old Blighty's oldest values? With Caine, all this springs from something deeper than dialogue and technique, as does his mock-deadly appeal to women. He acquired these powers on "this long impossible road" from an impoverished Cockney London background through ten years of hard-scrabble apprenticeship. "I've never had dramatic training," he says. "I'm a natural who has learned technique by mistakes."

Caine wears those early years like tattoos. He grew up in Southwark, in the part of London called Elephant and Castle, after a pub that was there long ago. From childhood he wanted out. "To be a Cockney is, well, like what the Negroes complain about in America," he says. "We're always sweeping the streets, washing the floors, operating lifts. The thing is that the Negro in America is militant about improving his position. But not the Cockney. I'm militant about improving my position, but I never had the backing of any of the others. When I was acting in repertory and would go back home, they used to laugh at me—it was deliberate, sadistic laughter, and I've never forgotten it."



CAINE IN FINLAND

*As attentively as a ransom note.*

**Dear Old Mum.** Caine plowed ahead through 34 years in repertory, hit parts in the movies and television—mixing it all with survival jobs in laundries, factories and a pie-baking establishment. He did not get a real chance to break loose until he landed a featured role in 1964 in the movie *Zulu*, "an African western," and that in turn led to *Ipcress*.

"My friends were all telling me: 'You haven't the face for a leading man,'" he recalls. But he remembered also something that Actor Peter O'Toole told him: "Don't play small parts in highly exposed places, because that'll make you a small-part actor. Play leading parts anywhere—in rubbish—but play leading parts." The advice worked well, and Caine is proud that he has made it the hard way. "I'd go back to the theater," he says, "but not yet. I've had art up to my eyebrows and I never made a penny. Never even got a bloody television award." For compensation there is \$500,000 per picture—plus a small town house near Marble Arch that may soon give way to a large town house.

In the background of any story about a hero's rise from squalor to quiddery there should be Mum: Caine's is just about the best since J. M. Barrie's *The Old Lady Shows Her Medals*. He reports that he has finally persuaded his mother to give up her lifelong job as a charwoman. When he invited her to attend the premiere of his first big movie, she shyly refused, then, unbeknownst to him, just joined the crowd outside. She still takes the bus to his openings. "She used to tell me proudly how she had sat next to a real fine lady," says Caine. "It would make me

bloody furious, and I'd ask her how she knew it was a fine lady. 'Because the lady had a gold watch and a diamond ring.' So I bought her a gold watch and a diamond ring, and she hasn't mentioned fine ladies since."

## TELEVISION

### Son of 20th Century

In science, the gap between prophecy and fact has narrowed amazingly. The most remote-seeming theories are speedily turned into fact, at least in the lab. Hence the future often seems to arrive with the morning mail—and now, with a flick of the TV dial. A late-season sleeper called *The 21st Century*, narrated by Walter Cronkite (CBS, Sundays) is bringing forth little weekly chunks of the future as it exists today.

On this week's program, for example, Co-Producers Burton Benjamin and Isaac Kleinerman, both nine-year veterans of CBS's distinguished series, *The 20th Century*, set out to make some documentary sense of the maze of recent discoveries in genetics. An explanation of man's increasing control over the mechanics of reproduction is backed up by films of *parthenogenetic* frogs swimming in a tank. They are identical to their mother, and so might they be, having been made in a laboratory without benefit of father.

When Geneticist James Bonner appears on-screen to speculate about a test-tube superman race between the nations of the world a century from now, the uneasy viewer may feel that he is in the tank with those frogs. A man will not "brazenly go out and propagate himself," Bonner predicts coolly, but will contribute sperm cells to a central bank, his heirs to be manufactured after his death if a committee decides that he has been a desirable and useful figure in society. On this forecast, echoing the ancient complaint against Plato's "Guardians," English Professor Ritchie Calder comments: "Who is going to determine all this? Who are the wise men?"

If *21st Century* doesn't always startle its audience to this extent, it invariably manages to give it pause. In earlier programs, it photographed an operable mechanical grasshopper that man will use on the moon, and an esoteric airtight container that will extract water from moon rock by heating it to 300° C. Sometimes the producers are lucky enough to be on hand for a rare event, as in a soon-to-be-shown film of a kidney transplant at Cleveland Clinic.

Producers Benjamin and Kleinerman first envisioned the program as a limited project of perhaps six specials, but found after four months of research that they had material enough for a full series. Now scheduled for at least 16 segments, the program will explore oceanography, the megalopolis, transportation, housing, computers, demography, education and leisure.



## **Find a big job, you'll find Clark**

*Ten tons of steel grinding through slippery sand. No room for wheel-spinning here. Sure-footed Clark planetary drive axles deliver enough traction to take this rig through any condition. Clark Equipment Company, Buchanan, Michigan 49107—the same **CLARK** that builds earthmoving equipment, truck trailers, transmissions, lift trucks, and commercial food refrigeration.*

80 AND 100 PROOF. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. STE PIERRE SMIRNOFF FLS. (DIVISION OF HEUBLEIN), HARTFORD, CONN.



ZSA ZSA GABOR, STAR OF STAGE, SCREEN & TELEVISION

## "DON'T DARLING ME IF IT'S NOT SMIRNOFF"

Your guests expect Smirnoff Vodka just as Zsa Zsa does. For a very simple reason. It makes a better drink. Filtered through 14,000 pounds of activated charcoal, crystal-clear Smirnoff

is dryer in a Martini, smoother on-the-rocks, blends more perfectly in a Screwdriver, in a Bloody Mary or in a Mule. So always put out the Smirnoff... anything less reflects on you!

Always ask for **Smirnoff** VODKA It leaves you breathless®





THE PRIMA DONNA

## ORCHESTRAS

### Psychic Symphony

Does the musician shape the instrument or the instrument the musician? A psychiatrist would say that certain personality types choose certain instruments. A conductor would say it makes no difference, since all musicians are the same—outpatients.

Pop psych has long been essential in the volatile world of music. In this month's *High Fidelity Magazine*, for example, Pianist Claudio Arrau tells how analysis helped his playing by "clearing my personal psychic jungle," and contends that no musician is ready to stand on his own until he has first stretched out on the analyst's couch and found "selfhood in harmony with the cosmos."

For many musicians, the most fascinating psychic jungle is that of the symphony orchestra. Flutists tell dark tales of suicides among "rejected" second violinists; trumpet players attribute the snobism of first violinists to an "identity crisis" resulting from their "cloistered, velvet-pants upbringing." And almost everyone is convinced that all oboe and bassoon players are a little battry. London's Royal Philharmonic members nod understandingly when one of their fellow players, Nicholas Reader, admits that he reads fairy tales to his bassoon each night.

**Oral Types.** Some pop psychers believe that particular instruments tend to form particular personalities, even down to physical similarities. The Boston Symphony's Sherman Walt ascribes great significance to the fact that he is tall and skinny like his bassoon. Berlin Phil-



THE ARISTOCRAT

## MUSIC

harmonic Cellist Eberhart Finken is convinced that woodwind players speak with the same tones and inflections as their instruments.

Los Angeles Psychoanalyst Ralph Greenson, an amateur violinist who has treated several prominent musicians, suggests that some clarinetists and flutists might think that they took up their instrument because it was the only one available in the high school band. More likely, it was because they are "oral" types, "great eaters and drinkers. A lot of them are people who have been extremely gratified, and therefore spoiled, and then deprived. The playing of their instrument is an attempt to make up for this."

Among the string players, adds Greenson, sex is the dominating factor. When a solo violinist assumes his proud stance, he exudes a "phallic pride. He wants to make love to the audience. It is an attempt to prove that 'I am lovable, attractive and irresistible.' It sets a mood, and this applies especially to those who doubt their powers and attractiveness." Cellists woo too, by the way they hug their female-shaped cellos. This is healthier, suggests Greenson, because the "cello is more of a grown-up figure, yet passive." Musicologist Dorothy Bales sees the struggle of the string players as "a need to put the self together—to join the yang and yin of their personality. They try to do this by coordinating their right arm with their left. Like all artists, she says, musicians are 'a combination of the hysterical and compulsive.'

**Workday Folk.** Many musicians, of course, disagree—hysterically and compulsively at times. They say they are just workday folk, subject to the same strains and stresses as anyone else. Nevertheless, prolonged study of orchestra players suggests a curious collection of traits, neuritic or otherwise. The result, however arbitrary, is a sort of Stereotype Symphony.

► **The Prima Donna** on first violin: Having studied to be a soloist, he resents the ignominy of sawing away with the masses. He shares with other string players the conviction that there is something unfair about having devoted a lifetime to conquering his instrument when other musicians have mastered theirs in only a few years. High-strung, persnickety, he raises potted plants and an ulcer.

► **The Understudy** on second violin: Buried deep within the strings, he feels forgotten. His expression is hangdog, his disposition easy. He lives only for the day when, in some miraculous burst of virtuosity, he will dethrone the hated Prima Donna. Meanwhile, to compensate, he composes sonatas on the side.

► **The Middleman** on viola: The infighting for advancement that goes on among the more populous violin desks is not for him; that is why he switched over from the violin years ago. The



THE MORTICIAN

cerebral sort, he lives for chamber music, which offers more challenge than the routine supporting role that most composers give his instrument.

► **The Bon Vivant** on cello: Cool, detached, debonair, he exudes calm assurance—and *amore*. Convinced that the sound of his cello is a mating call, he is a dedicated lady killer and a divorcee. Besides women, he collects Chinese jade and pre-Columbian art.

► **The Mortician** on bass: With little chance for individual expression, he prides himself on being the "foundation of the orchestra." Tall, glum, plodding, he is quick to point out that he and his instrument are exceedingly manly.

► **The Eccentric** on oboe: Poor chap, puffing away he builds so much pressure inside his head that it is a wonder he is only half crazy. If that were not enough, he spends 15 masochistic hours a week shaving reeds for his mouthpiece. He has gotten over his fainting spells; now he just snarls a lot.

► **The Clown on bassoon:** He is a practical joker. It figures, say fellow musicians, because anybody who takes up such a contrary and ridiculous instrument must have a sense of humor. Ever since Mendelssohn made the bassoon a buffoon in a clown's march, the bassoonist has been trying to prove that the instrument is a gentleman or at least a *pagliaccio*, a clown with a soul. But nobody believes him.

► **The Stabilizer** on clarinet: Quiet, reflective, he is the most musically learned of the woodwind players, serves as the soothing, sympathetic father confessor to his neighbors.

► **The Dandy** on flute: A dapper dresser,



THE EXTRAVERT

# THE THEATER

he is as flighty as his instrument. He mischievously delights in tripping up the conductor with his superior musicianship.

► The Aristocrat on French horn: The class of the brass, he is refined and erudite, is one of the highest-paid members of the orchestra and acts like it. Unlike the other brass players, he has never known the camaraderie of playing in dance bands, and tends to stand aloof. He is adept at organizing strikes and protest movements.

► The Sport on trumpet: Aggressive, outgoing, he is the orchestra's resident swinger, a locker-room pundit, a connoisseur of poker, baseball and off-color jokes. To meet the physical demands of his instrument, he lifts weights.

► The Trou on trombone: He lifts martinis. A wheeler-dealer, he is forever organizing parties and picnics, likes to sit in on jam sessions at the local jazz club.

► The Braumeister on tuba: He is young, puffy, crew-cut, a graduate of the college marching band. In keeping with the Germanic tradition of his horn, he is a dedicated beer drinker.

► The Extravert on percussion instruments: Often required to wait an entire concert just to ping the triangle or thump the bass drum, he develops anxieties. When his moment comes, he flails away with gusto, confident that every eye is upon him. As proprietor of the orchestra's "kitchen," he is belittled because of the limited range of his instruments, envied because he can bang all his frustrations away.

How can so many divergent types work—most of the time—in such close harmony? As one violinist explains: "There is one glorious counter-stress that makes everything worthwhile—the joy of making music." And, it might also be added, with the smug certainty that the fellow up there waving a stick at them is a musical ignoramus as well as an exhibitionist.

## ROCK 'N' ROLL

### Evolution

In the climb-on-quick world of pop music, imitation is the sincerest form of ambition. Less than a year ago, a team of wily promoters ran the Beatles through a Xerox machine and came up with the Monkees (TIME, Nov. 11). Musically, the Monkees were and are a dull mutation of the origin of the species. No matter. Mass TV exposure and dubbed-in accompaniment lifted their first recording—*Last Train to Clarksville*, an innocuous ditty dashed off by a team of songwriters during a 20-minute coffee-break—to the top of the charts. Their second album, *More of the Monkees*, has now moved from 122nd to first place in its second week on the pop tree, establishing them as the bestselling group in pop music. The unkindest record cut of all may be their new single, *I'm a Believer*. It is currently No. 1 in England—where the Beatles started the whole business.

## Dancing in the Dark

**Black Comedy** by Peter Shaffer is an unflaggingly funny drawing-room farce based on a single droll conceit: what might people do and say and discover about each other if they were suddenly left in a total blackout on the evening of a vitally important party? To begin with, this poses a little problem of stagecraft: How do you present actors in the dark and still allow the audience to see them? Simple: by reversing things. When the lights are supposed to be on, the stage is dark; when they are suddenly supposed to go out, the stage blazes with light.

The spectators can now see, but the

FREDMAN-ADKES



REDGRAVE & PAGE IN "COMEDY"  
*Visibility from invisibility.*

actors are meant to be in sightless confusion, playing blindman's buff. They begin a convulsively amusing, slow-motion night dance of straight-arming the air, pawing and fumbling for objects and people, mistaking identities, and trading unintended indiscretions under the misleading cover of darkness.

The frantic hero (Michael Crawford) is the kind of artist who fashions metallic sculptures that look as if they were conceived during a tin famine. Engaged to a very U deb (Lynn Redgrave), he is about to meet her very pukka sahib army colonel father (Peter Bull). Also expected is a millionaire art fancier with a notorious avility for avant-garde junk. To impress the guests, Crawford and Redgrave have carted off the sculptor's jackdaw furniture and replaced it with elegant antiques "borrowed" from the neighboring apartment of an exquisitely gay bachelor (Donald Madden) supposedly away for the weekend.

Of course, the bachelor unexpectedly

shows up during the blackout, and one of the flat-and-run sight gags of the evening is Crawford's desperately adroit and maladroit effort to sneak the antiques back to the rightful owner's flat. By the time that Crawford's mistress (Geraldine Page) makes her unseen appearance, it is clear that British Playwright Shaffer has skinned the most visibility from invisibility since the old *Topper* films.

**Black Comedy's** monkeyshines are brought to a high polish by an acrobatically agile cast, but the players might have been spared some arm-and-leg-work if Playwright Shaffer had pared the show and tightened the pace. Choosing to be optically antic, he evades the opportunity to show how the eye lies and the mind's eye ferrets out reality—which might give the evening more intellectual relish, a sort of Pirandello flavor. In a one-act opener called *White Lies*, Shaffer tries to be wise rather than clever abt abt lovers and lovelessness. As an impoverished fortuneteller, Geraldine Page performs with feline grace, but Shaffer's dramatic crystal ball is murky. Fortunately, the evening is redeemed by *Black Comedy's* dancing waves of mirth.

## III Bloweth the Zephyr

**The East Wind.** There are some evenings in the theater when not vestige of dramatic joy can be seen, tasted, felt, seen or heard. Manhattan's Lincoln Center Repertory Theater has provided far more than its foul share of such evenings. *East Wind*, by a 41-year-old Polish expatriate, Leo Lehman, is a mighty ill zephyr that further solidifies the company's reputation as the home of seasoned failures.

The plot, or what there is of it, concerns a malingering suicide. In Act I, he botches the job with a rope thick enough to tie up an ocean liner. In Act II, he simmers down to melancholy and despair, possibly induced by the "death of God" he keeps talking about, or by revisiting the Central European town from which he had fled as a refugee, or by both. In Act III, he finally hangs himself on a meat hook in the back kitchen of his London delicatessen. The prevailing lack of cheer is not noticeably alleviated by the play's billing as "a new comedy."

One measure of poor playwriting that can be applied to dramas like *East Wind* is the liquidity test. Every superfluous drink the characters sip and guzzle is a time-killing, plot-evading device for shuffling people around a stage. In *East Wind* the characters down pots and pots of tea with lager chasers, and it takes very steady nerves just to watch it. In the leading role, George Voskovec acts well above and beyond the call of duty. Considering the quality of the play, his reluctance to commit suicide is a marvel of forbearance.



How do you tell a professional traveller from everyone else?

There he is.

Our best customer.

And we can't tell him from Adam.

We run American to attract the man who does a lot of flying (and buys a lot of tickets).

He's the reason we introduced the DC-3 in the Thirties.

And the reservations com-

puter in the Sixties.

And the stewardess college. The fan-jet. Our 7-minute baggage delivery. And in-flight enchiladas and other big and little nice things.

But, he comes in all sizes and sexes. How can we tell when he turns up?

We can't. So we cheat. Even

if it's your first flight, we assume you're a professional traveller the moment your Travel Agent books you on American.

A tidy maneuver which may just sell you a lot of tickets, too.

**American built an airline for professional travellers.**  
*(And you'll love it.)*

## American Airlines

# ART

SIQUEIROS AT CHAPULTEPEC CASTLE BEFORE UNVEILING  
Ready to march on Olympus.

## MURALS

### Art for the Active

Mexico's famed muralist and long-time Communist, David Alfaro Siqueiros, had just finished painting a gun on the walls of Mexico City's Chapultepec Castle when the police seized him and marched him off to prison for inciting leftists to riot. That was more than six years ago. Released in 1964, he was soon back at work, and for the past two months, with the aid of six assistants, he has been putting in twelve and 14 hours a day to complete his 3,660-sq.-ft. mural entitled *Del Porfiriato a la Revolución*.

All night before last week's inauguration, Siqueiros was at work, sporting his jaunty, battered fedora and wielding special long-handled brushes. He was putting the finishing touches on a final white steeple. By midmorning, he turned up, well spruced, at the entrance to the gallery containing the mural to help cut the ribbon with Mexico's President Gustavo Díaz Ordaz—the honored guest of the regime that jailed him.

**Heroes & Courtesans.** Such turns of fortune are nothing new to Siqueiros, and no one seems less bothered about his politics than his fellow Mexicans. They hail him as the grand old man of the triumvirate (with Diego Rivera and José Clemente Orozco) that launched the Mexican mural renaissance in the 1920s and 1930s. Throughout Mexico, he is today known as "El Maestro," and no sooner had the ribbon been cut than hundreds of Mexicans, from art students to aging revolutionary veterans,

\* Built originally as a Spanish fort, it was long the official residence of Mexico's Emperor Maximilian and later of the Republic's Presidents before being converted, in 1944, into a historical museum.



## PAINTING

### Master of Line

"Form," declared Jean Auguste Dominique Ingres, "is the foundation and the condition of all things. Smoke itself should be rendered by a line." Fittingly, the exhibit commemorating the centennial of his death, which opens at Harvard's Fogg Museum this week, concentrates on his drawings and watercolors (see color). For it was through the lines of his draftsmanship that Ingres was able to reconcile the stern classical disciplines of the 18th century with 19th century Romantic sensuality.

"Vivez-vous, mon enfant," he would exhort a student. "Drawing is the first virtue of a painter. It is the foundation, it is everything: a thing well drawn is always well enough painted." Ingres followed his own advice. His earliest drawing (of a head) was made in 1789, when he was nine. By the time he was 17, he was a pupil in the Paris studio of Napoleon's court painter, Jacques-Louis David, and was contributing sketches for David's *Mme Récamier*.

**Attic Simplicity.** Ingres sketched incessantly: friends, neighbors, nudes. His favored exemplars were the pure forms of Greek sculpture, together with Raphael. His extraordinary ability to capture likenesses won him a portrait commission from the Emperor and the government's Prix de Rome. Using the prize money, he moved to Rome in 1806, lived in Italy for most of the next 35 years.

He amused himself playing fiddle with a friendly tour guide that Paganini organized, supported himself and his wife by teaching and doing sketches and portraits of well-to-do visiting French couples. Among his patrons was Napoleon's brother, Lucien. Ingres painted Lucien's burgeoning family with Attic simplicity.

**Sinuous Odalisques.** Ironically, while Ingres cared little about them, his oil portraits and sketches are today more highly prized than his pretentious and cluttered "classical" set pieces on subjects such as the *Apotheosis of Homer*. No matter how classical his tastes, Ingres was infected with Romanticism. His sinuous, elongated odalisques contributed to the 19th century vogue for the Oriental.

Even when he reached his 80s, and his failing strength kept him from large canvases, he continued his search for linear grace in watercolor. For one of his last works, Ingres returned to a favorite subject, a harem nude. His earlier versions had shown her against a background of bathing slave girls; his final version simplified the scene to what it had actually been, a studio pose. And though rendered in watercolor—a lesser medium than oil—*The Bather* is, if anything, finer than his youthful version of some 60 years before. It was the final proof of his lifetime maxim: "The simpler the lines and forms are, the more there is of beauty and strength."

SENSUOUS & CLASSIC  
LINES BY INGRES

"THE BATHER" IN WATERCOLORS



DRAWING OF  
LUCIEN BONAPARTE'S FAMILY





Historic Faneuil Hall, circa 1740 (lower left of photo), stands reverently preserved as the Boston Redevelopment Authority, Federal and private funds rebuild much of the Commonwealth's capital city.

## Challenge of our time: make U.S. cities proud again



EATON<sup>®</sup> axles and FULLER<sup>®</sup> transmissions help the heavy-duty trucks haul building materials to the site, haul rubble away.



YALE<sup>®</sup> locks and builders' hardware are in demand for all types of commercial and industrial buildings and for residences.



TROJAN<sup>®</sup> tractor shovels do much of the earthmoving and land clearing as the rebuilding cities move upward and outward.

Soon, many more millions of people will have to live and work with dignity in the teeming cities. □ Neighborhood by neighborhood, the great Free World cities are rebuilding to match the needs and aspirations of their people. □ Leadership and good taste are needed to help replace the dingy and drab with the elegant, bright and spacious — to preserve the best of the old and grace it with the new. □ This is the challenge of our time: help beauty soar from ugliness. Support your city's planning. □ Eaton Yale & Towne offers many quality products to help the cities realize their plans.



For more about Eaton Yale & Towne, write for our new 28-page full-color book, "NEW LOOK FOR TOMORROW".

TESTED TRUSTED PRODUCTS SINCE 1868 • Truck & Off-Highway Components • Material Handling & Construction Equipment • Control Systems & General Products • Passenger Car Products • Locks & Builders' Hardware

**EATON  
YALE &  
TOWNE**  
INC.

GENERAL EATON MANUFACTURING COMPANY  
CORPORATE OFFICES: 160 EAST 42nd STREET • NEW YORK, NY 10017  
CLEVELAND, OHIO 44103

# MEDICINE

## DIAGNOSIS

### In the Lab: Too Many Defective Tests

“We’ll send this to the lab and have the answer for you in a couple of days.” Just as matter-of-factly the patient imagines that his blood or urine sample will go to a laboratory filled with shiny, sterile stainless steel and glassware, to be worked over by skilled technicians in white coats. He has no doubt about the accuracy of the results, because his doctor shows none. That blind faith is unjustified, a succession of medical experts told the Senate antitrust subcommittee last week. In fact, Dr. David J.

WAYNE WILSON



SENCE

*Blind faith is unjustified.*

Sencer of the National Communicable Disease Center declared that of the estimated 500 million medical lab tests done each year in the U.S., no less than 25%, or 125 million, produce defective or dangerously wrong results.

Dr. Sencer cited examples:

► The wife of an Army sergeant was said by a hospital laboratory to have group-B Rh-positive blood and was given transfusions of that type. In reality, her blood was group O; she suffered permanent kidney damage.

► Twin boys were born to a woman in Alabama whose blood had twice been typed as Rh-positive; actually it was negative, and the twins died of a blood-destroying anemia. Indeed, of 328 blood-disorder deaths in the newborn studied in California, 34.5% were associated with laboratory errors, and many could have been prevented.

► A newspaperman, 26, was being treated with anticoagulants for phlebitis. A laboratory reported that his

blood had a normal clotting time, so the doctor kept up the treatment. The man’s blood was actually slow to clot; he died of an internal hemorrhage.

► Blood specimens from 33 patients reported by laboratories as malaria victims were submitted to NCDC, which found no malaria in any. One such false-positive case was cited in a medical article as due to drug resistance—a report that is still confusing doctors.

How is it possible for aseptic scientific laboratories, run by experts, to be so often wrong? The answer is that too many of them are neither aseptic nor scientific; nor are they run by experts. There are about 14,000 of them in the U.S. Half of these are in hospitals, and 400 are run by states and cities. That leaves almost 6,600 independent labs which, in 47 states, are under no effective control whatsoever. Only California, Illinois and New York require licensing of labs. Half a dozen other states require that the director of a lab must have some professional qualifications, but he need not be on the spot; this is an invitation for unscrupulous physicians to take well-paid figurehead positions. In more than 40 states, any high school dropout can set up a lab with no questions asked, although, as the committee chairman, Michigan’s Democratic Senator Philip A. Hart noted, “they require a license for a fellow who cuts your hair.”

Once in business, the lab can solicit doctors with profitable come-ons. It may offer “all the tests your patients require” for a flat fee of \$75 a month—and subtly encourage the doctor who orders 100 tests a month to bill his patients for tests at \$3 to \$10 each. At whatever price, a test is worse than useless and may have fatal results unless the technicians know how to run it and have the right equipment. On this score also, Dr. Sencer had bad news: More than 20% of test materials examined by the NCDC were found faulty.

**Not Necessarily Safe.** As for results, several studies of laboratories that agreed to have their performance checked showed that up to 40% were unsatisfactory in testing for the presence of bacteria, up to 80% in identifying proportions of different blood cells, and up to 18% in such a standard and simple procedure as blood typing. The picture may be still worse in labs that refused to be checked.

The plight of the patient in the 47 states with no legal control is understandably bad, but the resident of well-regulated California or New York is not necessarily safe either. Dr. Howard L. Bodily of the California State Department of Public Health pointed out that there is no federal law to prevent a doctor’s signing up with a cut-rate laboratory thousands of miles away from his consulting room and sending his specimens by mail—regardless of

the fact that delay may make many of them useless. Some mail-order laboratories have been caught sending out test “results” on specimens that they had never examined, even in such life-and-death matters as cancer smears.

There is wide variation in the quality of testing done in laboratories within hospitals, largely as a result of the shortage of trained technicians. There is still greater variation in the back-room labs behind doctors’ offices, but just how good or bad their work is, said Dr. Sencer, has never been surveyed. And in the best-regulated, best-run labs, mental obsolescence is a major problem—many doctors, as well as technicians, learned their skills 20 or more years ago, before most of the 1,000 testing procedures now known had been developed.

Senator Hart is determined to introduce a bill, not yet drafted, to regulate

HOWARD CHERMAN—LIFE



HART

*Even barbers need licenses.*

interstate laboratory business. How to control the labs inside those 47 unregulated states, no one knows. Leaving them unregulated, says Hart, “will keep the undertakers and the cemeteries busier than usual, earlier than usual.”

## CARDIOLOGY

### Puzzling Particles in the Heart

Many forms of heart disease are little understood, but one is especially mysterious: heart failure that strikes husky and seemingly healthy men and women in their prime, apparently without cause. Doctors, who now find the condition is by no means rare, say it is frightening to watch the often rapid, inexorable progress of the disease toward early death. They call it idiopathic cardiomyopathy (unexplained disease of the heart muscle), and treat it with drugs, which may be only briefly effective.

Now a British research team reports in the *Lancet* that the cause of this baffling disease may be a new kind of organism that fits no known classification. Whatever its nature, it appears to



Finest quality fresh ground coffee... brand of your choice... brewed right in your office or place of business... any time of day or night—with the world's finest automatic coffee brewing equipment by CORY. Only 5¢ a cup... cream and sugar included free. (As low as 3¢ for larger users.)

- No capital investment!
- Free installation!
- You pay only for number of cups consumed!



Write to Dept. T-3

**CORY COFFEE SERVICE PLAN, INC.**  
3200 W. Peterson Ave. • Chicago, Illinois 60645

## 3 different funds 3 different goals

Eaton & Howard offers you three mutual funds, each with a specific investment goal. See your investment dealer or send for prospectus and current report.

**STOCK FUND** For possible growth of principal and income.

**BALANCED FUND** For reasonable income and possible growth.

**GENERAL INVESTORS TRUST**  
Emphasizing current income.

**EATON &  
HOWARD**  
Incorporated

Dept. T217  
24 Federal Street  
Boston, Mass. 02110

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

live and multiply only as long as the heart itself is living; it vanishes from dead heart tissue. This would explain why it has not been found in post-mortem examinations, even when these are performed soon after death.

To get on the trail of the infectious particles, Surgeon Mark Braimbridge of St. Thomas's Hospital in London had to make a daring innovation and remove pieces of heart muscle from a living patient for the sole purpose of diagnosis. This was ethically permissible, he says, in the hope of finding a better treatment for a lethal disease. The patient was a man of 20 whose heart had been failing for three months. Under study by special microscope techniques at The Kennedy Institute, the muscle specimens were found to contain particles that could not be identified. The one certain thing about them was that they were neither bacteria nor true viruses. From a second patient's heart, the researchers got samples of particles that seemed to be in four or five successive phases of a life cycle.

To prove that they had really isolated an infectious agent, the researchers had to grow it; they found it would multiply only in a medium containing living heart muscle itself. When the crop was injected into mice, the animals died in much the same way as heart-failure patients. What can the particles be? The investigators can only speculate that they may be a hitherto unknown form of life, with some of the properties of protozoa (such as malaria parasites) and some properties of viruses. If they are right, they may be on the track of other unexplained diseases.

## NARCOTICS

### Failure of Permissiveness

Only six years ago the British government and its top medical advisers were convinced that by treating narcotics addiction as an illness instead of a crime, they had neatly confined the drug problem. Only 471 addicts were known, and only two of these were under 20 and on heroin. The practice of providing drugs cheaply, even to known addicts, through the National Health Service had eliminated most of the motive for smuggling dope or peddling it. The black market in pilfered prescription drugs was negligible. Britons could perhaps be pardoned for rather smugly contrasting this situation with that in the U.S., with its estimated 50,000 or more addicts and a high crime rate despite huge and costly efforts at suppression.

Now, however, Britain is disturbed over news that addiction has increased sharply and is still increasing. By the end of 1966, known addicts numbered almost 1,300, with probably 200 under 20 taking heroin. There was an uneasy suspicion that the true numbers might be four times as great. What had gone wrong with the famed British system?

There were isolated instances in



BRITISH ADDICTS AT DISPENSARY

*Less the system than the principle.*

which doctors had grossly overprescribed heroin—in one case, 1,500 tablets in four days for one patient. Some addicts used aliases to get multiple prescriptions from different doctors. Obviously, most of these extra drugs must have been passed along by the addicts to non-addicts who wanted to experiment and eventually became hooked themselves. What broke down was not so much the system as the principle of permissiveness itself. The new offbeat generation, helped—so the British say—by an influx of a hundred or more junkies from the U.S. and Canada, exhibited a forbidden-fruit syndrome. Addicts and their experimenting friends found that they got more of a kick from illegally acquired fixes than from prescription pills. They even complained that stuff smuggled in was more potent than the domestic supply, whereas the opposite was true.

The government has now told Parliament it is time to crack down. But it is fearful that its efforts to curtail legal supplies of heroin might leave a vacuum into which smugglers and pushers will rush, making the "cure" worse than the present disease. Trying to balance on this tightrope, the government will soon introduce legislation with the following provisions:

- Addicts must be registered at a government office, but will still not be stigmatized as criminals.
- Only selected hospital doctors will be allowed to prescribe heroin and cocaine for registered addicts, and must guard against increasing doses.
- Groups of addicts will be steered to treatment in psychiatric hospitals.

Will this moderate change of course work? Says a government spokesman: "It's a gamble—we can't say what the outcome will be." But something must be done: the black-market price of heroin is already rising ominously.

VISITING  
CANADA'S  
EXPO '67?

LENNOX  
DMS WORKS  
THERE.

GOOD SHOW!

No other system could heat, cool and ventilate these Expo '67 pavilions quite as perfectly as the Lennox Direct Multizone System (DMS).

The "whys" are important to any "owner" of an office, school, plant, laboratory, apartment, clinic or other high-occupancy building. Examples:

Room-by-room thermal control, for as many as 12 zones. Can heat some while cooling others.

Responds instantly to changes in weather, occupancy or activity.

Can ventilate with 100% outside air

when occupancy dictates. And cools free, with outside air below 57°F.

Roof mounting—with flexible ceiling ducts—lets you move, add or eliminate walls. For building additions, simply add more DMS units.

Gas, electricity or hot water can supply the heat. Mechanical cooling can be included initially, or added later.

Clean, low (42") silhouette preserves design integrity.

Factory-assembled and wired, including controls. Lennox assumes

single-source responsibility.

Whatever you're building—or adding to—Lennox DMS will allow earlier occupancy, more freedom for alteration than any other systems.

Write for DMS details: Lennox Industries Inc., 271 South 12th Avenue, Marshalltown, Iowa.

**LENNOX**  
AIR CONDITIONING & HEATING



**CZECHOSLOVAKIAN PAVILION,**  
EXPO '67, MONTREAL. Lennox DMS provides  
handle heavy traffic situations here and  
in upcoming restaurant.

**KODAK PAVILION:**  
A simple Lennox DMS makes  
the climate picture complete.



**CHATELEINE HOME AND PAVILION:**  
Prove heavy duty heat load is no problem  
LENNOX DMS handles temperatures  
extremely fast, fitting in perfectly.

# THE PRESS

## MAGAZINES

### Where Was O'Donnell?

Each new *Look* installment of William Manchester's *The Death of a President* seems half familiar, because so many episodes have already been published, and half fascinating, because the reader looks for new or nearly forgotten details—and for discrepancies.

Installment No. 3 describes a seldom-reported scene at Parkland Memorial Hospital in which Kennedy aides argued and struggled to get J.F.K.'s coffin past Dallas County Medical Examiner Earl Rose. He kept insisting that Texas law required an autopsy before the body of a murdered man could be released. (Rose last week called the account "not consistent with events.")

The scene then shifts to the now familiar interior of Air Force One and what Manchester probably over-describes as the conflict between Johnson partisans and embittered Kennedy men accompanying their murdered President and his lady home to Washington. Once again there is that painful moment when Mrs. Kennedy walked into the presidential bedroom and found Lyndon Johnson reclining on the bed dictating to a secretary. Later in his narrative, Manchester introduces another vignette: Jackie, while keeping vigil beside her husband's coffin, had the first two drinks of Scotch in her life. It tasted like creosote to her, he says.

Johnson asked that Mrs. Kennedy stand beside him during the swearing-in to emphasize the continuity of the U.S. presidency. Jackie obliged, but Manchester emphasized that the gulf was now so wide that none of the photos taken of the ceremony by White House Photographer Cecil Stoughton showed "the presence of a single male Kennedy aide." Indeed, Manchester says that Mary Gallagher, Mrs. Kennedy's personal secretary, watched Kenneth O'Donnell "pacing the corridor like a

caged tiger, his hands clasped over his ears as though to block the oath."

Or was he? Last week the Boston Globe published a Page One picture showing O'Donnell standing at Jackie's left during the swearing-in. And Stoughton says that other photos he took, which Manchester never asked to see, showed that Kennedy aides, Larry O'Brien and Dave Powers, were also present. Mary Gallagher now says she does not recall telling the story as Manchester reported it. O'Donnell himself asserts that Manchester never asked him about it.

## TV REPORTING

### Men at War: A French View

The U.S. war in Viet Nam is a soldiers' wounding in the drenching rain, a Viet Cong guerrilla surrendering. War is the American foot soldier splurging his pay on Saigon girls, the monotony of patrols, death in a field. But as coldly treated by France's official TV network, the war has been only a misbegotten adventure carried on by a nation too naive to learn from the superior experience of a wiser country.

Until now, that is. All these human vignettes, and many more, are part of a remarkable new 80-minute Viet Nam documentary. Titled *The Anderson Platoon*, the program suggested a greater understanding of what the U.S. is doing in Viet Nam than anything yet seen in France. "Politics don't interest me," says Producer Pierre Schoendoerffer. "I didn't want to modify anybody's opinion about the war, but only to show them how it was being fought."

An Alsatian, Schoendoerffer, 38, is one of France's leading war reporters. He was with the French troops at Dienbienphu, shared their fate in a Communist prisoner-of-war camp, won the Médaille Militaire. Last fall, for six weeks Schoendoerffer and two



ANDERSON PATROL SCENE

*Just telling the how.*

French assistants lived with the platoon of Negro West Point Lieutenant Joseph B. Anderson, 24, recording the days leading up to Operation Irving on the central coast of Viet Nam.

Schoendoerffer acts as narrator, but does not preach. The mere sight of a white soldier holding the hand of his Negro buddy who has been wounded tells of the brotherhood of battle without words. The mood is enhanced by rock 'n' roll and blues music. In one sequence, Nancy Sinatra sings *These Boots Are Made for Walking* as the platoon trudges through a swamp.

Schoendoerffer was delighted by complimentary phone calls after the showing of his documentary on the *Cing colonnes à la une* program, France's leading news show. U.S. TV officials who have seen it consider *The Anderson Platoon* the best documentary of the war to date. It may soon be shown on a U.S. network.

## NEWSPAPERS

### Soviet Circulation Bottleneck

U.S. newspapers would face ruin if they lost circulation the way leading Soviet dailies did last year. Izvestia, the government paper, was down 300,000 (to 7,500,000). Komsomolskaya Pravda, the journal of the Communist youth, was down 500,000 (to 6,300,000). Pravda, the official party mouthpiece, suffered the most spectacular drop of all: it was down 1,000,000 copies (to 6,000,000). But oddly enough, the decline is a healthy sign of sorts.

More for a Revisionist. Under the Stalinist system of centralized planning, newspapers were arbitrarily allocated newsprint and assigned press runs. Often the runs far exceeded the sales, but no matter: the State Committee on Publishing merely split the cost of unsold copies between distributors and the publishers. For the past two years, however, the government has been trying to make selected industries operate on a supply-and-demand basis. Applying this principle to the newspaper business, the government ordered that press runs be more closely matched to actual sales—hence the sudden circulation drop.

Under the new system, only publica-



JOHNSON TAKING PRESIDENTIAL OATH (O'DONNELL FAR RIGHT)

*Not exactly a tiger in the corridor.*



# Who welcomes more than a million new customers a year?

We electric company people go all out to serve our customers well. That includes both our present customers and all the new homes, businesses, apartments and industries that come along every day. It's our job to anticipate the electric needs and desires of our customers far into the future, no matter how fast America grows. That's an important value of the American business way. It lets us plan far in advance to make our welcome warmer.

**The electric company people...  
the folks at your  
Investor-Owned Electric Light and Power Companies\***

\*For names of sponsoring companies, write to: Power Companies, 1271 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10020.

We've tried all the new gins.  
Fancy gins. Novelty gins. Imported gins.  
Costly gins.

We should worry.



**Fleischmann's.**  
**The world's driest gin since 1870.**

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORP., NEW YORK CITY. DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN.

## Hand-holding for investors!

A Merrill Lynch Account Executive is trained to provide it—in just the right amount.

You want a call every day about the performance of some stock? You get it. You want buy or sell suggestions whenever they seem appropriate to your investment situation? You get them.

You want a regular review of all your holdings every six months? Just ask. You don't want to be bothered at all, much prefer "don't call me, I'll call you?" just say the word.

Whatever service you ask for, you'll get. In spades.

And the rare occasion when you might not get the kind of service you want, we would want you to let us know about it, give us a chance to set things straight—fast.

Why not find out for yourself what Merrill Lynch service means? Just come in and ask to see the Manager.

**MERRILL LYNCH,  
PIERCE,  
FENNER & SMITH INC**

MEMBERS N.Y. STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER NATIONAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES  
239 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y.



IZVESTIA FRONT PAGE  
And an earthquake too.

tions that genuinely manage to boost sales are allocated more newsprint, which is perennially in short supply. For instance, *Novy Mir* Editor Aleksandr Tvardovsky last year received more pages for his crusading literary monthly, which keeps irritating party bosses with exposés of social and economic abuses. Even though (or perhaps because) he had been ousted from the Communist Party Central Committee for "revisionism," readership was going up.

Mostly, the competitive pressure is causing the papers to shed some of their drabness. Headlines are boxed in color, the number of pictures has increased, the quality of newsprint and typography has improved. Political puritanism and pre-publication censorship still keep the mass-circulation national papers, such as *Pravda* and *Izvestia*, from carrying stories about sex and murder, though such crimes are now sometimes reported in the local press.

**Less for Officialdom.** The national papers have been trying to win readers, who pay two kopecks (the price of two cigarettes) per paper, by publishing more human-interest stories. Last year, for instance, they covered the Tashkent earthquakes, which would previously have been reported only in the local Uzbek papers. *Izvestia* recently ran a story describing how a bus skidded and fell into a lake—albeit in a very positive way. It reported that a policeman rescued six of the passengers, but said nothing about the other 64, who presumably were not so lucky.

The papers no longer regularly quote the pronouncements of party officialdom in full. Coverage of economics has become less boastful. Soviet newspapers are still far from what they might be. But they are getting better as they begin to face reality and, at least in a small way, battle for circulation.

# How to make the most of your move up

Begin by calling North American. That demonstrates executive talent . . . shows you know enough to go with the winner . . . with the moving-up company that dramatically boosts its share of company-sponsored

executive moves year after year.

Let North American do the packing, too. That way, all your breakables are packed in clean paper instead of yesterday's want ads. Besides, it's smart to turn a tough job like that over

to experts.

Finally, relax. You've got experts on the job. And remember, people who count will see you had the good judgment to

*Move up with North American . . . it costs no more.*

*Ask about new Budget Plan Moving . . . very practical for Junior Executives*



**NORTH AMERICAN VAN LINES**

The GENTLEMen of the Moving Industry



100

32 149 6

222 120 1

BOARDING AREA

LODGE FOR CHILDREN



# Aha! You were expecting another get tough with Avis ad.

After being picked at by No. 2 for four years, we got a little irritated.

We felt we had to say something about the things that have been implied about us.

Mostly because these things aren't true. And our people who clean, service, deliver and take reservations wanted the air cleared.

And now that we've gotten the irritation out of our systems, all future advertising will be devoted solely to acquainting you with how reliable, resourceful, helpful and pleasant we are so you'll come in and rent a car from us instead of our dear friends down the street.



## Hertz

No. 1 with pleasant new Fords and other good cars.



WE CAN TELL the charcoal we use to smooth out Jack Daniel's is cool enough when it rattles in the shovel.

We won't take a chance and put any charcoal in our grinding house that's not cooled off. Just one hot coal could burn up all the ground-up charcoal already there, sacked up and ready for a Charcoal Mellowing vat. You see, our whiskey seeps through this charcoal to help make Jack Daniel's sippin' smooth. The shovel test is just a way of making sure we won't lose any charcoal before it gets to the vat.



CHARCOAL  
MELLOWED  
BY DROP  
BY DROP

© 1966 Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Mellow Prop. Inc.  
TENNESSEE WHISKEY • 90 PROOF BY CHOICE • DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY • LYNCHBURG (POP. 384), TENN.

# U. S. BUSINESS

## THE ECONOMY With Statistics That Are

### Steadier than the Arguments

In their determined efforts to maneuver between recession and further inflation, the Johnson Administration's economic policymakers have somehow managed with splendid impartiality to alienate some of the more important segments of Congress, labor, business, the banking community and the formidable fraternity of economists. Last week the simmer of discontent between economy menders and their critics heated up and nearly boiled over.

For weeks now, former White House



TREASURY SECRETARY FOWLER

At everything in—and out-of-sight.

braintrusters of such varied stripe as Walter Heller and Paul Samuelson, editorialists as far apart as the Wall Street Journal and the New York Times, and Senators of such diverse views as New York Republican Jacob Javits and Missouri Democrat Stuart Symington have been sniping at everything from the government's fiscal blunders and the often broken wage-price guidelines to the faulty forecasting of the President's Council of Economic Advisors. Finally, when Wisconsin Democrat William Proxmire called 1966 "the year of the big goof," charging that the Administration had underestimated Viet Nam spending and was culpably negligent in its failure to raise taxes enough to head off a 3.3% rise in prices, it was simply more than Treasury Secretary Henry Fowler could bear.

"Analytical Log." Settling into a witness chair before Proxmire's Senate-House Joint Economic Committee last

week, Fowler flailed away with unaccustomed vigor at almost every target in—and out of—sight. As for economists who have lambasted him and President Johnson for first not raising taxes and now for asking that they be hiked, Fowler accused them of "suffering from an analytical lag that has them currently applying their calipers to conditions of a year ago." He rapped "bank letters notable for consistency if not accuracy." He scoffed at "herd-thinking, Monday-morning quarterbacks," and skeptics who "had nothing to recommend in 1966 except the time-tested cliché of cutting federal spending." He even suggested—on doubtful grounds—that tight money would have continued willy-nilly all last year if a tax hike had been imposed. Gasped one amazed White House aide: "It all sounded like Joe Fowler's swan song—personal rebuttal he wanted to get off his chest."

Next day, from the same witness chair, Federal Reserve Chairman William McChesney Martin jabbed back. "The markets don't wait for kings. Presidents, Secretaries of the Treasury, chairmen of the Council of Economic Advisors—or even the chairman of the Federal Reserve Board," said he. As for Fowler's imputation that the board failed to mesh its policies with those of the White House, Martin disclosed that he had tried from September 1965 on—three months before the board finally acted to tighten money—to persuade the Administration to go along. After that, according to secret minutes also disclosed last week, the Reserve Board on eight separate occasions between July 15 and Sept. 2 last year rejected requests from Federal Reserve Banks to lift the discount rate from its present 4.5% to 5% or 5.5%. Not since 1957 had the board failed to approve such a request from one of its district banks.

**The Seventh Year.** While supporting President Johnson's request for a 6% income tax surcharge effective July 1, Martin expressed fears of "a strong upsurge in inflationary pressures" later this year. But his most immediate worry, he testified, is business inventory building, which soared "far beyond current sales" late last year. It was primarily to prevent a subsequent drop in business purchases from slowing the whole economy, he said, that the Reserve Board started last Nov. 22 to ease credit.

Despite the hostilities, the uncertainties and the policy mistakes, the U.S. economy this month entered its seventh year of continuous expansion, and both Fowler and Martin were in agreement that the prospect is for more of the same. "The statistics," says White House Economic Council Member Arthur Okun, "are steadier than the arguments." About that, at least, there is little doubt.

## BANKING

### Prime Contest

Ever since the prime rate appeared in the '30s as a measure of what the blue-chip corporations must pay for a bank loan, commercial banks have agreed about what that interest charge should be. Sometimes it has taken a few days; once, in 1958, it took a week for the pacemaking banks to fall in line with a lower rate. But for a fortnight some 40 of the nation's biggest banks have, to their consternation, found themselves in an unexpected battle over "the prime" with Chase Manhattan, New York City's biggest and the nation's second largest bank.

Chase dropped a bomb on Jan. 26 by



FRB CHAIRMAN MARTIN

After those months of trying.

cutting its prime rate from 6% to 5.5%—the first such drop in six years. Though delighted, even Administration economists were surprised by the size of the slash. "Too much, too soon," chorused other bankers, who next day began cutting their rates half as much, to 5.5%, in a half bow yet pointed rebuke to Chase. Then they sat back to watch loan demand swamp Chase with more business than it could handle.

**Quiet Pressure.** Through last week, not much stampede had arisen. Instead, some companies quietly began feeding deposits into Chase Manhattan, hoping thereby to pressure other banks to slice their prime rate to Chase's 5.5% level. At a news conference, Chase Chairman George Champion casually noted that his bank had about \$1 billion in cash and other quick assets to meet any surge in loan demand. By week's end, Chase had withstood two weeks of the split-level struggle, and

many businessmen were betting that the bank would emerge the victor, thus raising its prestige in a business where prestige counts a lot.

"Everybody will be down to 51%," predicted Vice President-Comptroller John W. D. Wright of International Harvester. "It's only a question of time." Said President Mark C. Wheeler of Boston's New England Merchants National Bank: "My own belief is that Chase is going to make 51% stock. The demand for funds has been a little less, and the supply of money a little larger than expected."

That is just how Chase Manhattan saw the trend. "Normally, there is a marked increase in bank loans in December," says Executive Vice President George A. Roeder Jr., "and a

## AVIATION

### Lock Step at Lockheed

Back in the early 1930s, at about the time that Lockheed Aircraft Corp. was trying to pull itself out of bankruptcy, a 21-year-old coal miner's son named Daniel Jeremiah Haughton got his degree in accounting from the University of Alabama and headed for California. After trying his hand at a number of jobs, he finally hired on with Lockheed in 1939 as a \$275-a-month production specialist. Lockheed has since come to soar, and so has Dan Haughton. He became Lockheed's executive vice president in 1956, rose to president in 1961, last week was named to succeed Courtland S. Gross as chairman of the board.

Haughton, 55, is a hard-driving exec-

utive who rises at 4 o'clock every morning, works from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m., often comes into the office on Saturday. His successor as president is another nose-to-the-grindstone ex-accountant, Executive Vice President A. Carl Kotchian, 52, a North Dakota-born finance specialist who has followed Haughton up the corporate ladder. In fact, Lockheed's management has been in lock step for several years, with Haughton (pronounced Hawtton) serving virtually as Courtland S. Gross's alter ego, and Kotchian acting as Haughton's. Not surprisingly, Haughton says that the new shifts portend "no great changes" in the company's course.

Few are needed. Under Gross, who became chairman on the death of his brother Robert in 1961, Lockheed has overcome its troubles of the 1950s, when it was beset by costly flops on a couple of aircraft (Saturn and Constitution) and crashes on others, notably the Electra. As the Defense Department's biggest single contractor five years running, Lockheed has seen its profits increase to more than \$51 million on sales of over \$2 billion last year v. \$37,200,000 in 1962. Though disappointed over losing the SST com-

petition to Boeing, the company expects continuing defense demands, diversification into such areas as oceanography, will keep it healthy.

In stepping aside, the patrician Gross, 62, has moved from California to Philadelphia, where many of his relatives and closest friends live. He will stay on as a Lockheed director, promises to remain a "working member" of the new Haughton-Kotchian team.

## AIRLINES

### The Shuttle Battle

"Relief is coming for the Boston commuter," promised American Airlines' full-page ads. American, hoping for some relief itself, was touting its fancy new Boston-New York Jet Express service, which begins this week. Once king of the route, the airline is challenging the upstart that has virtually swept the rich Northeast Corridor since 1961: Eastern Air Lines pinchpenny but popular Air-Shuttle.

Eastern drew chuckles from other airlines six years ago when it put 28 aging, piston-engine Constellations in shuttle service between Boston, New York and Washington. When passengers found they could drop in and fly on a guaranteed-seat, pay-on-the-plane basis, the other lines nearly dropped out of sight. Eastern now has 79% of Boston-New York business, compared with about 18% for Northeast (which is beginning to phase in jets on the route) and a minuscule 3% for American. Though earnings are still "marginal," the entire Air-Shuttle operation brought in \$41 million carrying 2,800,000 passengers last year, which alone would rank it the ninth biggest U.S. airline.

**Frills v. Flights.** Understandably, Eastern has been loath to fiddle with the Air-Shuttle formula: 16 round-trip, no-reservation flights a day, with back-up planes ready to take the overflow. The back-ups have endeared the service to Eastern shuttlers—including the entire Boston Symphony Orchestra, which once popped in at the last minute, instruments and all—and have held off would-be imitators, who lack the necessary extra planes to compete. Still, betting on extra frills rather than extra flights, American President Marion Sadler vows to take half the business with a new fleet of short-haul BAC-111 jets and "make money on it too."

Riding six abreast on the jets replacing Eastern's piston planes, Air-Shuttle passengers get to buy a ticket and read their own newspaper. American's Jet Express, by contrast, offers two-class service, continental breakfast, \$1 drinks after 11:30 a.m. and coffee any time—while matching the Shuttle with a \$16 tourist fare and 16 daily flights. Though they must make phone reservations, American commuters can sidestep most of the terminal rigmarole by using a supply of blank "Express Tickets," to be turned in on boarding and paid for later by mail.

Eastern's New York-Washington



HAUGHTON, KOTCHIAN & GROSS  
Steady as they go.

marked decrease in January. The December increase did not materialize." Meeting that portentous January day, Chase Manhattan's top officers also noted that interest rates had slipped as much as one percentage point from their 1966 peaks. High-grade corporate bond yields were down from 5.56% to 5%, municipal bonds from 4.26% to 3.50% and 91-day Treasury bills from 5.74% to 4.40%. The slide continued last week. Several banks and finance companies cut the interest charged auto dealers to carry car inventories from 6.1% to 6%, New York's Morgan Guaranty Trust Co. reduced its rate on 90-day certificates of deposit from 5.4% to a flat 5%.

**Expanding Credit.** How the prime-rate battle ends depends more than anything else on the Federal Reserve Board. With the economy cooling off, the board allowed bank credit to expand at an annual rate of 9% during December. Preliminary estimates last week put the January expansion at about 15%. With that, Wall Street analysts figured that the board's next move might even be a cut in bank-reserve requirements—which would spread an easing of credit across the nation.

utive who rises at 4 o'clock every morning, works from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m., often comes into the office on Saturday. His successor as president is another nose-to-the-grindstone ex-accountant, Executive Vice President A. Carl Kotchian, 52, a North Dakota-born finance specialist who has followed Haughton up the corporate ladder. In fact, Lockheed's management has been in lock step for several years, with Haughton (pronounced Hawtton) serving virtually as Courtland S. Gross's alter ego, and Kotchian acting as Haughton's. Not surprisingly, Haughton says that the new shifts portend "no great changes" in the company's course.

Few are needed. Under Gross, who became chairman on the death of his brother Robert in 1961, Lockheed has overcome its troubles of the 1950s, when it was beset by costly flops on a couple of aircraft (Saturn and Constitution) and crashes on others, notably the Electra. As the Defense Department's biggest single contractor five years running, Lockheed has seen its profits increase to more than \$51 million on sales of over \$2 billion last year v. \$37,200,000 in 1962. Though disappointed over losing the SST com-



## Mr. Bruning's copier Fleet Plan conquers climbing costs.

New plan offers guaranteed cost per copy for virtually all the copiers you need, wherever you need them.

Come on down and listen to this.

Now you can forget about dealing separately with machine rental, paper, supplies and service. Under Mr. Bruning's Fleet Plan, all of these are combined in one guaranteed cost per copy, based on your total volume.

This means one low cost per copy, regardless of the number of machines you need or the branches and departments you need them in. No capital

investment is needed on your part.

To qualify, your company need meet only two requirements: (1) an average monthly volume of 50,000 copies; (2) an average monthly volume of 6000 copies per machine.

What if you don't meet these requirements? Don't worry about it—Mr. Bruning has a plan flexible enough to lead you back to a reasonable plateau anyway.

How much can you save with the Fleet Plan? Only your Bruning man knows. Give him a call. He's listed under Bruning or Addressograph Multigraph in the telephone directories of 155 major cities. Or write Dept. A, Mt. Prospect, Illinois.



**Bruning**  
Division of Addressograph Multigraph Corp.

## Relief is coming for the Boston commuter.



Meeting Feb. 22. Every hour on the half hour, 7:30 AM to 10:30 PM.

### American Airlines' Boston Jet Express

#### AMERICAN'S THRUST

*Beware of those guys at the gates with clipboards.*

shuttle may be in for a fight before long. "We see these guys standing at our gates with clipboards, making notes," says one Eastern man in Washington. "We know who they are." Eastern takes the position that the Jet Express isn't any way to run an air shuttle. Striking back, its own ads are featuring a stewardess who asks: "Coffee, tea or planes?"

### WALL STREET

#### Taxing the Tape

Because of the Northeast's blizzard, the New York Stock Exchange held an abbreviated session one day last week, with the result that trading for the day amounted to only 6,400,000 shares. Even that would have been unusually brisk as recently as 1965, but not any more. In the early weeks of 1967, Wall Street has seen Big Board stocks change hands faster than ever before.

Trading, merely hectic last year, has turned almost frantic. So far this year, market volume has averaged 9,900,000 shares a day v. last year's record daily average of 7,500,000 shares. In all, volume has reached 10 million shares on no fewer than 18 of the year's 29 trading days.

The upsurge in trading is in part a seasonal phenomenon: because of year-end tax-loss selling and bonuses, many investors are left with money for buying stocks. And last year's stock-market plunge left a number of issues at bargain prices. Showing renewed confidence in the economy, large institutional buyers have charged back into the market, an example that has encouraged individual investors to do the same.

In the long run, there is little doubt that the U.S. public's affluence, population growth and ever-increasing inter-

## "Coffee, tea or planes?"



"The Shuttle"



#### EASTERN'S PARRY

est in stocks have made big-volume trading more or less permanent. At least Wall Street is acting on that assumption. Bache & Co., for example, has acquired a Univac 494 geared to a 20 million-shares-a-day market. When that day comes, it will be interesting to see how the New York Stock Exchange itself chooses to cope with it. On busy days, its two-year-old ticker already flashes stock transactions as fast as the human eye can read them—and yet this year it has run as many as 19 minutes behind.

### CORPORATIONS

#### Adding to the Records

Well into 1967, U.S. corporate leaders are still adding up very handsome figures for 1966. Items:

► Pan Am, which was spared the 43-day machinists' strike, soared on full seats and heavy military charters. The strike did cost it a \$12 million payment to rival TWA and the other four affected lines under a mutual aid pact, but profits nevertheless increased 61% to \$84 million. Flying into 1967, Pan Am got a big boost last month when it finally won permission as the only nondomestic carrier to fly its international passengers across the U.S.

► Alcoa shrugged off the Administration's price-hike rollback of October 1965, came through 1966 with sales up 18%, profits up an astonishing 40%, to \$106 million. Alcoa, the world's largest aluminum producer, last month led the industry to a modest price increase, which President John D. Harper insists is necessary to give the ebullient industry one thing it lacks: "a more adequate return on invested capital."

► General Motors had its second best year in history, even though its 1966

sales fell 6.8% behind 1965's record. Dollar sales eased only 2.4%, but profits, beset by higher costs, slumped 16% to \$1.8 billion. Ford, too, felt the chill: profits down 12% to \$621 million despite record sales. Looking ahead, G.M.'s board gave 1967 a vote of confidence last week, maintained the company's 85¢ quarterly stock dividend.

► Anaconda prospered on high world copper prices and swelling U.S. demand. Through a nearly strike-free year, the company's sales surged to ten figures (\$1.2 billion) for the first time, while earnings swelled by 67% to \$132 million. In the fourth quarter, profits rose 116% over the same period in 1965. ► U.S. Steel, which surprised Wall Street last fall by raising its dividend from 50¢ to 60¢, was not being overconfident after all; even though the company's profits slipped 11% to \$249 million for all of 1966, earnings rebounded 22% in the fourth quarter. "About what we expected," smiled Chairman Roger Blough, who saw the surge as a sign that the industry's major sales problem—the big steel inventories built up by its customers during 1965—had about run its course.

► Union Carbide, second only to DuPont in chemicals, achieved its fifth straight record year, with profits up 2% to \$231 million on sales of \$2.2 billion, despite what Chairman Birney Mason Jr. called "adverse factors"—mostly strikes—which brought on a fourth-quarter squeeze. Mason's continuing expansion program is moving Carbide close to DuPont, whose 1966 earnings fell 5% to \$389 million.

► R. J. Reynolds, the No. 1 tobacco company, raised its 1966 earnings by 3.4% to a record \$138 million—with a lot of help from sales of non-tobacco products (Hawaiian Punch juice, Chun King foods). Despite the health furor, there is plenty of fire in the company's smokes. Its Camels and Salem's remained at the top of their markets, while Winston edged out American Tobacco's Pall Mall for the first time as the best-selling brand of any kind.

► Weyerhaeuser Co. ended its first year under the founder's great-grandson, President George H. Weyerhaeuser, 40, with sales up 15% to a record \$838 million. The timber giant's earnings were down 4.4% to a second-best \$79 million—chopped by the housing slump and suspension of the 7% investment tax credit, which cost the company \$1.7 million in the last quarter.

► National Dairy Products' sales of its many famous brands (Kraft, Sealest) rose 12% last year to \$2.3 billion, securing the food processor's spot among the \$2 billion-plus corporate elite. The company's president and new (since October) chief executive officer, Gordon Edwards, complained that though earnings reached a record \$73 million, higher milk prices kept profit growth to only 5%.

► Merrill Lynch, biggest U.S. brokerage house, really earned its Wall Street

## STOCKBROKER TO KNOW



*The Riley family clockwise: Carl Riley, Carol 22, Mary 10, Elizabeth 7, Larry 13, Joan 19, Mrs. Riley, Meg 18 months, Dan 21, Kathryn 17, Colleen 9, Donna 15, Pat 23, Bridget 5.*

The Rileys live on a forty acre farm in a suburb of Akron in an attractive house they remodeled to fit the needs of their large family. Carl Riley is a native of Akron, Ohio, and began his business career in the financing subsidiaries of one of the nation's leading rubber companies. He joined our firm in 1936. He has lectured on investments at the University of Akron and is a director of numerous charitable and civic organizations.

## Meet Carl Riley's 13 good reasons for serving his customers well

Responsibility and hard work are meaningful words for both Mr. and Mrs. Carl Riley. He is a stockbroker in our Akron office and father of twelve.

For eleven years Carl Riley has worked hard to help individuals and institutions achieve their investment goals. To help corporations grow he travels widely, arranging financings, mergers and acquisitions.

When he leaves for work his family's hopes, dreams and ambitions go with him. But Carl Riley knows success does not depend on a single order. Even a large one. His secret? Build a large group of satisfied customers. Serve them effectively — year in, year out.

Not all our 900 partners, managers and brokers have twelve children. But each has his share of personal responsibilities. They know our future hinges on just one thing—how well we do our job for you.

This philosophy of doing business is one reason why they are the Stockbrokers To Know. Visit any of our 50 offices coast to coast. Learn what responsibility and hard work can do for your investment program.

PAIN  
WEBBER  
JACKSON  
& CURTIS

Members of  
The New York Stock Exchange

NEW YORK  
25 Broad Street 425 Park Avenue

BOSTON  
24 Federal Street Prudential Tower

CHICAGO  
208 S. LaSalle Street

LOS ANGELES  
204 W. 7th Street

sobriquet, "The Thundering Herd," having charged through the turbulent 1966 market with profits up 40% to \$43 million on revenues of \$287 million. President James Thomson said he was still "strongly opposed" to the higher commission rates that other brokers want—and he can afford to be. One big deal, Howard Hughes's \$566 million sale of TWA stock, alone earned the Herd a \$2,900,000 fee.

## PRICES

### Not as Fast, Not as Fierce

The Administration may have quietly laid to rest its oft-proclaimed, oft-abused 3.2% wage-price "guideposts" last month, but it did not entirely give up the idea of restraint. As far as prices go, warned the President's Council of Economic Advisers, there are still plenty of areas "about which guidepost questions might be raised." The questions, and a flock of the old familiar Administration telegrams, flew last week in one of those areas: gasoline prices.

Two weeks ago several major suppliers increased the price they charge dealers by six-tenths of 1¢ per gal., or about 2.5%. Except on the West Coast, which has long been a price-war battleground, the increase has become general over most of the nation—meaning that motorists will be paying 1¢ per gal. more for their gas.

**Hold the Line.** The Administration's reaction, when it came at midweek, did not seem as fast—or as fierce—as in past price-increase attempts. Messages to the major suppliers did not come directly from the White House or the CEA but from Acting Interior Secretary Charles F. Luce, who mentioned "press reports" of the hikes and urged that they be rescinded in view of "the national interest in stable prices." To companies that had not yet followed the increases, including Humble Oil, went requests to "hold the line."

Some of the suppliers agreed to talk it over with Interior, but there were signs that the industry would hold its own line rather than the Administration's. Cabling in reply, Phillips Petroleum President Stanley Learned told Luce that he "appreciated your concern" but felt that the industry could not "continue to absorb cost increases." Sinclair, citing higher costs and depressed prices over the last decade, also said nothing doing.

**Tougher Taxes.** The gasoline producers have been anxious to beef up their profit margins ever since 1965, when a long and costly series of price wars finally faded away. Though retail prices, excluding taxes, indeed rose nearly 4% during 1966 to about 22.1¢ per gal.—matching the high 1957 level—the suppliers have a number of problems. Demand continues strong and refineries are being forced to pay more for crude oil. Labor settlements early this year have increased industry wages by 4%; dealers, also squeezed by higher wages, have long been screaming for fatter prices at the pump.

The yearlong rise in gasoline prices may make the current boost less defensible in the Administration's eye than the recent increases pushed through by copper, steel and aluminum producers. A fact to remember, however, is that even at the new levels motorists would be paying about the same for gasoline as they did ten years ago had not federal and local taxes, now an average 10¢ a gallon, grown by 15% in that time.

## SALESMEN

### Merchant of the Maine Woods

An outdoorsman's hunting ground it may be, but L. L. Bean, Inc. is also an efficiency expert's nightmare. It stashes incoming mail in shirt boxes. Once it lost \$125,000 in business when a list of 40,000 would-be customers was mis-

RONALD E. JOHNSON



L. L. BEAN

One sportsman deserves another.

takenly destroyed. Under a garish, multi-colored letterhead, its owner once answered a formal appointment request by advising "I am personally away more or less." When he died of a heart ailment during a Florida vacation last week at 94, L. L. (for Leon Leonwood) Bean left a \$4,000,000-a-year backwoods bonanza that could have been far bigger had he ever branched beyond tiny (pop. 4,000) Freeport, Me. But Bean liked his sportsman's supply business the way it was. "I get three good meals a day," he once said, "and I can't eat four."

Bean believed, and was obviously content in proving, that "it takes a sportsman to design equipment for sportsmen." For more than 50 years, the flinty, down-East salesmen peddled wilderness wares of his own making to grizzled backwoodsmen as well as fugitives from Abercrombie & Fitch. Among those who bought his snowshoes, fishing tackle and what have you were Bernard Baruch, Eleanor Roosevelt, Babe Ruth, Doris Day and Amy Vanderbilt. To meet the demand, Bean employed 120 workers, also maintained a 24-hour-a-day, 365-day-a-year ("When hunters need something, they want it right

away") retail outlet. But 80% of his sales were mail orders, generated by a quiet, cluttered catalogue that utterly delighted its 400,000 readers.

**Loud Whistle.** The semiannual catalogue, as fascinating for prose as for merchandise touted, contained more than 400 items ranging from Bean's Improved Sandwich Spreader to a collapsible bait bucket. Many of the goods Bean designed himself; most he personally tested on the trails. In a spare, hard-sell style that would be instructive to many an advertising copywriter, the catalogue once plugged a Combination Compass, Match Case and Whistle by noting that "the Whistle is loud enough to be heard a long distance." Bean's Deer Totter, a stretcher ingeniously rigged to a bicycle wheel, was described as a contrivance on which "your deer looks so much better when dragged over the ground." The catalogue also promoted Bean's two highly successful books. One of them, *Hunting, Fishing and Camping*, a slender, lop-eared manual, sold 150,000 copies, contains duplicate chapters so woodbound readers can clip parts out, still leave the tome intact. The other, a rambling, disjointed autobiography, is entitled simply *My Story*.

The story really began when L. L. Bean was 39. The orphaned son of a Maine horse trader, he had until then bounced from job to job. But he was an avid woodsman, and in 1912, while trudging on wet, blistered feet through the forest, he suddenly hit upon the idea of a boot with a rubber bottom attached to a leather top. From that inspiration came the famous "Maine Hunting Shoe"—which a hunter, Bean later boasted, "might like better than his wife." Once in business, Bean gradually expanded into other lines, and his factory grew into a labyrinth of make-shift additions and rickety dumb-waiters.

Haphazard as it was, Bean's business had an invaluable asset: his own Yankee frugality and early-American honesty. When somebody suggested that he carry \$70 eiderdown parkas, Bean snapped that hunters would only be wasting their money on a coat that expensive. Instead of pushing new sales, he urged customers to return worn-out Maine Hunting Shoes for refurbishing. Throwing away used boots, he advised, "is about the same as throwing away a five-dollar bill."

**Expansive Suspenders.** Bean's two sons and two grandsons, who plan to carry on the business with little change, helped him over the years. But Bean remained active until his death, afflicted by little more than a slight deafness that often made him amplify his voice even beyond its usual foghorn level. Asked not long ago if he had plans for expansion, Bean bellowed: "Yes, we have some suspenders in the catalogue." The catalogue was his pride and joy, and Bean recently read galley proofs of the 100-page spring 1967 edition, which came out last week—the day after its originator's simple funeral in his beloved snow-covered Maine woods.



The motion picture was produced by Reid Ray Film Industries, St. Paul, Minn. for H. & A. Selmer, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana, manufacturer of band instruments.

**33 1/2, TOP 10, AND 920 ON THE DIAL  
WAS ALL HE CARED ABOUT MUSIC  
THEN, SOMEONE MADE A MOVIE**

Mothers and fathers might say the film was very informative. Teachers could call it an involving experience. Salesmen would say it's a selling movie. After a kid sees it, he wants to make music. And the important two words in that sentence are *he wants*.

Movies move people.

Motion pictures are good for reaching people who can't or don't take the time to think about things you want

them to think about. A movie pre-empted their time and gives them the food for thought, very carefully prepared.

To learn how little a movie might cost, and how to go about getting all the audience you want, talk with a motion picture producer.

Tell him your communications objective.

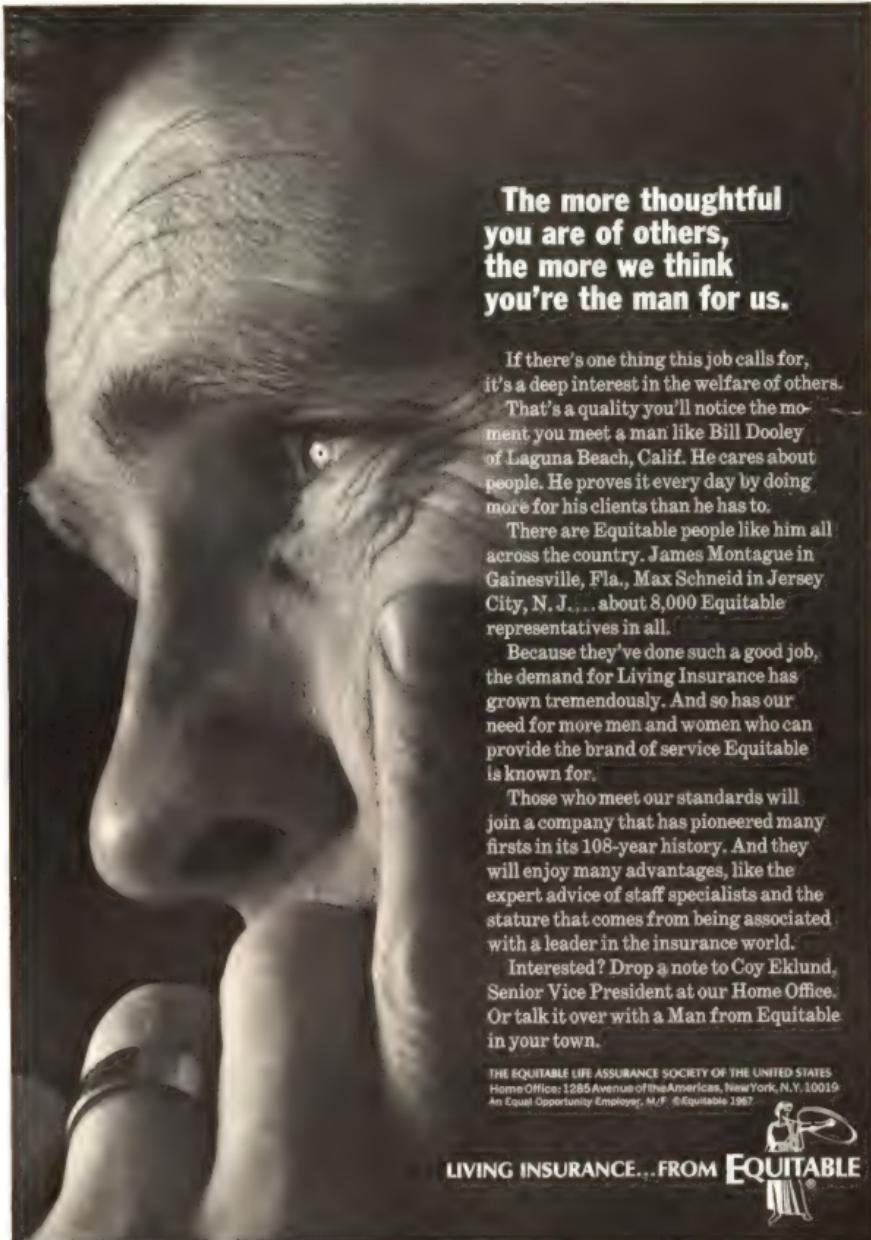
Kodak, who makes the film that

makes any movie possible, has much information on teaching, training, selling, and informing people with movies.

We'll send you a free booklet—*Movies Move People*—if you'll write:

Motion Picture and Education  
Markets Division  
EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY  
Rochester, N. Y.  
14650

**Kodak**  
MADE IN U.S.A.



**The more thoughtful  
you are of others,  
the more we think  
you're the man for us.**

If there's one thing this job calls for, it's a deep interest in the welfare of others.

That's a quality you'll notice the moment you meet a man like Bill Dooley of Laguna Beach, Calif. He cares about people. He proves it every day by doing more for his clients than he has to.

There are Equitable people like him all across the country. James Montague in Gainesville, Fla., Max Schneid in Jersey City, N.J., . . . about 8,000 Equitable representatives in all.

Because they've done such a good job, the demand for Living Insurance has grown tremendously. And so has our need for more men and women who can provide the brand of service Equitable is known for.

Those who meet our standards will join a company that has pioneered many firsts in its 108-year history. And they will enjoy many advantages, like the expert advice of staff specialists and the stature that comes from being associated with a leader in the insurance world.

Interested? Drop a note to Coy Eklund, Senior Vice President at our Home Office. Or talk it over with a Man from Equitable in your town.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES  
Home Office: 1285 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019  
An Equal Opportunity Employer, M/F ©Equitable 1967

**LIVING INSURANCE...FROM EQUITABLE**



# WORLD BUSINESS

## ITALY

### Rewards from Rivals

Long on nerve if sometimes short of cash, Italy's state-owned petroleum combine, ENI (for Ente Nazionale Idrocarburi), elbowed its way into the international petroleum business by adventurous gambles. Buying huge shipments of Soviet oil, it also offered cut-rate competition to Western oil majors for drilling and refining rights in Africa, Asia. Just over a year ago, ENI created a subsidiary, Snam Progetti,\* to build refineries, pipelines and petrochemical plants—even for rivals. Quickly catching on, Progetti is now busy with \$360 million of construction projects on four continents. Last week the yearling firm opened a U.S. branch in Manhattan, partly at the urging of such American oil firms as Esso, Phillips and Amoco, for whom it has been building abroad.

Milan-based, Progetti capitalizes on speed, sharp figuring and salesmanship. The company snatched a deal for a \$51 million, 500-mi. Syrian pipeline away from a British firm by offering to install it in half the time at lower cost. Beating out eleven international companies for a \$32 million Madras, India, refinery contract, Progetti agreed to complete the 21 million-ton plant in two years. The company has also pushed into the European market with a \$4,000,000 pipeline in France, a \$2,500,000 undersea line in Spain and a \$3,000,000 lacatory job in West Germany.

Heading up 7,800 worthwhile employees, Progetti's General Manager Franco Salimbeni, 39, shuttles constantly between far-flung sites to keep things moving. "That way I know what the problems are before they are reported to me," he explains.

Having the Italian government as chief stockholder of parent ENI also helps. Two state agencies, Mediobanca and Istituto Mobiliare Italiano last week agreed to lend Zambia \$30 million to pay Progetti for an oil pipeline from landlocked Zambia to Dar es Salaam on the Tanzania coast.

## JAPAN

### Ubiquitous Mitsui

Japan's Mitsui & Co., Ltd., manufactures nothing, retails nothing. It is, instead, one of the globe's great middlemen. "If anyone anywhere in the world has anything to sell or buy," says a recent company ad, "we are at his service." Mitsui makes good on that promise by providing commercial services for business ventures of every kind. Last year the 300-year-old firm turned an \$8.1 million profit by handling trans-

actions totaling \$4.5 billion, solidifying itself in the process as the biggest of Japan's 6,400 trading companies.

All-purpose trading companies are to Japan's economy what the convention industry is to Atlantic City's. Since home-grown resources are limited, it is possible to prosper only by luring outside business. Though the trading companies were originally established to move goods from one area of Japan to another, the larger ones now concentrate on international trade as well, deserve much of the credit for postwar Japan's emergence (TIME cover, Feb. 10) as the world's fifth biggest commercial power. Fully 80% of Japan's burgeoning

buttons, handles over 5,000 different commodities through a global network of 90 offices in 55 countries. Says one company executive proudly: "We deal in everything but human beings."

In recent months Mitsui has set up the sale of Japanese hydroelectric turbines and pumps in Australia, contracted for a Tokyo-engineered ammonia and urea plant in Pakistan, negotiated with General Electric for construction of Japan's first demonstration power reactor. By acquiring the necessary patents, winning the interest of Japanese industrialists and arranging financing, Mitsui is almost entirely responsible for Japan's blooming petro-



PRESIDENT MIZUKAMI



MITSUI COLLIER STEAMING INTO SYDNEY

*At your service with just about anything for anyone anywhere.*

exports and imports are handled by its trading companies.

**Know-How & Know-Where.** Mitsui accounts for more than 10% of the nation's foreign trade, a success story rooted in its corporate history. For generations, the company was part of the vast, family-held Mitsui Bussan combine, one of the powerful *zaibatsu*—literally, financial cliques—that long dominated the Japanese economy. So much a part of the Japanese military establishment were the *zaibatsu* that the U.S. broke them up in 1945. But the trading company itself, under ambitious, soft-spoken President Tatsuzo Mizukami, 63, has once again made the ubiquitous "Mitsui man" synonymous with aggressive, no-nonsense enterprise.

Turning know-how and know-where to the advantage of its Japanese corporate clients, Mitsui & Co. scours the globe for new technological processes, untapped sources of raw materials and new sales markets. When deals are consummated, Mitsui usually conducts negotiations, then handles details ranging from warehousing to customs clearance to distribution. Mitsui has specialists in everything from bridges to

chemical industry. In one of its biggest joint ventures to date, the trading company has arranged to deliver almost a billion dollars' worth of Australian iron ore to Japanese industry over the next 20 years. And through two dummy companies, Mitsui has established a trading toe hold in Red China.

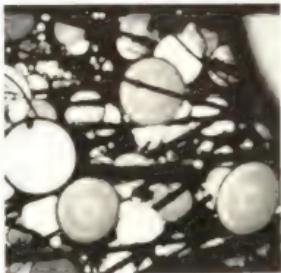
**A Working Tool.** The largest share of the parent company's business is done with the U.S. through a ten-month-old subsidiary called Mitsui & Co. (U.S.A.), Inc., which, with headquarters in Manhattan's Pan Am Building and branches in eight other cities, handled some \$420 million in trade during its first six months alone. For years, a significant chunk of Mitsui's business has come from "off shore trading" deals involving the U.S. and countries other than Japan. In one case, Mitsui shipped U.S. machinery to Brazil, which in turn sent coffee to Sweden, which for its part exported glassware to the U.S. Because Japanese trading companies are so well suited for such complicated transactions, the president of Mitsui, U.S.A., Suyuki Wakasugi, predicts that they may well become "a working tool of America's international marketing."

\* So named because it grew out of the engineering projects (in Italian, *progetti*) division of the former Società Nazionale Metallodotti, another ENI subsidiary.



RICE'S "FLOWER THIEF"

## CINEMA



MENKEN'S "LIGHTS"



EMSHWILLER'S "RELATIVITY"

Will retinal music re-educate the human eye?

## Art of Light &amp; Lunacy:

## The New Underground Films

Sunset. A blue Buddha dissolves into a large grey teddy bear that weeps tears the size of a quarter. A little girl stabs a pig. A little boy urinates. Sixty white gloves run run across a table. Bits of broken plaster abruptly assemble themselves into a bust of Dante. An egg cracks and marbles tumble out. A python oozes lazily around a large transparent bowl in which a child is huddled. Beside a giant telescope stands an old man his ears blazing like light bulbs. On a narrow cot, a nude woman sits giggling and jiggling while an enormous, sinister horseshoe crab...

Most people would call it a nightmare. Lloyd Williams, the 26-year-old New Yorker who created this sequence of images, calls it a work of art. The startling thing is that a great many Americans now agree with him. After five years of lurid reports about an "underground cinema," U.S. moviegoers have caught the show. For the first time, a large audience has tuned in on experimental film and is beginning to believe what a far-out few have been saying for years: the movies are enter-

ing an era of innovation that attempts to change the language of film and re-educate the human eye.

**Image & Movement.** The Marat of the revolution is Moviemaker (*The Brig*) and Movie Critic (*Village Voice*) Jonas Mekas, 44, a shy man with long greasy hair who looks like a slightly soiled Elijah. In print and in person, Mekas passionately proclaims the death of the film-as-an-industry and the birth of the film-as-an-art. "The new cinema is passion," he says, "the passion of the free creative act." The old cinema, as Mekas sees it, was esthetically no more than an extension of the theater. The new cinema, though it will also tell stories, will be essentially a cinema of image and movement composed by film poets. "The new cinema is an art of light," says Mekas grandly, "and it is bursting on the world like a new dawn."

At first blush, it seemed a dirty-fingered dawn. Two months ago, Mekas and some film-making friends leased an art house in midtown Manhattan to present *The Chelsea Girls* (TIME, Dec. 30), a 31-hour experimental peekfure by Pop Painter Andy Warhol. Exclusively, explicitly and exhaustively, the film depicts homosexuality, lesbianism, and drug-taking, and a majority of the critics (most of them over 40) found it dirty, dull and on-and-onamistic. But

moviegoers (most of them under 30 and simply prurient) stood in long lines to buy the scene. All over the U.S., distributors suddenly sat up and begged for prints. In the next six months, *The Chelsea Girls* will be shown in at least 100 theaters—in addition to numerous college film societies. It figures to gross at least \$1,000,000.

With that one blow the barricades fell, and the avant-garde came storming through. Robert Downey's *Chained Li-hows*, the shaggy-surreal saga of a Village idiot who hopes to get rich quick by persuading female midgets to use contact lenses as contraceptives, opened in a Lower East Side cine bin that was soon crammed by the cab trade from uptown. And Shirley Clarke's *Jason*, a harrowing 120-minute interview with a black male prostitute, was offered a midtown opening as a hard-eyed cautionary tale and a surefire *succès de scandale*.

**Creating with Clorox.** To most moviegoers, these films will look like nothing they have ever seen before, even though avant-garde cinema has been around for a long time—at least since the early '20s, when Luis Bunuel and Man Ray began making surrealistic



NELSON'S "WATERMELONS"



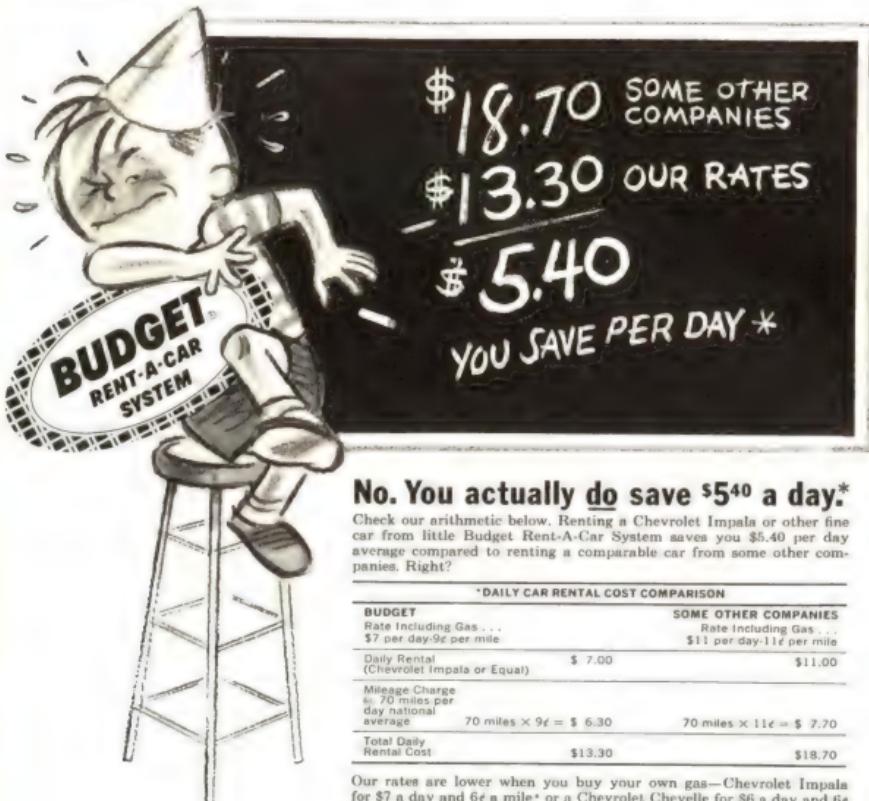
VANDERBEEK'S "BLACKS &amp; WHITES"

Or will the vision be obscured by a dirty-fingered dawn?



SMITH'S "FLAMING CREATURES"

# Is Little Budget Rent-A-Car System making a dumb mistake?



## No. You actually do save \$5.40 a day.\*

Check our arithmetic below. Renting a Chevrolet Impala or other fine car from little Budget Rent-A-Car System saves you \$5.40 per day average compared to renting a comparable car from some other companies. Right?

### DAILY CAR RENTAL COST COMPARISON

BUDGET	SOME OTHER COMPANIES
Rate Including Gas . . . \$7 per day-9¢ per mile	Rate Including Gas . . . \$11 per day-11¢ per mile
Daily Rental (Chevrolet Impala or Equal)	\$ 7.00
Mileage Charge = 7¢ miles per day national average	70 miles $\times$ 9¢ = \$ 6.30
Total Daily Rental Cost	\$13.30
	\$18.70

Our rates are lower when you buy your own gas—Chevrolet Impala for \$7 a day and 6¢ a mile\* or a Chevrolet Chevelle for \$6 a day and 6¢ a mile\*. We make free reservations to any of our 400 world-wide offices and honor major credit cards, but have one of our own. Send the coupon below for an application.

**BUSINESSMEN!** Looking for an unusual opportunity? Despite our fantastic growth, many cities are still available for locally owned and operated Budget Rent-A-Car franchisees. To get the facts write Director of Marketing at address below.

Save up to 40%... look for us in the Yellow Pages



We feature the 1967 Chevrolet Impala,  
where everything new  
that could happen... happened

Budget Rent-A-Car Corp.  
35 E. Wacker Dr., Chicago 60601  
Gentlemen: I'd like a Budget Credit Card. Please send me an application  
form and a wallet size list of your System's office locations and phone  
numbers.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

Cost To Cost Continental U.S.A. and Canada • Alaska • Hawaii • Mexico • Puerto Rico • British Isles • Europe

© Budget Rent-A-Car Corporation of America. \*Rates vary in some areas. WRITE: VALUABLE FRANCHISES AVAILABLE

\$50,000,000

## J. C. Penney Credit Corporation

### 5 3/8% Debentures due February 1, 1987

Price 99.625% and accrued interest

Guaranteed by J. C. Penney Credit Corporation, Cincinnati, Ohio, a wholly-owned subsidiary of J. C. Penney Company, Inc., a diversified retailing organization with 1,100 stores in 46 states and 10 foreign countries. The debentures are not negotiable.

#### The First Boston Corporation

Kuhn, Loeb & Co.	Blyth & Co., Inc.	Drexel Harriman Ripley Incorporated
Eastman Dillon, Union Securities & Co.	Globe Ferguson, Wm. R. Straus Inc.	Goldman, Sachs & Co.
Hornblower & Weeks-Hempfill, Noyes	Kidder, Peabody & Co. Incorporated	Lazard Frères & Co.
Lehman Brothers	Loeb, Rhoades & Co. Incorporated	Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith
Paine, Webber, Jackson & Curtis	Salamon Brothers & Hutzler	Smith, Barney & Co. Incorporated
Stone & Webster Securities Corporation	Wertheim & Co.	White, Weld & Co.
		Dean Witter & Co.

## students: opportunity

(An invitation to college, graduate and part-time students)

You can earn substantial amounts of money throughout the year—and gain practical business experience—by making TIME, LIFE and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED subscriptions available to students. No previous experience necessary; no paperwork and billing involved. You will be given free selling supplies, make liberal commissions and set your own working hours. (You may also participate in special projects and marketing research at extra fees.)

For more than 30 years, TIME Inc. has authorized students as its representatives on campuses. Commission earnings have helped thousands of students underwrite portions of their educational expenses. If you are interested, you are invited to apply to the TIME Inc. College Bureau, TIME & LIFE BLDG.,

Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, enclosing this notice with your letter. If you're eligible and your application is accepted, you'll be notified immediately and receive your sales materials and instructions promptly.



**JONAS MEKAS**  
*Storming through the barricades.*

They paint the film, scratch it with knives, bleach it with Clorox, bake it in an oven, grow mold all over it. They overexpose it, underexpose it, triple-expose it, superimpose three film tracks on a fourth, mix black and white, sepia and full color in the same shot. They split the screen into a dozen segments. They use a dozen projectors and a dozen sound tracks simultaneously.

Such kooky methods have produced some kooky movies. Los Angeles' Tom Anderson made a six-minute film in which the camera does nothing but stare at a melting sundae. New York's Stan VanDerBeek made a five-minute animation (*Blacks and Whites, Days and Nights*) that does nothing but illustrate dirty limericks. New York's Tony Conrad made a 30-minute movie that presents to the eye nothing but bright blank frames interspersed with solid-black frames that more and more frequently recur and recur until the spectator is confronted by an incessant and infuriating flicker that can drive him out of the theater with a splitting headache.

**Through a Proctoscope.** Other films offer other reasons for discreet retreat—and for police censorship, although in

Since 1810  
America's great  
straight Rye whiskey



Makes the best Manhattans  
Sours and Old Fashioneds

**OLD OVERHOLT**  
A OVERHOLT & CO CINCINNATI OHIO 86 PROOF

**AtlanticRichfieldCompany**  
has 13,000 service stations in 24 states.

**"Who needs service stations?"**



About all Atlantic Richfield Company can offer his transportation is a cool drink of water. Because all 13,000 of our service station dealers are devoted to automobile service. So devoted, in fact, that nine of them have won the Brand Names "Retailer of the Year" Award in the last 13 years. But when our horsey friend takes to wheels, he might be interested to know that our stations provide 6 million gallons of gasoline and 150,000 quarts of motor oils a day. That 250 million stops were made at our stations last year by American drivers. And, that the Atlantic Richfield Company really believes that the main job of a service station is to provide service.



**RICHFIELD**

AtlanticRichfieldCompany • Philadelphia, Pa.



## Steel Shapes Saratoga Springs Center



Newcomer to the country's summer music festivals is the Saratoga Performing Arts Center. It is the home of the New York City Ballet (George Balanchine, Director) in July, and the Philadelphia Orchestra (Eugene Ormandy, Music Director) in August.

The fan-shaped amphitheater seats 5,100 people under roof, with the sides and rear open to the air and the lovely upstate New York setting. An additional 7,000 people can sit under the skies on the sloping lawns, and hear and see

the performances. The stage house can store 104 sets of scenery.

The steel frame of the Center was specially designed to blend acoustical and visual perfection. Sight lines to the stage are unobstructed from every seat inside. And even from the lawn, only slender steel columns stand between audience and stage. Steel roof trusses, the bridges to the balcony, and the steel-framed acoustical canopy over the orchestra are light and airy in appearance.

Bethlehem supplied the steel for the Saratoga Center. Bethlehem also furnishes steel for schools and apartments, for automobiles and appliances and countless other products.

Saratoga Performing Arts Center was designed by the architectural and engineering firm of Vollmer Associates. Structural steel was fabricated and erected by James McKinney & Son, General contractor. L.A. Swyer, Co. Inc.

**BETHLEHEM STEEL**





THE BRAKHAGES

*Aces as well as kinks and queans.*

most parts of the U.S. the censors are in retreat too. The nude human figure, male or female, is a favorite subject of study for the new moviemakers. They look at it frequently, and sometimes with good artistic reason—as in *Relativity*, where Film Maker Ed Emshwiller implies the primordial relation of man to woman by superimposing a tiny photograph of his hero on the belly of a huge nude. Too often, though, they simply look at it and drool. Jack Smith's four-year-old *Flaming Creatures*, an incredibly tedious parody of a sexploitation picture, demonstrates how easy it is to fall asleep in the steamy midst of an hour-long transvestite orgy. Barbara Rubin's *Christmas on Earth*, in which an even steamier orgy is photographed, pretends to consider sex as a cosmic metaphor and looks as if it had been shot through a proctoscope.

Most of the new film makers are as far out as their films. Many of them are poets and painters who belong to the New Bohemia and can be found on Manhattan's Lower East Side or in San Francisco's North Beach. They are apt to wear hair to the shoulders and beards to the ears; some smoke grass and turn on frequently with LSD. A few can count on a small, steady income from film rentals. But most underground moviemakers, though their movies as a rule cost less than \$500, feel lucky if they break even.

Inevitably, the kooks and the kinks have given the new cinema a bad press. At the center of the movement, however, stands a creative cluster of imaginative moviemakers. Among them:

**Robert Nelson**, 36, a 6-ft. 3-in. San Franciscan, is a black-and-blue humorist who made one of the comic classics of the experimental cinema. *Oh, Dem Watermelons* is a daffy documentary about all the horrible things that can happen to watermelons. They get kicked like footballs, gutted like chickens, smashed on sidewalks, slashed with ice skates, riddled by bullets, split open and rubbed over the bodies of beautiful women. The monstrous irrelevance of it all is fructfully funny—until suddenly



the spectator realizes that the watermelon is meant to symbolize the Negro.

**Maria Menken**, 57, wife of Willard Maas, an avant-garde bard who made some well-known experimental movies in the '40s, is possibly the finest film poet the underground has produced. She has a subtle feel for rhythms, a grand flair for colors and a gay wild way with a camera that leaves the eye spinning. In *Lights*, a 51-minute study of Manhattan after dark, she slashes at her subject with a camera as an action painter slashes at his canvas, and the great stone city breaks up into a wriggling calligraphy of flash and filigree.

**Kenneth Anger**, 34, is the wild man of the movement and one of its most creative craftsmen. A fanatical occultist, he practices the blood rites of devil worship and has splashed the walls of his San Francisco pad with a Nazi banner and words written in blood. Anger's notorious *Scorpio Rising* is a jaggedly cubicistic piece of black cinema that examines the big strong she-men who gun along with the cycle cult. The movie concludes with a satanic black-jacketed bacchanal that looks like the last stages of an amphetamine nightmare.

**Ron Rice**, a hard-living New Yorker who died in 1964 at the age of 29 while shooting a film in Mexico, made the most affecting movie that the new cinema has turned out to date: *The Flower Thief*. Certainly a vagrant, possibly an imbecile, the film's hero wanders the streets of San Francisco by day, a grown man pulling a little wagon that carries his Teddy bear. At night he goes back to the abandoned factory where a gang of derelicts chases him through the cellars with a terrible silent intensity. As interpreted with a marvelous simplicity by Taylor Mead, a Beat poet, the hero is part Chaplin and part Myskin—a holy idiot, unaccommodated man.

**Stan Brakhage**, 37, a husky hypochondriac who lives with his wife and five children in a log cabin in Colorado, has radically rewritten movie grammar. By fragmenting his films into frames, Brakhage has established the frame in cinema as equivalent to the

**He made it to the top.**



MONY man Clayton Cruise, Jr.  
Lexington, Kentucky

He got there by becoming an expert on financial planning. People now know they'll get an expert's help when they see him about insurance problems. So his services are in demand. He's also tops when it comes to seeking out people with potential to work for MONY. He's helped quite a few men and women get to the top with their own insurance careers. There's still plenty of room at the top at MONY.

**MONY**

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK, NEW YORK, N.Y.

What is the food of love,  
the voice of angels  
and soothes  
the savage breast?

Music.

*Don't you need  
more of it in your home?*

You might be interested, then, in the new TIME-LIFE RECORDED program designed to bring you the most distinctive music of each age—from the Baroque to the Twentieth Century—on the highest quality recordings (produced by Angel). In addition, with each album, there's a richly-illustrated companion book illuminating the music and its background—so as to understand it in context.

Unlike other record clubs, there's no minimum purchase or obligation to buy, no membership dues or fees. The program is simply designed for your pleasure and needs, whether you want to start a record library, supplement it, or enjoy a new experience in the art of listening. If you need more music in your home, we'll be glad to send you more information. Just write to:

*The Story of Great Music*  
TIME-LIFE RECORDS

Time & Life Building Chicago, Illinois 60611



## What's wrong with being old-fashioned?

Polishing our passengers' shoes while they sleep may be a little thing. But it is the little things that help make a voyage great.

On NGL ships there are third and fourth generation crew members whose grandfathers and great grandfathers had worked for the company. They like what they do and do it exceptionally well. Stewards and stewardesses act as your personal valets and maids. Dining room stewards serve you like skilled butlers. Your food is prepared by chefs who insist on the finest and freshest ingredients and create meals with inspired artistry and painstaking care. These chefs believe that taking time is another important secret of their profession. That the clock often spells the difference between ordinary cooking and haute cuisine.

Immaculate cleanliness and meticulous housekeeping are other traditional virtues we cling to. And of all slogans, "The Customer is Always Right," expresses best our policy. We admit that doing certain things the old way requires more time and effort—but we think it's worth it and you will too.

Old-fashioned as we may be in catering to passengers, in technical innovations the Lloyd is as up-to-date as tomorrow. Stabilizers, radar and all mechanical and navigational equipment are the most modern. So is the airconditioning. Technical excellence, coupled with rigid security standards and sound seamanship explains the unsurpassed safety record of North German Lloyd.

### **BREMEN** <sup>MS</sup> **EUROPA**

New York to England • France • Germany  
Cruises of Distinction

Book through your Travel Agent

### **NORTH GERMAN LLOYD**

666 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019  
Chicago • Los Angeles • Toronto

NGL ships are of West Germany registry and since 1857 have carried  
thirteen million passengers across the seven seas.

note in music; whereupon he proceeds to make films with frames the way a composer makes music with notes. His *Art of Vision*, an attempt to do for cinema what Bach did for music with his *Art of the Fugue*, is an ambitious example of what Brakhage calls retinal music. One problem: to watch the violently flickering flick for 4½ hours, a spectator would require steel eyeballs.

**Salvation in a Sugar Cube.** The front ranks of the avant-garde are rapidly expanding. Stan VanDerBeek, Gregory Markopoulos, Bruce Conner, Robert Breer, Ed Emshwiller and Harry Smith have all done work of a high order. An even newer and no less gifted generation of moviemakers—Ben Van Meter, Ken Jacobs, Bruce Baillie—is rising with a whir. Romantic, rebellious and vaguely worried, the new boys come on like strangers in a world they never scripted. Some of them celebrate the horrors of modern life. They exhibit America as an air-conditioned cemetery for the walking dead, the war in Viet Nam as pure hell, and L.B.J. as a rather silly devil with his tail in hot water.

Some of them, attempting to find salvation in a sugar cube, make something called "psychedelic cinema." Their intention is to reproduce on the screen what they see while they are in the acid bag. Even farther out is something called "expanded cinema" or "mixed-media environments," a sort of avant-garde circus in which movies, theater, recorded music, kinetic sculpture and light paintings are fused into a single engulfing experience.

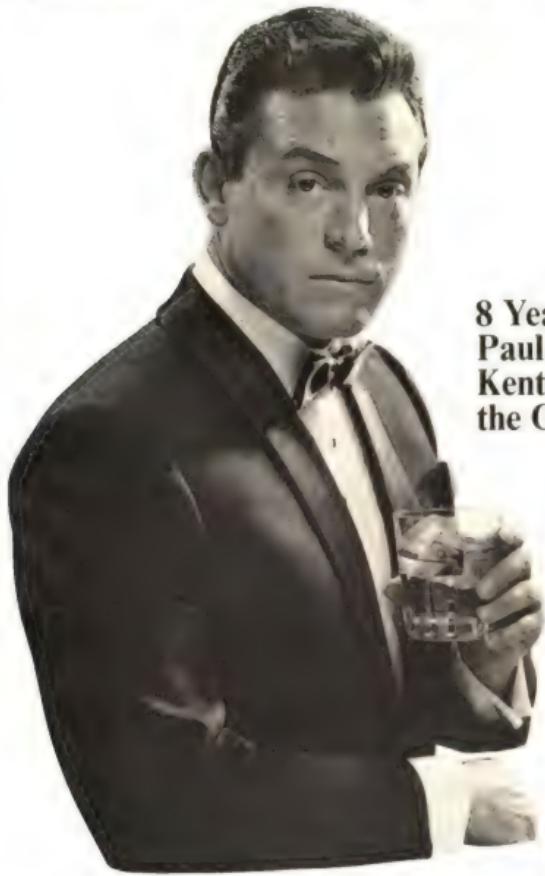
Like all other experimental art, the no-longer-underground cinema is sometimes silly or pointlessly shocking. And sooner or later, the experimenters will have to address themselves to what remains the movies' main function—intelligible storytelling. But with all its excesses, the new cinema is bound to stimulate the medium. For one thing, it has already produced a modest but substantial body of exciting work. For another, it serves as a *salon des refusés* for aspects of the art rejected by the commercial cinema. Even though many Hollywood directors write off the experimenters as no-talent amateurs, some of their notions are already being absorbed into the visual vocabulary of the media. The men who make television commercials, for instance, regularly rent big batches of avant-garde films and ransack them for ideas.

Can the practitioners of the new cinema seriously expect to keep the underground underground? Jonas Mekas is certain that the answer is yes. He has organized a Film-Makers Cooperative to rent experimental films; he has 600 films in his catalogue and a growing list of theaters all across the U.S. lined up to exhibit them. "You might say," Mekas murmurs with a sly little grin, "that the lunatics are taking over the asylum." Nothing necessarily wrong with that. Every so often an art needs to go a little crazy.

In 1959 this Kentucky Tavern was barreled for an 8 year nap



That same year this man owned a pub in New Orleans



8 Years later...  
Paul Burke met  
Kentucky Tavern—  
the Old Smoothie



CURRENTLY STARRING IN "12 O'CLOCK HIGH"—A Q/M FOX PRODUCTION

8 years made a big difference. Paul Burke became an important star and Kentucky Tavern became America's smoothest tasting Bourbon. Why settle for a 4- or 6-year-old Bourbon when you can have the Old Smoothie...8-year-old Kentucky Tavern.

Kentucky straight Bourbon Whiskey - 40 Proof and 100 Proof Bottled in Bond. Glenmore Distilleries Co., Louisville-Owensboro, Kentucky 1966

## BOOKS

### Opera for a Penny Whistle

THE FUTILE LIFE OF PITÓ PEREZ by José Rubén Romero, translated by William O. Cord. 151 pages. Prentice-Hall. \$4.95.

On the eve of World War II, a scandalous, enigmatic fictional scamp named Pitó Pérez suddenly loomed on the Mexican literary landscape. He was modeled after a real-life picaresque oddball named Jesús Pérez Gaona, and was immediately hailed as a personification of the national character. Bloody, absurd, splendid, his story seemed to mirror Mexico. *The Futile Life of Pitó Pérez*—his equivalent U.S. name would be something like Penny Whistle Jones—was not so much an instant bestseller as an immediate national classic. Its author, José Rubén Romero, became a figure of renown.\* But strangely, until now, Pitó remained untranslated.

**Pito's Penance.** Who is he, really? The Don Quixote of his country? He lacks the illusions of the gaga grandee; besides, he is his own Sancho Panza, and he doesn't own a horse. One thing is certain, he is bafflingly Mexican. He was nursed by his mother, but a foundling brother got most of the milk. It was the same with his first crime—robbing the church poor box. A confederate got the pesos and Pitó got the penance. "My life," he says, "is a sad one, like that of all cheats. But I have seen people laugh so often at my sor-

\* More than a novelist, Romero (1890-1952) was a poet, essayist, lecturer and revolutionary in the 1911 uprising against Dictator Porfirio Díaz, served as Mexico's Ambassador to Brazil in 1937 and to Cuba from 1938 to 1944.



THE REAL PEREZ & FRIEND  
Dialogue between a poet and a madman.



NISEI SALUTING FLAG AT WYOMING INTERNMENT CAMP IN 1943

Eventually too embarrassing for everyone.

row that I have ended up laughing at myself."

When he is not laughing, he is puzzling over the difference between what he is told and what he painfully finds out about the way things really are. As set down with disarming simplicity by Romero, Pitó's story is "the dialogue between a poet and a madman." His travels with what he calls his "prodigious flute," a pipe whittled from bamboo, lead him all through the state of Michoacán and always take him back to the village of Santa Clara del Cobre, his bitterly loved and hated birthplace.

**Lear's Fool.** No one follows this pie-eyed piper, and he follows no one: his most faithful companion is the skeleton of a woman, the least troublesome kind of female from his point of view. In every town he knows the jails, the madhouses, the cantinas and the churches. He wears rags sewn with tiny bells, each of which tinkles a note that in his mind symbolizes the special vice of each place he has visited. He is a spiv, and his roguish capacity for survival unites him with Ulysses, Tom Jones and Huckleberry Finn. Yet Pitó remains the faithful son of both Catholicism and the anticlerical tenets of the Mexican Revolution. At his most sacrilegious, he testifies to the faith; at his antisocial worst, he demonstrates that the republic offers the good life to its citizens. He reasures the Catholic, the republican and the mestizo: he is no atheist who would destroy the church or anarchist who would destroy the state. Like Lear's Fool, he demonstrates the madness of the King, but neither would nor could leave his service.

Should Mexicans ever send a philosophical Peace Corps into the urban sprawl north of their own country, the missionaries will certainly carry in their saddlebags *The Futile Life of Pitó Pérez*. Meanwhile, Pitó should be pressed into the hands of any tourists, State Department types or oilmen whose duties call them from the confident certitudes of U.S. life into the philosophical complexities that lie south of the border.

### A Lapse of Democracy

AMERICA'S CONCENTRATION CAMPS by Allan R. Bosworth. 283 pages. Norton. \$5.95.

In February 1942, two months after Pearl Harbor, U.S. troops began herding 110,000 West Coast Japanese Americans out of their homes and into internment camps scattered throughout the Western states. The wholesale roundup, ordered by Franklin D. Roosevelt, made a kind of simplistic military sense. After all, the Pacific Coast had been formally—if somewhat hysterically—declared a combat zone. The presence of aliens, all of whom were at least potentially sympathetic to the enemy, seemed to constitute a visible threat to the U.S.

The danger, it turned out, was nonexistent. In this strident attack on the wartime sequestration, Allan R. Bosworth, 65, a retired U.S. Navy captain, points out that no Japanese American was ever accused of sabotage or treason in the continental U.S. Indeed, a large number of the internees volunteered for duty with a regiment composed solely of Nisei, and they set an enviable combat record in Italy. The regiment became the most decorated fighting unit in U.S. history.

There are even more embarrassing footnotes. After Pfc. Sadao Munemori was posthumously awarded the Medal of Honor, the citation of her son's heroism reached Mrs. Munemori behind the barbed wire of a relocation center at Manzanar, Calif. The American Legion canceled the charters of all Japanese American posts. In California in 1942, State Attorney General Earl Warren, campaigning for Governor, urged voters to keep Japanese out of California "so long as the flag of Nippon is flying over the Philippines."

By 1944, when it became clear that the U.S. was about to win the war, the detention of the Japanese finally proved too embarrassing for everyone. Although the Supreme Court had upheld



Gibbs Hill Lighthouse, high on a hill overlooking the islands.

"We climbed this fabulous lighthouse and there it was—all emerald and turquoise and little white roofs." **That's Bermuda!**

Your first glimpse of Bermuda from air or sea will stay in your mind as clearly as any picture you take. Green islands, strung out in a fishhook shape, dotted with white roofs and rimmed with pink beaches. All set in the turquoise, sun-warmed waters, close to the Gulf Stream.

You can see the irresistible panorama again, from a hilltop lighthouse. That is, if you're not already indulging in the multitude of pleasures Bermuda has to offer.

**Romping on pink**, soft sands. Or racing into its crystal clear water. Sailing on its blue harbours and sounds. Strolling its green seaside golf courses. Fishing for its famous game fish. Smashing a tennis ball across one of its excellent courts.

**Adventure awaits** you out at the coral reefs that surround Bermuda's beaches,

Dive below and tiny, brightly-coloured fish will literally eat out of your hand. Or see it all from a glass-bottomed boat.

**Bermuda's history** is colonial, too, and you keep discovering bits of it wherever you go. You'll see gold and emeralds recovered from Spanish galleons wrecked on those same coral reefs. You'll explore and torte where the days of long ago are re-created. And you'll see hidden caves and coves that once were pirates' hideouts.

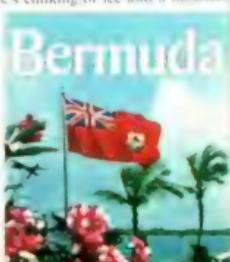
**Nighttime** brings out more colour still. Dine on a verandah over the harbour, or on a lawn where torches flare. Then feel the excitement build up as night grows in. There's clinking of ice and a mounting of

laughter in cosy little pubs and taverns.

At hotels and night spots steel bands throb, hot calypso groups belt out their saucy rhythms, limbo artists contort in unbelievable acrobatics. The singing, the laughter, the dancing continue far into Bermuda's sweet-scented night.



**Follow the fun to Bermuda.** You'll find it wherever you stay. At large resort hotels. At unique Bermuda guest houses. At cottage colonies or housekeeping cottages. Ask your travel agent in the U.S. or Canada. Or write Bermuda: 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 10020 • 6 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 60602.





# “We'll have a Hennessy Very Superior Old Pale Reserve Cognac, thank you.”



Hennessy V.S.O.P. Reserve —  
Grande Fine Champagne Cognac . . .  
selected from the largest stocks  
of aged cognac brandies in the world.  
Compelling reasons why true cognac  
connoisseurs look down their noses  
at anything but Hennessy.



Hennessy V.S.O.P. Grande Fine Champagne Cognac - 80 Proof - Schirffelin & Co., N.Y.

the constitutionality of the presidential evacuation order, the relocation centers began emptying as suddenly as they had filled. The loss to the internees, who had been allowed to take with them only what they could carry, was estimated at \$400 million, a figure that includes the farms, businesses and personal possessions they were forced to leave behind. After the war, this loss was settled at approximately 10¢ on the dollar.

In retrospect, the story of the relocation camps adds up to one of the sorriest chapters in U.S. history, one that is only somewhat ameliorated by the fact that the internees were treated decently in the centers. It is a story that bears retelling, but Bosworth is the wrong man to do it. His angry account lacks not only literary grace but balance. As he fulminates against this lapse of democracy, the author descends to the irrationality that caused it.

BETTY STAPLER



JOHN D. MACDONALD  
*Swift, savage and successful.*

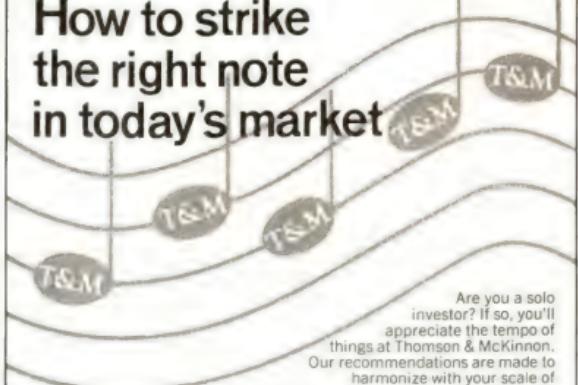
#### No Need for Irving's

THE LAST ONE LEFT by John MacDonald. 369 pages. Doubleday. \$4.95.

During the past 20 years, John D. MacDonald, now 50, has written 600 short stories and 53 books (*A Flash of Green*, *The Girl, the Goldwatch and Everything*) that have sold 32 million copies around the world. His fans will know just what ingredients to expect in his newest novel: busy, well populated pages, a swift and intricate plot, strong characters, believable dialogue, a surfeit of sex and violence. The late Ian Fleming, no mean tale spinner himself, said, "I automatically buy every John D. MacDonald as it comes out."

**Avoid the Unforgivable.** This time, as he has done so often, MacDonald takes off from an actual, contemporary crime. *The Last One Left* goes back to the 1961 wreck of a 60-ft. ketch that burned and sank off the Bahamas, apparently with only one survivor, Skipper Julian Harvey. Three days later, a freighter picked up another survivor, an

## How to strike the right note in today's market



Are you a solo investor? If so, you'll appreciate the tempo of things at Thomson & McKinnon. Our recommendations are made to harmonize with your scale of activities, not those of massed choruses.

As for the sweet sound of success—maybe it could start with a telephone call.



**It's our business to help you invest wisely.**

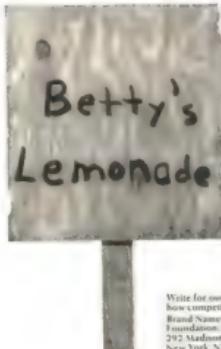
**THOMSON & MCKINNON**

Members, New York Stock Exchange & Other National & Regional Exchanges

Anderson • Duluth • Evansville • Ft. Wayne • Indianapolis • Kenosha  
Lima • Madison • Milwaukee • Oshkosh • South Bend  
Offices in the United States and Canada

## Ever notice how when products compete with each other,

they get better.



Wait for our free booklet that tells how competition makes things better.  
Brand Names Foundation, Inc.  
292 Madison Avenue  
New York, N.Y. 10016



## Listen to you-know-who on your CBS Radio Station.



**THE CBS RADIO NETWORK STATIONS WHICH SERVE THIS REGION ARE:** Illinois: Champaign WDWS 1400, Chicago WBBM 780, Danville WDN 1490, Decatur WSDY 1340, Peoria WMBD 1470, Quincy WTAD 930, Rock Island WHBF 1270, Springfield WTAX 1240, Indiana: Anderson WIBU 1260, Indianapolis WFBM 1260, Kokomo WIOU 1350, Madison WORX 1270, Marion WMRI 860, Muncie WLBC 1340, South Bend WSBT 960, Terre Haute WTHI 1480, Vincennes WAQV 1450, Kentucky: Henderson WSON 860, Hopkinsville WHOP 1220, Lexington WVKL 590, Louisville WWIN 1240, Owensboro WMBU 1490, Paducah WPAD 1450, Paintsville WISIP 1490, Whitesburg WTCW 920, Michigan: Detroit WJR 760, Escanaba WDBC 680, Grand Rapids WUFE 1230, Kalamazoo WKZO 590, Saginaw WSGW 790, Minnesota Minneapolis-St. Paul WCCO 830, Missouri: St. Louis KOMX 1120, New York: Buffalo WBEN 930, Elmira WELM 1410, Ohio: Canton-Akron WOIO 1060, Cincinnati: WNOP 740, Cleveland WERB 1360, Columbus WBNS 1460, Dayton WHIO 1290, Portsmouth WPAY 1400, Youngstown WKBN 570, Pennsylvania: DuBois WEDG 1420, Erie WGGW 1450, Indiana: WQAD 1490, Johnston WARD 1490, Pittsburgh-McKeesport WEDO 810, Scranton WGBI 910, State College WRSC 1390, Uniontown WMBS 590, Virginia: Charlottesville WINA 1460, Norfolk WTER 790, Richmond WRLN 910, Roanoke WBDJ 990, Staunton WAFC 900, West Virginia: Beckley WJLS 560, Charleston WCHS 580, Fairmont WMMN 920, Huntington WWHY 1470, Parkersburg WPAR 1450, Princeton WLCH 1490, Welch WOVE 1340, Wheeling WBZB 1470, Wisconsin: Green Bay WBAY 1360, Madison WKOW 1070, Wausau WXKO 1230.

## CBS RADIO NETWORK

eleven-year-old girl, Terry Jo Duperault. Harvey promptly killed himself—even before the child reported how the debt-burdened skipper had murdered her family and his own wife in a plot to collect \$20,000 in insurance.

Author MacDonald raises the take to \$800,000 in untraceable cash, and broadens the cast to include fingaling financiers, tough Texas lawyers, Cuban exiles, beach boys, con men and cops. He has also invented a demented new character who holds the shipwrecked girl prisoner, thereby prolonging the story and deepening the suspense. The action ranges from Corpus Christi to Sarasota to Nassau—and everywhere MacDonald demonstrates his ability to handle complex relationships involving scads of people on a single page.

He seems to write out of an astonishing range of information about art, politics, corruption, finance. His imagery is sharp: "They were beautiful children, completely out of control, sweet, active and savage as weasels." He is occasionally aphoristic: "Friendships, like marriages, are dependent on avoiding the unforgivable." His only persistent fault is that he frequently falls into the Perry Mason syndrome. To wind up a plot quickly, the top suspect is likely to say, "All right, I did it," and then babble the confession without which he would go free.

**10,000 Hours.** MacDonald is so good, in fact, that it is a wonder he is not better. For years, friends and fans have urged him to tackle more serious themes, but MacDonald, who lives comfortably in a gulfside house on Siesta Key off Sarasota, insists that he is doing exactly what he wants. He feels no need, he says, to write "the Big Book," the kind written by "the Irvings"—Irving Wallace, "Irving" Robbins, "Irving" Ruark, and that woman, "Irving" Rand. "His own work," he adds, without false modesty, is demanding enough. Anyone else could do it, provided, of course, "that all your life you have read at least two or three good books a week, that you have an IQ of 125-plus, that you are in good enough health to endure at least 10,000 sedentary hours, that your opinions are not rehashed fragments of what you have read and listened to, and that you are more intent on telling it true than selling it once it is told." Fortunately for MacDonald, he sells what he tells.

### Monkey Fizz

**CENTER OF THE STORM: MEMOIRS OF JOHN T. SCOPES** by John T. Scopes and James Presley. 277 pages. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. \$5.95

In every account, the 1925 trial of John T. Scopes, who was accused of teaching Darwin's theory of evolution in Tennessee schools, is cited as a cultural showdown. The event pitted fundamentalists against religious skeptics, conservatives against radicals, fear of change against freedom of thought. According to the man who was at the cen-



SCOPES  
*Something for the Palace.*

ter of the affair, it was even more than that. In this quietly amused memoir, John T. Scopes recalls it all as a hell of a lot of fun.

**Bursting with Ballyhoo.** Scopes, 66, still considers himself a freethinker, but he admits that he was chosen to test Tennessee's anachronistic antievolution law because he was the only available high school teacher left in the dusty little mining town of Dayton (pop. 1,800) that summer when local Chamber of Commerce types decided to work up a little publicity for themselves. Called away from a tennis game one hot afternoon, Scopes duly reported to "Doc" Robinson's drugstore, where a bunch of ambitious boosters asked him if he had ever taught evolution. "To tell the truth," says Scopes, who taught high school chemistry and coached the football team, "I wasn't sure I had." But he was an amiable 24-year-old, and he was willing to go along.

Soon Dayton was bursting with ballyhoo. Local stores sold bales of cotton apes and bundles of buttons proclaiming "Your Old Man's a Monkey." Robinson's drugstore featured a "Monkey Fizz." The town's only hotel, the Hotel Aqua, raised its rates to \$8 a day, and soapboxes sprouted on every corner. Chicago's radio station WGN set up the first nationwide radio hookup to cover the trial in Dayton's hill-tower, red brick courthouse. Bald-pated William Jennings Bryan, munching radishes by the sackful because he was on a diet, starred for the prosecution and sold Florida real estate on the side; Clarence Darrow, in a straw hat and snappy galluses, handled the defense with all the warmth of a cobra.

**Just Desserts.** The pair of lawyers could have—perhaps should have—done their routine at the Palace. During one involved inquisition, Bryan quoted a Buddhist monk to the effect that Buddhism is an "agnostic" religion. Agnos-

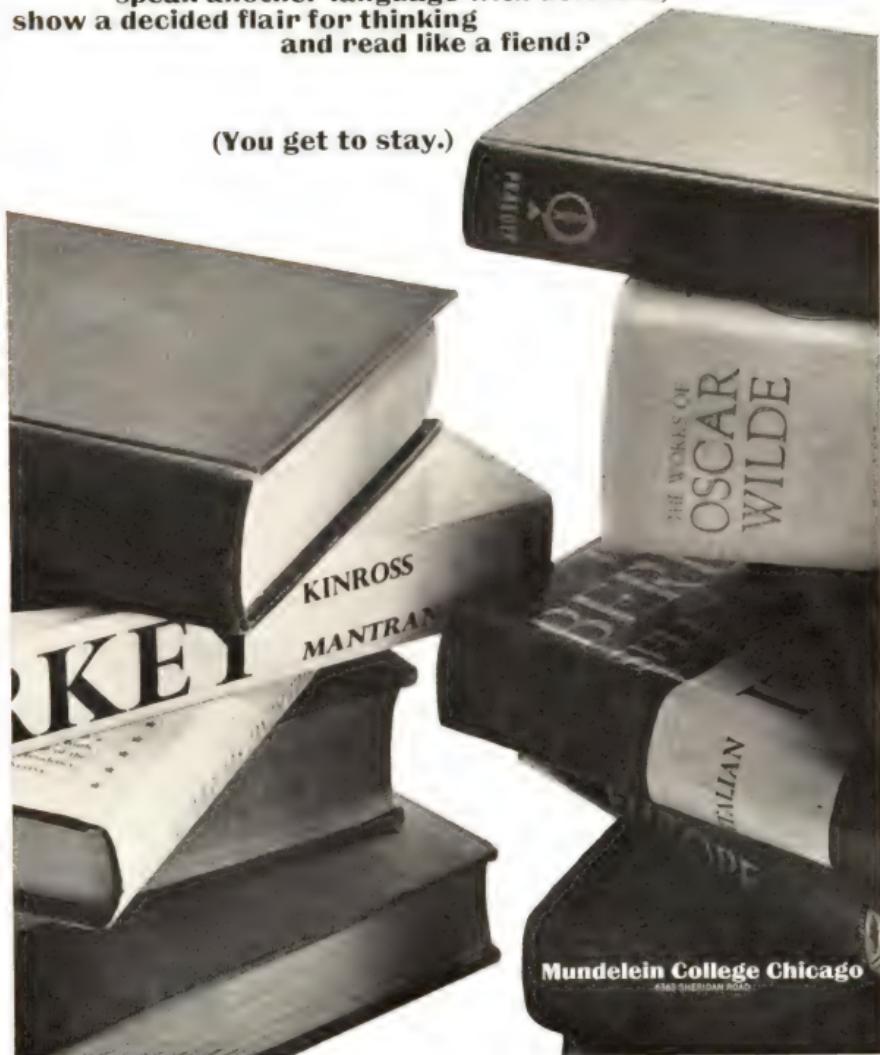
That's right.

He's exactly who you think he is. And he's on every weekday on the CBS Radio Network.  
Catch him on your local CBS Radio station, listed opposite.



**What do you get  
if you maintain a "B" average,  
serve well on two committees a year,  
speak another language with deftness,  
show a decided flair for thinking  
and read like a fiend?**

**(You get to stay.)**



**Mundelein College Chicago**  
4740 SHERIDAN ROAD



# When your son's grades go up... your auto insurance goes down 25% with SAFECO'S Good Student Policy.\*

Safeco discovered good students make good drivers. Alert, safe drivers. The result may add up to a substantial savings for you parents. And that's on top of any rate reduction you now enjoy. Compact car, multiple car, driver training.

If your son or sons are full-time high school or college students...are in the upper 20% of their class...have a "B" or 3.0 average...or make the Dean's Honor List...you may qualify for up to

25% savings on car insurance.

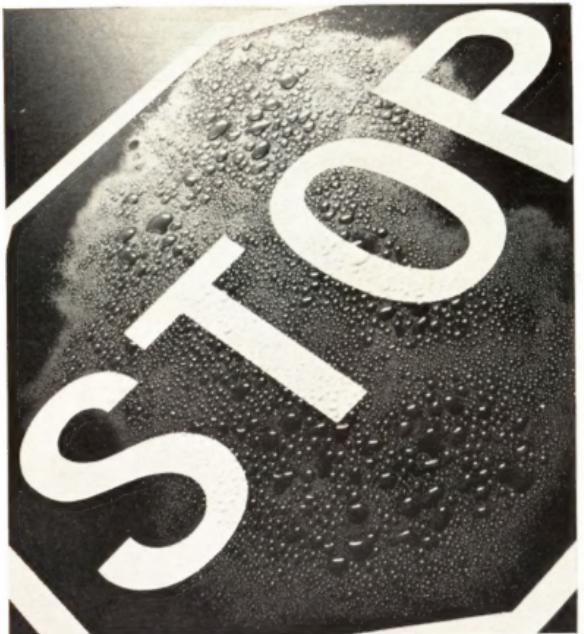
If your son does not achieve grades that high, but does take driver training courses, you still qualify for substantial savings.

Safeco is the first major company to offer this unusual plan through independent agents. Ask your Safeco agent about Safeco's Good Student Policy. He's listed in the Yellow Pages. As you've always told your son...it pays to study.

**Good students make good drivers...and smart parents save with SAFECO.**

\*This Policy is not available in all states. Check your Safeco agent for availability.

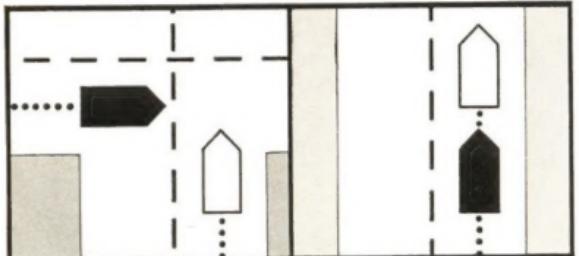




## You will. Will he?

Maybe you obey stop signs and signals. Some drivers don't. So never assume the right-of-way blindly. Always protect yourself by driving defensively. □ If someone

follows you too close, don't speed up. Slow down a little and encourage him to pass. Remember, being in the right isn't enough. You could be dead right.



**Watch out for the other guy!**



tic Darrow wanted to know what the monk looked like. "How tall was he?" Replied Bryan: "I think he was about as tall as you, but not so crooked."

Inevitably, as Darrow had predicted all along, Scopes was convicted and fined \$100. Just as inevitably, the conviction was reversed in a higher court (though Tennessee's antievolution law is still on the books). Dayton reverted to quietude; Darrow went on to further legal dramatics; Scopes himself became an oil-company geologist, retired in 1964 and finally found time to complete his engaging memoir with the help of freelance Journalist James Presley.

For Bryan, the Great Commoner, Dayton was the end of a long trial studied with lost causes. He died of "apoplexy" less than a week after the trial, and his supporters instantly elevated him to martyrdom. Scopes feels that Bryan knew he had failed to stem the tide of scientific modernism despite the fact that he had won a fight in court. "No fair man would judge Bryan's place in history by his actions at Dayton alone," concludes Scopes. "He deserves better." As the man who stirred up the controversy, Scopes wryly comments on his own just desserts. During his last visit to Dayton, in 1960, Robinson's drugstore honored him with a "Scopes Soda"—15¢."

### Empty Circles

IN ORBIT by Wright Morris. 153 pages. New American Library. \$3.95.

In his 14th novel, Wright Morris recounts a day's events in a small Indiana town just before a twister hits. As a slice of life, the book is thin indeed, and coming from Morris (*The Field of Vision*, *Love Among the Cannibals*), it is exasperating. The familiar elements are there: the pointless plot, the Twain tone of Midwest innocence and irony, the fey and the freak who get caught up in the drama. Morris has used them all before, often to great comic effect. This time he has barely bothered to construct more than the outline of a story, leaning on the kitschy existential slogan: "Things just happen. No reason, no reason, just a happening."

What happens is that a high school dropout roars through town on a motorcycle stolen from a friend, and stops long enough to rape a harmless local half-wit. No one cares very much, but gentle ripples of consequence eventually reach the local newspaper editor, a shopkeeper, a waitress, an "alienated" college professor and his wife Charlotte, who is one of those beautiful, charming, spontaneous nature girls so dear to the hearts of intellectual novelists. The sparse action is accompanied by heavy circular symbolism: the motorcycle wheels, the twister, Charlotte's abandoned whirling dance, bees circling around the half-wit in numbers that ought to discourage any rapist. In the end, the reader is left going around in circles too.



just mention my name

THE TRUE OLD-STYLE KENTUCKY BOURBON

# What gives Tareyton the taste worth fighting for?



The charcoal tip.

It actually improves the taste of Tareyton's fine tobacco. So much, that Tareyton is America's #1 charcoal tip cigarette.

**"Us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch!"**

